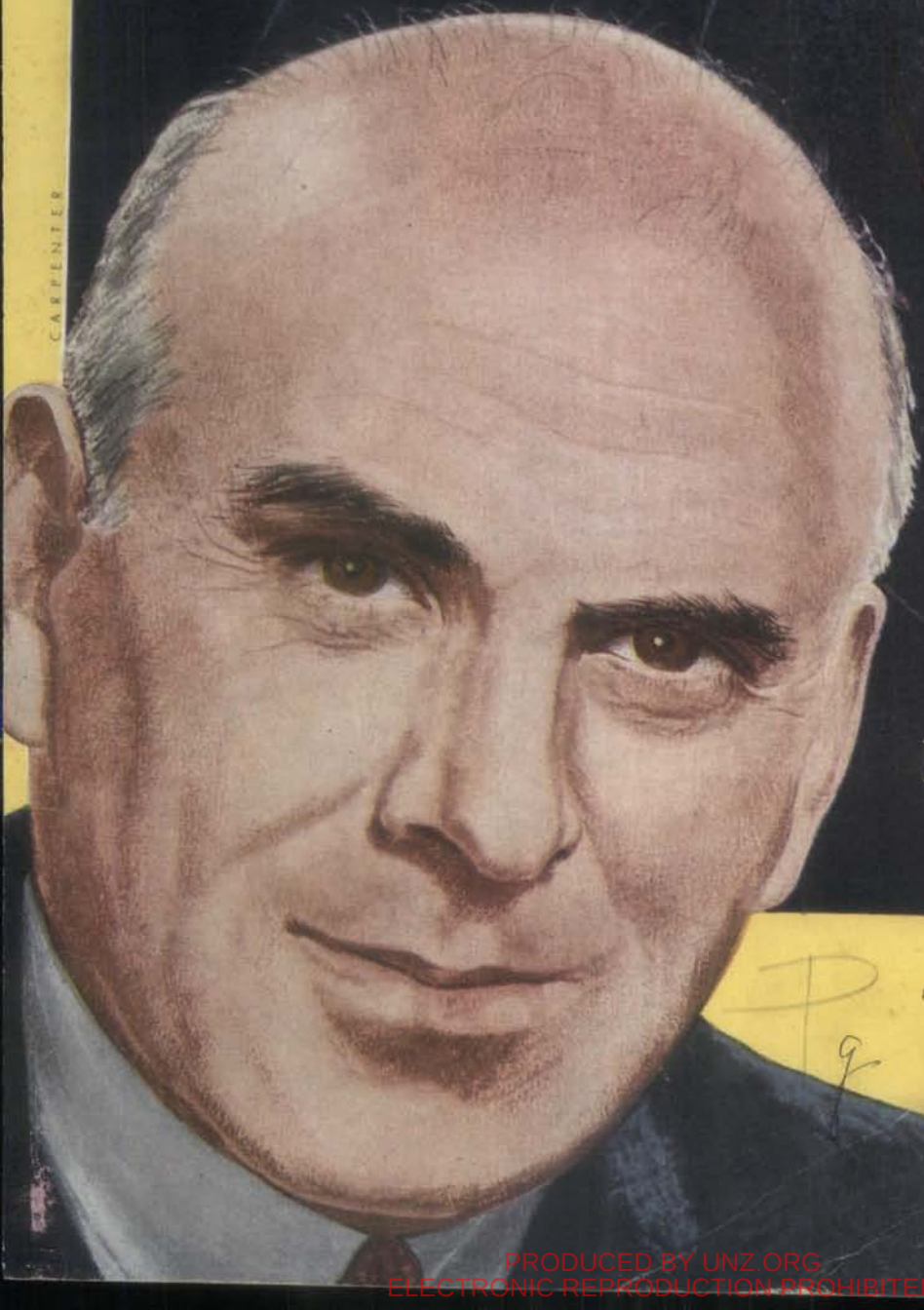
June 1954, 50

THE Atlantic

JUN 1 '54

1964



TEN YEAR
FROM NO

by *John J. McCl*

The Prospects Are E

by *Sumner S*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Near Galashiels, in the beautiful Valley of the Tweed. The Scottish Border is an enchanted region of gentle hills and historic treasures.

INSIDE BRITAIN

by JOHN GUNTHER

"WHEN a man is tired of London," said Samuel Johnson, "he is tired of life." The good doctor, of course, had a lifetime in which to capture *all* of his native land, while the average American visitor has a few short weeks at best. That's why it's wise to leave London behind and get to know the true character of this fascinating country—and its charming inhabitants.

The further off the beaten path you get, the more you treasure your trip to Britain. And since all of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland is smaller than the state of Oregon, a great many of its hidden attractions can be seen during a two-week vacation. Especially if you hire a car to take you around (cost, including gasoline, is only $5 a day).

In Britain, the very names of many villages beam with rare good humor. Sixpenny Handley, Nether Wallop, Adel cum Eccup, Cold Christmas, Piddletrenthide, Plwmp and even—excuse it—Bwlch. But it's the "look" of Britain's ancient villages that wins you over completely. In East Anglia, for instance, cottages are thatched with straw, the walls gay with the old pink wash. Steep, winding streets often lead up to a massive, 12th-century cathedral. Cathedrals dominate the Fen country like great ships at sea.

In the Cotswolds, buildings are made of honey-colored stone and there's a saying that there is not an ugly village, not even an ugly house in this unspoiled heart of England. I concur, for I explored every rolling mile of the Cotswolds. Then, there are the tiny, romantic hamlets of the Scottish lowlands—like friendly Ayr, which inspired Robert Burns to write: "Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, for honest men and bonny lasses."

There are downy villages that cast their magical, sleepy spell over you. Ballymoney, in Northern Ireland, is one of the drowsiest. And there are medieval towns whose ancient legends live on and on.

In the Welsh coast town of Aberdovey, they say, you can hear the tolling of bells from a city buried under the sea.

Whatever the village, whichever the county of Britain, you'll find its people the most hospitable in the world.

One other thing about Britain worth noting at this time. *It's a foreign country without a foreign language.* Here and there, the accents may be delightfully thick—but you'll always feel "at home" abroad in Britain. See your Travel Agent and come to Britain.

When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life. To get to know the true character of Britain, however, follow the unbeaten path.

For further information, see your Travel Agent or write British Travel Association, Box 160, 336 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good News for Telephone Users

FEDERAL EXCISE TAX ON LONG DISTANCE	FEDERAL EXCISE TAX ON LOCAL SERVICE
REDUCED	REDUCED
FROM 25% TO 10%	FROM 15% TO 10%

THE reductions in federal excise taxes, voted recently by Congress, mean substantial savings for telephone users. Your telephone bill is lowered by the entire difference between the old and the new taxes.

Instead of paying 25% on Long Distance calls, you now pay 10%. On Local telephone service, the tax is now 10% instead of 15%.

The entire amount of the saving in taxes comes off the bills of our customers. None of it is retained by the telephone companies.

The reductions went into effect on April 1 and apply to service billed to you on or after that date.

Now it costs you even less to keep in touch by telephone.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUNE

ATLANTIC

Ninety-six years of continuous publication

VOLUME 193 1954 NUMBER 6

Atlantic Reports: Hong Kong — Washington — France

Bliss Perry. *An Atlantic Portrait*	ROLLO WALTER BROWN	21
Ten Years from Now	JOHN J. McCLOY	26
The Prospects Are Bright	SUMNER H. SLICHTER	31
One More Brevity. *A Poem*	ROBERT FROST	34
The New Barbarians	NICCOLO TUCCI	35
How to Catch a King *Madame de Pompadour*	NANCY MITFORD	39
Roadless Area	PAUL BROOKS	47
Haunted. *A Poem*	R. P. LISTER	50
The Scale Room. *An Atlantic "First"*	GEORGE VUKELICH	51
The Horsepower Race	EUGENE JADERQUIST	56
Limbo. *A Story*	MARY LAVIN	59
Here Lies History. *A Poem*	ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN	63
How to Be a Writer Without Writing	GEOFFREY BUSH	64
Pensions Could Be Better	R. MINTURN SEDGWICK	67
ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF		
The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	72
Books the Editors Like		76
Reader's Choice	CHARLES J. ROLO	76
New Books for Children	MARGARET FORD KIERAN	83
ACCENT ON LIVING		
Charles W. Morton — H. F. Ellis — Francis W. Hatch — Frank Herbert — Weare Holbrook — Martha Keller		86
Record Reviews	JOHN M. CONLY	90
Europe in the Off Season *Pleasures and Places*	MITCHELL GOODMAN	94

Cover portrait of John J. McCloy by Russell Carpenter

1 YEAR $6.00 2 YEARS $11.00 3 YEARS $16.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, June, 1954, Vol. 193, No. 6. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A., by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1954, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This man is a Sailor

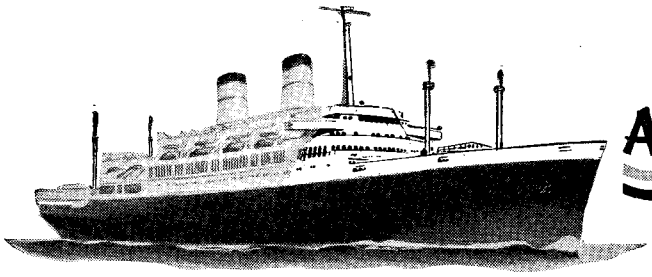
His name is Tom Hunt. But he's affectionately called "Grade A" by young voyagers such as these because Tom is maestro of the milk shakes at the Soda Bar of the s. s. Constitution. Nowhere ashore is there so beloved a soda-jerk, for "Grade A" dispenses with unbelievable largesse.

When personal taste calls for triple or quadruple dips, "Grade A" has only admiration for youthful capacity. His juvenile fan mail is enormous.

Evenings, he presides over the Boat 'n Bottle Bar and should you travel *sans spouse,* Tom provides affidavits of behavior that are guaranteed to save you from the doghouse. Grateful folks from coast to coast will verify this.

Tom Hunt has owned and operated successful clubs of his own ashore. But he's a sailor . . . he just can't leave the sea he loves.

It is such men and such spirit that give the sister Sunliners Constitution and Independence the warm personalities that distinguish them. In the parlance of seamen the Constitution and Independence receive the highest accolade a ship can earn . . . they're called "*happy* ships."



See your Travel Agent or

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES

39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

THE SUNLANE TO EUROPE | INDEPENDENCE • CONSTITUTION GIBRALTAR, CANNES, GENOA, NAPLES ☆ EXCALIBUR • EXCAMBION • EXOCHORDA • EXETER FRANCE, ITALY, EGYPT, LEBANON, SYRIA, TURKEY, GREECE, SPAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC REPORT
on the World today

Hong Kong

THE rigid United States trade embargo against Red China is a critical wound to Hong Kong, which was founded and lives solely by and for trade. After the U.S. and UN restrictions against China took effect in 1951, Hong Kong's annual trade dropped by nearly a third, as the uncrowded look of Hong Kong's spacious harbor testifies. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, proclaimed that the embargo had cost the colony a million tons of trade in a single year.

Insult is added to injury by the refusal of the outside world to recognize that the Hong Kong government enforces the UN restrictions loyally, efficiently, and to its great disadvantage. Resentment is compounded by the fact that a constant surveillance is maintained over Hong Kong's business and businessmen by United States officials with power to black-list or otherwise penalize firms suspected of misusing U.S. dollars or goods for Communist benefit.

All of this pressure tends to make the field of China trade look a great deal greener and more fertile than it was before the Korean War began or than it is likely to be soon again. In 1951 trade resulting from the Korean War, before embargoes were imposed, gave Hong Kong an all-time high of HK$9303 million in trade. In 1949 Hong Kong's total trade had amounted to HK$5064 million.

China withdraws her trade

The China trade had begun to wither before the Korean War. The West accepted this fact with reluctance, but it was not in its power to do much about it. China itself was putting the blight on the China trade. This was first acknowledged by Hong Kong businessmen when their ranks began to swell as fellow traders pulled out of Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, and Nanking. By 1952, Jardine, Matheson & Co. Ltd., mercantile giant of the China trade, reversed its policy of maintaining establishments and enterprises on the mainland. The firm issued an announcement that "trade in China" was perforce to become "trade with China."

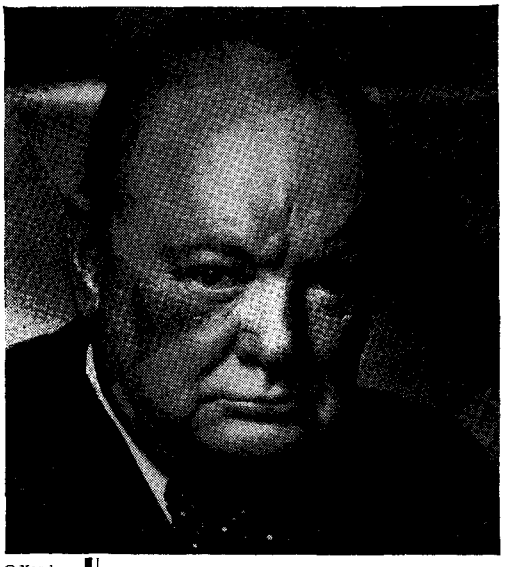
More recently British trade officials in London have expressed the opinion that trade with China, even if the embargo were lifted, would only amount to "small change." Propaganda to the contrary, China has proved again and again that, whenever possible, it prefers to trade with the Soviet bloc. Furthermore, Peking has neither the cash with which to buy nor a surplus of exportable goods with which to barter for imports on a large scale.

The London *Economist* has pointed out that the Communists "continue to hound British firms in China, humiliate British businessmen and make it as difficult as possible for Britain to trade with them." Today the Chinese government variously confiscates and requisitions British business holdings on the mainland, runs them itself, and exacts toll from the rightful owners for this unrequested favor. In other cases it holds Western firms hostage by refusing to liquidate their obligations or grant exit permits to their employees. The Chinese government demands from Western firms seeking Chinese products 100 per cent payment in advance. On products China wishes to import, little or nothing is paid in advance, and shipments may be refused on arrival.

Even the most stubborn of British traders admit that this is a poor way to do business. At present China's external trade lies 70-75 per cent with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"HOW CAN IT BE DONE ?"



© Karsh, Ottawa

BECAUSE the opportunity described below is obviously such an extraordinary one, time and time again we have been asked, "How can it be done?"

The explanation is this: the Churchill set is so universally desirable—and demonstrates so dramatically the many advantages of membership in the Club—that many thousands of readers who have been "meaning to join" are doing so. For this reason we have been able to manufacture the sets in large quantities and thus reduce printing costs. Here are three things about the Club that are graphically demonstrated by this offer:

★ **FIRST:** that as a member of the Club you are kept from missing the important books you want to read. For example, *all six* of these Churchill books were regular Club selections.

★ **SECOND:** that you get such books from the Club at a considerable saving. For example, the regular retail price for each of these Churchill volumes is $6.00; the price to Club members is only $4.00. Last year, on the average, the price paid by Club members for selections was *27% less* than the retail price.

★ **THIRD:** that, on top of this, you share in approximately $1,000,000 worth of books each month, distributed *free* to members as Book-Dividends. These six Churchill volumes may be considered "advanced" Book-Dividends, earned by the purchase of the six books you engage yourself to buy later.

BECAUSE of the unusual nature of this offer, in all probability, the present edition will be exhausted shortly. Since it would take months to publish another edition, we urge you to act at once if you are interested. If no more copies are available by the time we receive your order, you will be notified and you may then cancel your membership if you wish.

CONDITIONS OF THIS OFFER

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership from among the Club's Selections and Special Members' Editions. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say: "Send me nothing."

★ **YOU WILL RECEIVE ALL SIX VOLUMES OF *THE SECOND WORLD WAR* AT ONCE.** They will be sent with the first book you order from the Club. For a list of good books from which you can choose your first selection, please see coupon below.

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS**—and as long as you remain a member—you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second book you buy—a beautiful or useful library volume. This member profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund. This is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend sent *free* to members.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

Given to you

IF YOU JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

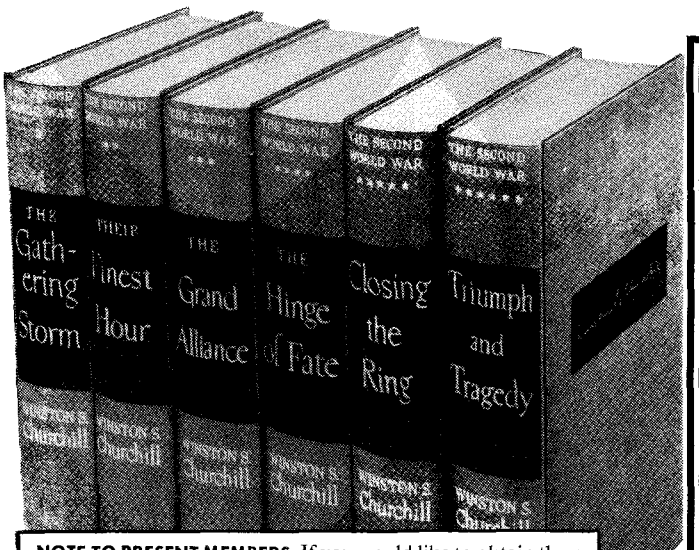
NOW AND AGREE TO BUY SIX BOOKS —OF YOUR CHOICE

—DURING THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS

ALL SIX VOLUMES

The Second World War by Winston Churchill

[RETAIL VALUE IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY $36]



NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you would like to obtain these six volumes under the Club's regular BOOK-DIVIDEND system, write to us for information as to how this may be arranged.

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE GOOD BOOKS

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME

☐ **THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST** by Sir John Hunt *Price (to members only) $4.95*

☐ **SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET** by Heinrich Harrer *Price (to members only) $3.95*

☐ **CRESS DELAHANTY** by Jessamyn West *$3.75*

Double Selection:
☐ **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS** by Ewen Montagu
THE GREAT IRON SHIP by James Dugan
Combined price (to members only) $3.95

☐ **THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY** by Ernest K. Gann *$3.50*

☐ **FIRE IN THE ASHES** by Theodore H. White *Price (to members only) $3.95*

☐ **OF WHALES AND MEN** by R. B. Robertson *Price (to members only) $3.95*

☐ **BHOWANI JUNCTION** by John Masters *$3.75*

☐ **TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE** by Alan Paton *$3.50*

☐ **THE AGE OF THE MOGULS** by Stewart H. Holbrook *Price (to members only) $3.95*

☐ **SAYONARA** By James A. Michener *$3.50*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y. **A46**

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive THE SECOND WORLD WAR by Winston Churchill, in six volumes, immediately, with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least six monthly Selections—or Special Members' Editions—during the first year I am a member. After my sixth purchase, with every second book I buy—from among the Club Selections and Special Members' Editions—I am to receive the current Book-Dividend* then being distributed. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) .....State.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviet bloc (as contrasted with 20 per cent prewar), and the chances are it will stay that way. This is what the London officials have in mind when they warn that a lifting of the embargo will not per se restore the China trade.

Modern metropolis

Refuge and last outpost of the China trade, the small portion of Hong Kong's mainland stands border to border with China, and its island portion rises sheer from the sea within narrow reach of surrounding Communist islands. Little more than a century ago Hong Kong island was almost uninhabited. It was a tribute of the Opium War, in which Britain opened China's doors to trade; and in London, Hong Kong was considered poor spoils. It was said to lack everything but "abundant supplies of granite and cold water."

Today, well-engineered roads have been carved into the sides of the granite peaks. European health and sanitation measures have been installed. Well-trained native police enforce British law and order. Hong Kong is perhaps the last spot in the Far East where one can walk about the streets at night and have no fear.

The colony has every metropolitan convenience, and its luxuries are affordable even on the small scale of pay common to British officialdom. Its sports include tennis, golf, yachting, cricket, racing; and its entertainments range from recitals by concert violinists to a first-rate circus transported all the way from Berlin. The island is magnificent in physical beauty and rich in the most graceful and congenial features of British colonial living.

Unlike other British Crown Colonies, Hong Kong is not a permanently settled, materially promising area with natural resources demanding development. It is purely and simply a trading port. Its ships and lifelines go out to all the world. Its Britons go home to retire, and its officials rotate to other British lands in need of administration. Its natural resources are still largely limited to "granite and cold water." It depends for much of its food on the produce of the mainland. Remnant that it is, Hong Kong can live only by trade. But the form and direction of its trade are changing.

Hong Kong's new industries

Diminished trade with China, the very factor that is maiming Hong Kong, is stimulating the growth of local light industries and a search for new markets. That this 391-square-mile territory would house factories and produce goods of its own was little envisioned when Hong Kong was fashioned as a mart to handle and transship the wares of every other land. Credit for establishing Hong Kong's new industries goes largely to refugee Chinese from the mainland who brought both money and ideas to the colony. Today native products account for 30 per cent of Hong Kong's exports, and officials expect the percentage to climb rapidly.

Thirteen cotton-spinning mills, with over 200,000 spindles, are turning out fabrics, yarns, and fibers. They account for the greatest proportion of locally made exports. Other factories produce straw and bamboo furniture; objects made of ivory; aluminum and enamelware; plastics; flashlights and batteries; rubber boots and tennis shoes, the popular native footgear of the Far East. In price and quality these products are below their Western prototypes, but they suit exactly the markets of such countries as Indonesia, Thailand, Malaya, Indochina, and India.

Hong Kong has over 2200 listed factories employing more than 20 men each. To most Westerners these factories are little more than workshops. It is impossible to find unused floor space in the tiny premises. In a furniture factory, for instance, a completed chair must be hoisted to the ceiling before another can be started. In even smaller lofts and back-alley lean-tos, which are also known locally as factories, 100,000 workers are turning out more exportable goods. The only check on further growth of local industry is a shortage of space. Eighty million Hong Kong dollars are awaiting investment in local manufacturing as soon as work sites can be had.

The Chinese refugees

Without these new enterprises the UN embargo would have taken greater toll not only of Hong Kong's over-all commerce but of her people, the thousands upon thousands of patient, industrious Chinese who have crossed the border as refugees from the mainland. The squatters provide Hong Kong's greatest and most heart-rending problem. They are, however, only half of the general housing problem. The Colonial Government has never done its utmost to see that new housing was erected for the poorest Chinese who are permanent residents and citizens of Hong Kong. The official attitude seems to have been that overcrowding was unavoidable so long as immigration was more or less unrestricted.

The government concentrated on the enormous task of keeping existing tenements clean and avoiding epidemics. Thus, many of Hong Kong's perma-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I DIDN'T KNOW THAT PRESIDENTS OF WRITING SCHOOLS COULD WRITE....

from what I have read of this book (*One Winter in Boston*, by Robert Smith, President of the Magazine Institute), Mr. Smith should immediately quit presidenting, which can be done well by millions, and get down to writing, since good writers are few indeed."

—CHARLES DRISCOLL
"New York Day by Day"

Yes, Mr. Driscoll, it's true that many heads of writing schools cannot write. The Magazine Institute, as a matter of fact, is a correspondence school in writing which is completely owned, staffed and operated by successful writers and editors. Every one of us — including Robert Smith — spends some time writing as well as teaching. Because next to writing, we enjoy *teaching others to write.*

Our Staff Includes:

ROBERT SMITH
Author: *Hotel on the Lake; The Human Image; Baseball; One Winter in Boston; Writing Fiction; Little League Catcher; Heroes of Baseball* and many short stories.

ROBERT ARTHUR, well known writer of detective fiction; former writer-producer Mutual Broadcasting Company; former editor Dell, Fawcett, and Street & Smith Publications; short stories in *Argosy, Colliers, Blue Book,* etc.

JACK WOODFORD, author of *Trial and Error; Writer's Cramp;* 40 published novels and over 2000 short stories; former script writer for M-G-M, Warners and Universal Films. And other successful writers and editors.

OUR STUDENTS SAY*

I sold the Saturday Evening Post *another piece."*

". . . Esquire *has accepted my story, one I sent you for criticism."*

"I sold another story, my sixth . . ."

". . . reporting the sale of another story, submitted as an assignment last July. The market was recommended in your criticism."

". . . my first sale, after I had completed only four lessons."

". . . I've just sold my first fiction piece, based on a characterization I did for the course."

"I sold an article to American Weekly*."*

"I have made some progress selling to numerous magazines from Coronet *down and I'm only about one-third through the course."*

*(Letters on file)

HOW FAMOUS WRITERS GOT STARTED

The Magazine Institute offers you a chance to learn to write the way famous writers did — by writing continually under the patient direction of a professional writer or editor.

You work at home, in spare time. Every lesson you submit is criticised and corrected by a successful writer or editor. You proceed as slowly or as rapidly as you wish. You may concentrate on fiction or non-fiction. Before long, you are turning out, under our direction, short stories, articles, sketches, whatever you seem best fitted to do.

TEST YOUR LITERARY APTITUDE *FREE*

The Magazine Institute offers a Free Literary Aptitude Test which enables you to *find out for yourself* if you have any writing talent. The test is COMPLETELY SELF-CORRECTING. Answers are sent on a separate sheet so that YOU CAN DECIDE where you stand.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET TODAY

Write for the FREE catalog describing the Magazine Institute plan and providing other information of value to beginning writers. Inquirers also receive the BEST JOB IN THE WORLD, which lists unsolicited testimonials from successful Magazine Institute students. Fill out the coupon and mail it NOW.

The MAGAZINE INSTITUTE

Rockefeller Center

50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

(Licensed by the State of New York)

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC.
Dept. 16-F
50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center
New York 20, N. Y.

Please send, without obligation, your current catalog to:

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(Inquiries Confidential • No Salesman Will Call)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just how do you judge a good stock?

That's a question we hear all the time. From people who own three stocks—or thirty. From people who never invested a dime.

How do we answer it?

Well, first off, we say that you should take a look at the industry. Find out if any representative company can possibly promise what you want most—whether it's steady income, long-range growth, or a chance for more immediate profits . . .

Next, you should get the facts on the company itself. On its standing in the industry, its size, reputation, and basic finances . . .

Then, we'd suggest that you check the record on sales, earnings, and dividends. Learn what they've been in the past, are now, might be tomorrow . . .

After that, you should study management. Make sure it's alert, experienced, aggressive—quite capable of meeting probable competition—or developing the most attractive profit potentials as time goes by . . .

And finally, you'd want to be satisfied with the market for your stock—feel that you could buy it or sell it on some established exchange—or through a recognized dealer in over-the-counter securities.

How do you get all this information? Where can you go?

Whether you own stocks—or just want to—our Research Department will do all it can to help.

They'll be glad to give you an objective opinion on one stock or twenty . . .

Be glad to analyze your complete portfolio . . .

Be glad to prepare the best investment program they can for any particular sum — in line with *your* objectives.

And customer or not, there's no charge, no obligation.

You simply address your letter to—

WALTER A. SCHOLL

Department SR-32

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 106 Cities

"Invest—for the better things in life"

nent Chinese residents are packed together, 2000 to the acre, in four-story tenements, in conditions that a quasi-official Colonial Office book has called "in some ways . . . worse than [those] in England in 1840."

No outstanding progress has been made in rehousing the squatters. Until recently the government seemed not to realize that the squatter problem was a permanent one. Since 1941, Hong Kong's population has risen from 1.5 million to 2.5 million. This refugee influx was generally viewed as a situation that would mend itself. Experience had taught that upon improvement of conditions in China or worsening of conditions in Hong Kong, the refugees would go back. Although crowded and slumlike living conditions here have worsened for them as their number multiplied, they have not gone back.

By the end of 1953, 42,000 squatters had been accommodated in some 8500 dwellings under a slow but forward-moving government housing scheme. Suddenly more than that number were deprived of even their temporary shacks. On Christmas Day of 1953 the worst fire in the history of the colony destroyed a village of 5000 huts and left 60,000 refugees homeless.

Peking Radio blamed British imperialism for the fire, citing "enforced" slum conditions and failure to supply the squatters with fire-fighting equipment. It made no mention of the heroism of the Hong Kong fire-fighting forces, nor of the fact that the crowded conditions are the result of the great influx of Chinese fleeing from Red China across the border.

Sleeping in the streets

The tragedy had one salutary result. It vividly brought to the foreground of the colony's consciousness the plight of its poor, a problem which the people of Hong Kong all too successfully keep in the back of their minds. Emergency relief was prompt. Food and first-aid centers were immediately established. The refugees, banned by police from squatting on roofs, took shelter on the pavement and under verandas. Rice and clothing were given and cash donations of HK$2 million were distributed.

In addition to this locally raised fund, cash gifts were received from the United Kingdom and United States (U.S.$150,000) governments, from the Pope and individuals in China. While the local subscription of HK$2 million seemed a good figure, it was pointed out editorially that a community less accustomed to a double standard of living might have raised more.

With commendable speed the government cleared the fire area and began new construction on the site. By the middle of February the first of the fire victims had been moved into concrete huts, each housing four families and costing HK$10 per month. To indicate how much money this is to a squatter, it may be pointed out that a rickshaw boy, who feels himself fortunate because of his steady job, averages HK$3 per day or 51 cents in U.S. money.

The fire victims will be moved into their new homes at the rate of 70 families a day until all are accommodated. It is felt that the permanent squatter rehousing scheme will gain impetus by the example of this fast-moving operation.

No voice in the government

The Chinese squatters have one thing in common with their richer Chinese brothers and with the colony's Europeans. None has a voice in the government. There is no elected representation of the people to the governmental bodies that count. The government, though benevolent, is undisputedly an autocracy.

Oddly enough, there is little demand and less enthusiasm on the part of the Hong Kong population for democratizing its undemocratic government. Unlike such colonies as British Guiana, Jamaica, and the Gold Coast, where there is a rooted native population, Hong Kong's inhabitants have shown little wish to touch the governmental reins, let alone to seize them. Even Singapore is taking some beginning steps toward self-government.

Hong Kong's singularity is attributed to the fact that its population, 90 per cent of which is Chinese, has little sense of loyalty to Hong Kong as a homeland and less sense of belonging there. This trading port has been likened to a department store — complete with welfare services — and the point is made that few of those who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use a big department store concern themselves much about its management.

Such concern as there is manifests itself generally in the Reform Club. This organization, the nearest thing there is to a political party, is agitating for two elected seats on the Legislative Council, but it is not going about it in a way that promises accomplishment.

The only body with elected representation is the Urban Council, which is concerned chiefly and effectively with the colony's health and sanitation. While it is a most useful group, it cannot be compared in any way with a board of aldermen. Still, some democratic stirrings are visible within its confines. It has recently increased the proportion of its own elected membership and enlarged the limited group that elects it.

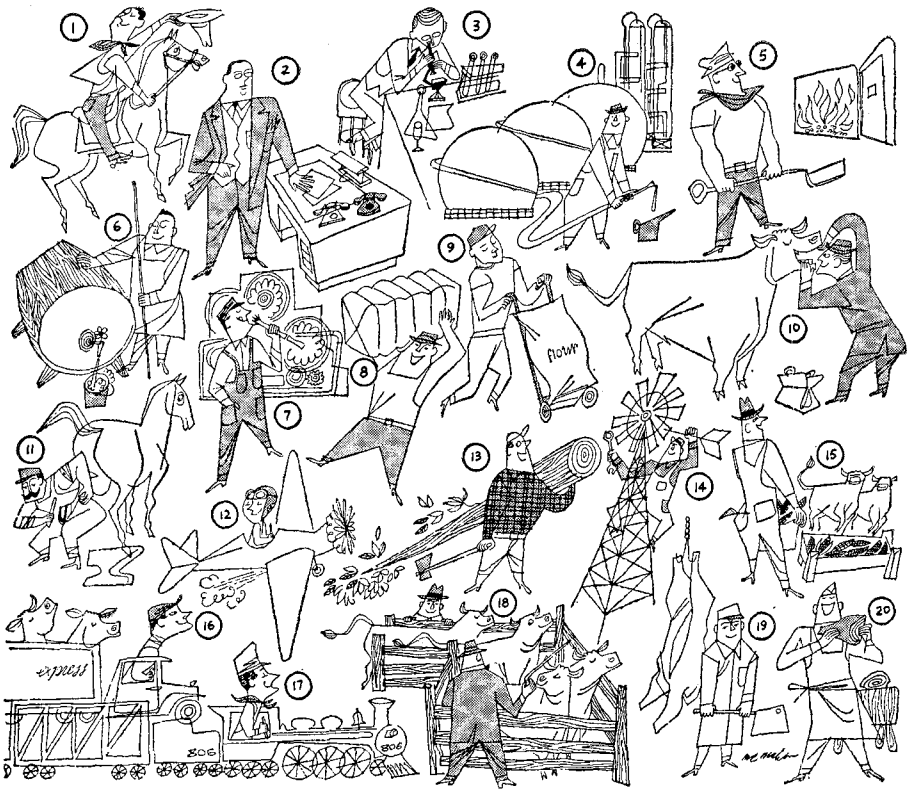
The Queen's government

Hong Kong's real government is administered by a Governor as the Queen's representative. He is advised by an Executive Council, a sort of cabinet, and a Legislative Council, a sort of Parliament. The cabinet is responsible not to Parliament, in the British fashion, but only to the Governor, and the Legislative Council is not elected, but appointed. It does, however, pass all laws and approve all public expenditure.

However outmoded this form of government may seem in the modern world, it works very well here and now. With quiet confidence in a sure and stable government, Hong Kong goes about the business which it is permitted, and seeks new business to replace that which is restricted. There has been some relaxing of economic controls by the United States since the fighting stopped in Korea, but the embargo remains.

Hong Kong's history is a record of abnormality. The abnormal is normal. In its current abnormal condition, the colony's diminished trade must not be construed to mean that Hong Kong is a ghost port. It is simply not a boom port. New measures are being taken to ensure Hong Kong's trade despite the falling off in the colony's entrepôt function. Recently the U.K. has concluded contracts which turn Japanese trade toward Hong Kong.

How many people does it take to make a steak?



When you plank the cash on the counter for a slice of sirloin, some of it may represent *your own pay* for the part *you* played in getting that steak to your table.

We'll make ourselves clear.

It takes a lot of people to help produce that steak in this mid-20th-century economy of ours.

The people we've put in the picture above, for instance. And many, many others. Though you may not realize it, some product you, yourself, help make or sell or service may play a part in producing steaks.

1. **The cowboy** or range hand who looks after the cattle.
2. **The banker** who finances land, herd and equipment.
3. **The chemist** who makes insecticides, serums and fertilizers.
4. **The oil refiner** who provides the fuel for the power machinery so many ranchers use.
5. **The steelmaker** who provides a multitude of items, from fencing and branding irons to filing cabinets.
6. **The brewer—7. The sugar refiner—8. The cotton ginner—9. The flour miller** who furnish some of the by-products used to make the livestock feeds with which ranchers and feeders supplement grass.
10. **The veterinary** who looks after the health of the cattle.
11. **The blacksmith** who shoes the horses and repairs ranch machinery.
12. **The airplane pilot** who sprays ranges and fields, destroying pests.
13. **The lumberman** who provides the wood for corrals and barns and pens.
14. **The windmiller** who makes the machinery that keeps man-made ranch water holes working.
15. **The feeder** who takes lean range cattle and puts about 25% more beef on them by intensive feeding.
16. **The truck driver—17. The railroader** who haul cattle to market and meat to you.
18. **The stockyards man** who provides "room and board" for the livestock, and the **commission man** who is sales agent for the producer.
19. **The meat packer** who processes and distributes the beef.
20. **The retailer** who is the final link between all these people . . . and *you*.

American Meat Institute

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington

A SUBTLE change in political approach is evident in the Administration. There is less boasting, less attempt to blame troubles on previous Democratic regimes. Instead there is restrained emphasis on the positive steps being taken to deter aggression abroad and to counter subversion at home. As one critic puts it, the Eisenhower Administration now is ready to concede that history did not begin on January 20, 1953.

The more moderate approach first became evident in the efforts by Secretary Dulles to soothe the anxieties aroused by his speech on "massive retaliatory power." It gave rise to the fear that the only war the United States would be prepared to fight was of the all-out variety. Such was the concern, both in foreign capitals and in Congress, that Dulles was forced to explain that his concept does not rule out the possibility of keeping local wars limited.

President Eisenhower's folksy report to the people in April showed similar moderation. For almost the first time in a televised speech it was possible to believe that the real Eisenhower was speaking. Absent were the polished phrases, the slick advertising agency veneer. Eisenhower spoke in simple homilies, from cued notes, about the fears gripping the country. He made indirect but unmistakable reference to McCarthyism in a plea for perspective on the problem of internal security, praising the work of the FBI in keeping tabs on the "25,000 doctrinal Communists."

Much the same line was taken by Attorney General Brownell in his follow-up. His balanced and nonpolitical account of the steps taken by the Department of Justice against subversives was in marked contrast to his partisan charges that infuriated the Democrats last fall.

Several reasons may be ascribed for the more mature attitude of the Administration. For one thing, it represents an attempt by Eisenhower, a man of moderation who dislikes flamboyance, to take the play away from McCarthy and Communism by stressing the positive accomplishments of the Administration. The President is aware that if McCarthyism should be the main issue in the fall elections, his own program would be lost.

The Administration needs the help of the Democrats to get any substantial part of its program enacted. The Democrats have shown on several occasions that they really control the Senate. They have remained miffed at Brownell for his slur on former President Truman. They also complain, with considerable justification, that much of the hysteria the President and his associates are now trying to quiet was whipped up in the first place by the exaggerated charges of Administration spokesmen about Communist infiltration and security risks in government.

An example of the Democratic attitude toward Brownell was seen in the House action on the bill to legalize wire tapping in cases involving the national security. The Administration sought approval of a bill which would have permitted the use of wire-tap evidence if the wire tap had been approved by the Attorney General. But the House reversed the field and accepted a Democratic substitute which required that wire taps be approved in each instance by a Federal judge.

In part, the substitute bill represented an attempt to write more safeguards into the use of wire tapping. But in part it also represented a vote against Brownell, who is mistrusted bitterly by such men as Minority Leader Sam Rayburn for the attempts to pin the "treason" label on the Democrats. It is this wound that the Administration is trying to heal.

No place to hide

World alarm over the hydrogen bomb has been accompanied in Washington by a profound reexamination of policy and strategy. One result of these deliberations has been to elevate the position of Civil Defense Administrator Val Peterson, who has had difficulty getting anyone to pay attention to him, to one of tremendous national importance. The advent of weapons which can pulverize a city the size of New York means, among other things, that many civil defense concepts are outmoded and perhaps useless. Bomb

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shelters, for example, would afford little protection in the area of impact. Yet any plan to evacuate cities upon warning of impending attack would create almost as many problems as it would solve. The traffic jams, as well as the problems of providing food, housing, and medical care for millions of refugees, would be staggering. One alternative to evacuation — dispersal of industry and population — is feasible on a limited scale. But it would take years to achieve and would be fantastically costly if applied wholesale.

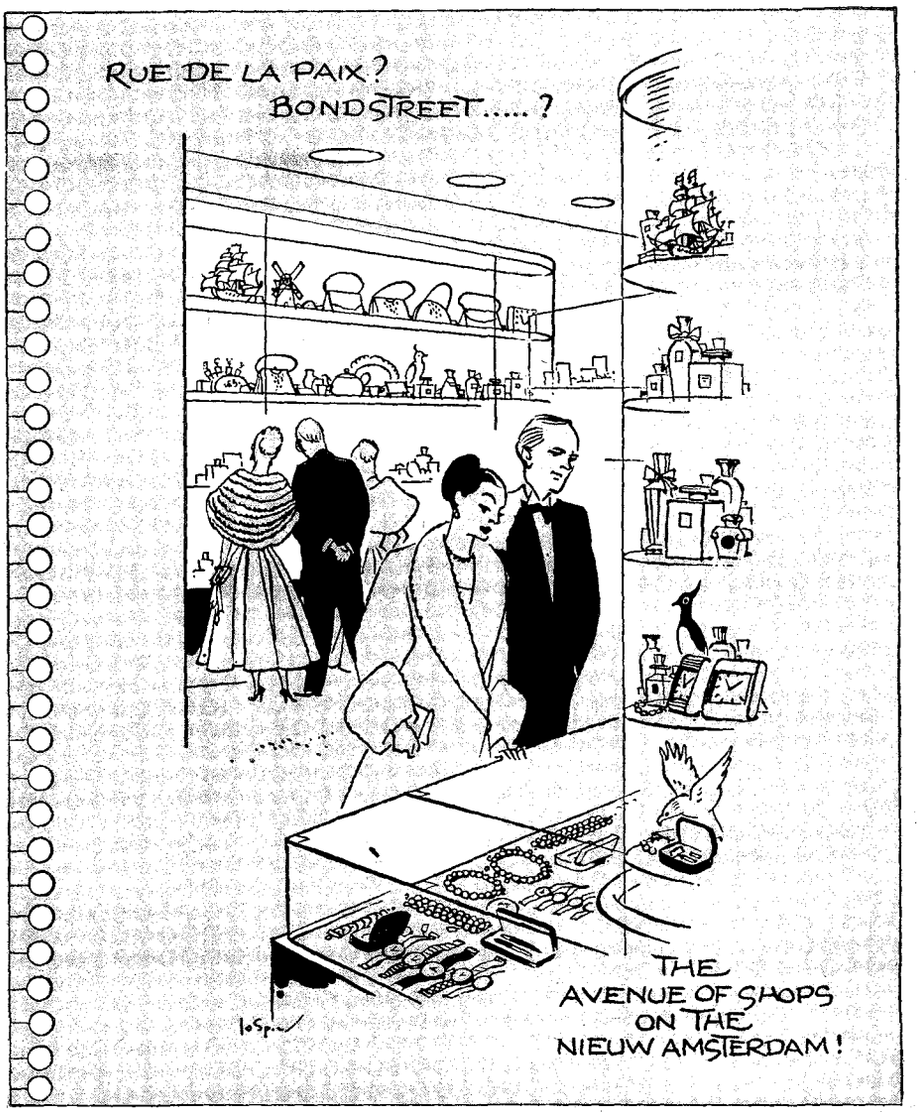
The threat is not limited to attack from the air. In some respects authorities are more worried about attacks from enemy submarines. The Soviet Union is known to have a large fleet of late-model submarines. Hence the drastic emphasis being placed by the Navy on submarine detection and antisubmarine warfare. Steps also have been taken by the FBI to alert the public to the possibility that enemy agents may smuggle in small atomic bombs in suitcases.

But any nation launching an H-bomb attack can be sure that its opponent would retaliate sufficiently to devastate its own cities. Inasmuch as Russia is known to have hydrogen weapons of its own, the major deterrent consists, not of superior numbers of weapons, but of the sure knowledge that hydrogen war would be horrible beyond description.

Quite apart from the strategic considerations, the reaction to the Pacific H-bomb tests has brought some soul-searching in Washington. Not much attention is paid the complaints from other countries that the United States should not have opened this Pandora's box; the feeling is that Russia would have gone ahead with her own H-bomb program irrespective of what this country did. But the advent of the H-bomb has made scientifically practicable the far more deadly cobalt bomb, which would use an H-bomb core with an outer casing of cobalt. Fragments of radioactive cobalt could so poison the atmosphere that, in the estimate of Dr. Leo Szilard, 400 C-bombs could wipe out all life on earth.

Stopping the armaments race

With such cataclysmic weapons in the picture both in this country and in the Soviet Union, the moral prob-



Shopping at sea—one of the many luxuries of first class passage—featuring everything from doodads to diamonds at prices you will find most attractive.

A BIT OF SHOP TALK

From this *Rue de la Paix* at sea, on the *Nieuw Amsterdam,* you can wander into the ship's theater to take in a first-run movie, browse among classics and best sellers in the library, prepare leisurely for a dinner of unsurpassed excellence and variety, then dance to smooth rhythms in a modern, oceanic night club.

And throughout your voyage you can rest assured in a stateroom kept immaculately clean in the Holland-America tradition—while men born to the sea man the ship on its sure passage to the major ports of Europe.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Holland-America Line

"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP"

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Frequent sailings to IRELAND – ENGLAND – FRANCE and HOLLAND for all EUROPE. Choose the luxurious flagship NIEUW AMSTERDAM: the one-class motor-twins WESTERDAM and NOORDAM; the twin thriftliners RYNDAM and MAASDAM. Superb CRUISE PROGRAM in all seasons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lem has become indistinguishable from the practical problem. The question is how to stop the race before the world itself is destroyed. There is widespread, if neurotic, feeling in other countries — because of the peculiar combination of secrecy and publicity on the Pacific H-bomb tests — that the United States is in large part responsible for pushing the world to the brink.

Chairman Lewis L. Strauss of the Atomic Energy Commission did his best to emphasize that the United States had not acted irresponsibly in the Pacific tests. Despite the misfortune of the Japanese fishermen and the contamination of their haul, Strauss pointed out that safety precautions had been announced, that there was no general poisoning of fish, and that the explosion was not out of control.

Nevertheless, the damage was done. In Asia, particularly, there is a lingering belief that the United States used the atom bomb against Japan instead of Nazi Germany for reasons of racial prejudice. The belief has been fanned assiduously by the Communists, and the mishap in the Pacific was a windfall to Soviet propaganda. Strauss himself agreed privately with criticisms that the Administration had badly underestimated the political and psychological effects of the tests.

Strauss and security

Strauss is often regarded, because of his previous record as a member of the Atomic Energy Commission from 1946 to 1950, as a champion of secrecy and censorship. The 58-year-old Strauss, a onetime secretary to Herbert Hoover during the World War I relief operation, was a partner in the investment banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company before donning a rear admiral's uniform in the Second World War. In his previous service on the AEC he was noted for two things: his advocacy of the H-bomb project and his opposition to the export of radioisotopes to other countries for medical purposes. A witty and urbane conversationalist, Strauss always steers the talk away from atomic energy matters

Yet he asserts that he has done more to expand public information about atomic energy than his predecessors, and the record bears him out. Last fall he discovered a provision in the McMahon Act whereby more nonmilitary information could be exchanged with Britain and Canada, and he was instrumental in pressing on Congress the revision of the law to make possible the exchange of information with our allies about the tactical use and effects of atomic weapons.

Strauss remains acutely conscious of security considerations. It was he who made the initial determination that the record of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the nuclear physicist, necessitated a review. Some critics saw in this reopening of the case after previous clearances an attempt by the Administration to buy off Senator McCarthy. There were widespread reports as long as a year ago that McCarthy intended to exploit the Oppenheimer case.

Yet there is little disposition in the Administration to credit McCarthy's innuendoes about "traitors" delaying the H-bomb. The delay was about four months, not the eighteen McCarthy alleged. A substantial number of reputable scientists, among them Dr. James B. Conant, opposed the H-bomb "crash" program in the fall of 1949 out of fear that it would divert fissionable materials and engineering talent from the A-bomb and would waste precious time if it were a fizzle.

A majority of the Atomic Energy Commission opposed the project, as did the present chairman of the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, Representative W. Sterling Cole. Most members of the Congressional committee, however, disagreed with the scientists and the AEC, and Senator Brien McMahon and Representative Carl T. Durham took the matter to President Truman. With the support of Dean Acheson and Louis Johnson, Truman on January 31, 1950, ordered the commission to proceed with the H-bomb.

Progressive disarmament?

This is now history, but the problem of H-bomb control is very much in the present. It is plain that this country cannot now hope to obtain approval of the Baruch Plan for international ownership of fissionable materials. But neither can the free

MORE THAN
$22,000
FOR YOU AT AGE 65

ONE OF THE MOST FAR-SIGHTED PLANS ever designed for the wise use of savings is offered for your earnest consideration by the SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA, a leading world organization in its field. By means of the plan, regular amounts of savings can be applied to provide, at age 65, a lump sum of more than $22,000 *plus accumulated dividends...*

OR AN INCOME OF
$150 MONTHLY FOR LIFE

according to your choice.

IF YOU DO NOT LIVE TO AGE 65, THEN AN AMOUNT OF AT LEAST $22,000 WILL BECOME IMMEDIATELY PAYABLE TO YOUR FAMILY OR YOUR ESTATE.

By the way, the plan can be easily tailored to the amount of regular savings you can afford, with corresponding adjustments in the sums payable.

Details are yours without obligation by just mailing the coupon below:

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
607 Shelby Street, Detroit 26, Michigan

I should like to know more about your Special Income Plan, without incurring any obligation.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Date of Birth.....

Amounts quoted above are for men. A similar plan is available for women.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world accept the Soviet proposal for the outlawing of only atomic weapons. This would leave Europe, for example, at the mercy of superior Soviet manpower and conventional weapons.

The United States and its allies have gone too far with the "New Look" — which is not to be confused with massive retaliation — to turn back. The essential meaning of the New Look is that the country is relying heavily on atomic artillery and tactical atomic weapons to save manpower and increase the versatility of the armed forces.

Hence there is recognition that control efforts will have to be directed toward progressive disarmament in *all* weapons, conventional as well as nuclear, with the possible outlawing of certain specific types. The problem is at once military and diplomatic and moral. A powerful international program of atomic energy for peaceful purposes might be the irresistible magnet that would reverse the trend.

Mood of the Capital

The Administration has vacillated between an unreal optimism about the war in Indochina and near-panic over the course of battle. Secretary Dulles's efforts to promote a ten-nation Southeast Asia security pact were both an attempt to talk tough before the Geneva Conference and an attempt to clothe in collective responsibility actions he thought might be necessary. The tough talk also was directed at preventing undue concessions by France at Geneva.

Dulles handled the question of recognition of Communist China with great skill in his appearances before Congress. He soothed fears that China might be recognized as part of a deal over Korea and Indochina, but at the same time he left the door to eventual recognition distinctly open. Dulles believes that the threat of expanded war is what brought the truce in Korea. He sought to apply the same stratagem to the Indochina war.

"Who lost China?" was a powerful political accusation which the Administration understandably is anxious to forestall in Indochina. The risk in the Administration's plans lies in the possibility that the Communists will conclude that the countermeasures are flimsy and will decide to call our bluff.

CHILDREN OF KOREA NEED YOUR HELP

Multitudes of Korean men, women and children are homeless refugees in their own country. Practically every important Korean city is either badly damaged or has been fully smashed. They are the direct victims of Communist aggression.

Korea's innocent children, as in every country that suffers total war, are the most grievous casualties. Many have been killed wantonly or in the course of war's destruction. Many of those who survived are often named lost or abandoned homeless.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help the children of Korea to survive and to re-establish normal lives by contributing now — IN ANY AMOUNT — to the Federation's Korea Fund. This will help to supply warm clothes, shoes and other necessities to these deserving and suffering children. Whatever amount you send, it will mean everything TO THESE CHILDREN WHO ARE THE COUNTRY'S FUTURE. For us it is so little, for them it means *life itself.*

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS (*a partial list*)

Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Mark Clark, Mrs. J. C. Penney, Mrs. Earl Warren, Norman Rockwell, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Gladys Swarthout, Herbert Hoover, Henry R. Luce, Thomas J. Watson

SCF **SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION** Established 1932

Carnegie Endowment International Center
United Nations Plaza, New York 17, N. Y.

I want to help Korean children by giving $.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....AM-8

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION ARE DEDUCTIBLE FROM INCOME TAX

Save the Children Federation is a non-profit, non-sectarian, membership corporation organized in 1932 to serve underprivileged children without regard to race, creed, or color.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

France

Almost ten years have passed since that memorable day in August, 1944, when General Charles de Gaulle strode past the great west door and up the nave of Notre Dame Cathedral through the smoke, noise, and confusion of scattered rifle shots that symbolized the death rattle of a hated occupation and the birth of a new era of freedom. In these ten years the Parisians have had time to make their beloved city once again the artistic, gastronomic, and even the political nerve center of Europe.

Today all trace of the barricades has disappeared; the bullet-splattered walls have been patched up. Visitors to the Square of Notre Dame will now find it filled, not with sandbags or machine guns, but with an improvised wooden amphitheater specially prepared for that breath-taking spectacle, *Le Vray Mistère de la Passion*, the greatest of French medieval mysteries.

Ten years have not made Paris any younger, but it is one of the marvels of this city that each year its ingenious inhabitants think up new ways of emphasizing its ageless beauties. The Arc de Triomphe, the Invalides, the Madeleine, and many another imposing monument are now regularly lit up three times a week. Versailles is again being transformed every night by the magic of illumination into a fairy castle rising out of an enchanted lake of darkness. This summer the same thing is happening to the fortress of Vincennes. Next year it is to be the Louvre.

This year once again the enterprising Madame Yvonne de Bremond d'Ars, Paris's most extraordinary *antiquaire*, has dazzled her friends and her rivals with the glittering elegance of the Faubourg St. Honoré's annual shopwindow competition, of which she has long been the moving spirit.

The years have done nothing to cloud France's pre-eminence in the field of feminine fashion. The competitive challenge of the designers of Rome has proved a passing threat. "Coco" Chanel made her long-awaited re-entry last March into the closed world of *la haute couture* with a disastrous display of dresses reminiscent of Edwardian rococo, which made the critical Parisians shake their heads. And today as yesterday, Christian Dior and Jacques Fath lead the field.

The Parisian theater

Humor continues to preside over the Parisian stage, where those two indefatigable writers of dramatic comedy, Jean de Letraz (with a play called *Le Plaisir d'Aimer*) and André Roussin (with a sparkling adaptation of John Erskine's *Helen of Troy*) nightly keep their audiences in an uproar.

The Opera, under the direction of the enterprising Maurice Lehmann and with the aid of Georges Wakhévitch, the designer, and Serge Lifar, the choreographer, has recently enriched its well-worn repertoire with Rameau's *Les Indes Galantes* and Weber's *Obéron* — two of the most sumptuous scenic spectacles to have been seen in Europe for years.

And what other city in the world can boast three first-rate classical repertory theaters, ready to carry the literary prestige of France beyond the gates of Paris to the four corners of the earth? Recently returned from a triumphal month's visit to Moscow, the Comédie Française remains the traditional guardian of the Classical purity of Corneille and Racine. Once again Jean Vilar's Théâtre National Populaire, which has just returned from a tour through Belgium and Germany, is about to take to the road to bring Molière and Shakespeare to the provincial audiences of France, while Jean-Louis Barrault and his company are off on a long tour of South America.

In one thing these last ten troubled years have brought no change. Paris remains what, with hardly an intermission, it has been since the days of Louis XIV — the artistic and cultural capital of the Continent.

A torrent of arguments

But, for those who wish to look beyond the glittering *décor* of its cultural splendor, never since the war has France had to undergo such exasperated criticism as in the last few months, and never since the war has the future seemed so black.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One would have to go back into French history, probably as far back as the Dreyfus Case at the turn of the century, to find an event in French politics that has aroused the controversial passion stirred up by the present project for the European Defense Community. With the single exception of the Communists, there is not a party in France that has not been split over this proposal.

To foreigners it has been a source of amazement to see how an issue, seemingly so clear-cut and simple, could generate such hesitations and unleash such a torrent of arguments and counterarguments. The three and a half million dollars that French heavy industry is alleged to have paid out in a massive campaign to sink the EDC actually count for very little; for even in France, where editors can easily be bought, no way has yet been found of buying a Parliament, or even half of one. And it is in the French Parliament that argument has been piled on argument, speech on speech, to the point where the debate has reached monumental proportions.

For months now the influential *Le Monde* has been running a column two or three times a week called *Libres Opinions*, where parliamentarians of different party groups have been invited to express their views on the EDC. Day after day, week after week, month after month, the temperature has mounted, and rational arguments have been abandoned in favor of passionate and blind convictions. More and more, as the tension has risen, partisans and adversaries of the European Army have resorted to exaggeration and abuse.

In fact, the whole question of German rearmament, presented as it has been, has done more to envenom Franco-German relations than anything else since the war. Whether the project is finally ratified by the French Parliament or not, Western Europe will bear the scars of this passionate debate for years. Today French rejection of the EDC would be interpreted in Germany as a vote of no confidence and would destroy all hope of a genuine Franco-German entente.

French ratification of the EDC, however, will not leave things much better off. For it will now have to be implemented in a climate of almost neurotic fear and suspicion of Germany which can easily be exploited for years to come, to the detriment of future Franco-German amity.

French resentment

For this unfortunate development Frenchmen who used to be sympathetic to the United States consider that Washington bears a heavy responsibility. One thing that has irritated the French has been Washington's increasing readiness to point an accusing finger at Paris for being solely responsible for the holding up of the EDC, at a time when Rome was just as dilatory and when London was more than reluctant to have anything to do with it. Another has been the Eisenhower Administration's growing tendency to put pressure on America's allies abroad.

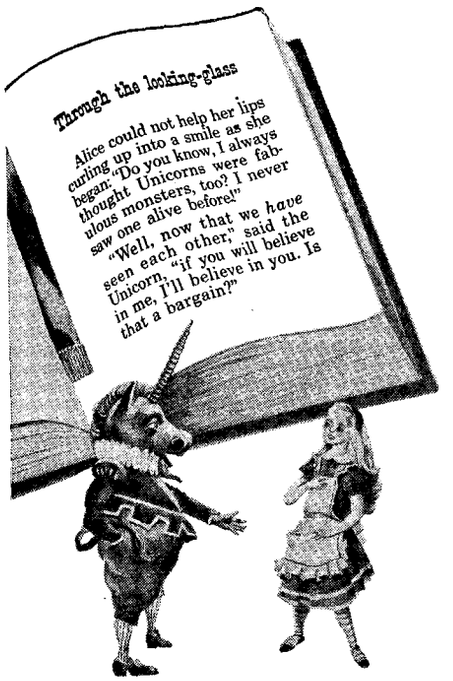
The rearmament of German divisions is the most bitter political pill that the French can be asked to swallow. What right, the French ask, has Washington to insist that the government in Paris force a reluctant Assembly to swallow this bitter pill, when it does not ask the American people to accept comparable sacrifices; when, to curry favor with public opinion, it proceeds to cut taxes, to reduce America's military effort (while expecting France to maintain hers), and even goes as far as to suggest that the day may be approaching when American troops can be brought home?

Many Frenchmen have come to the conclusion that the best way of keeping American troops in Europe (and the French are overwhelmingly in favor of their staying) would be to reject the rearmament of Western Germany.

The drain of Indochina

What has made the French hesitate most of all before voting to rearm German divisions has been the fact that the professional core of the army — 40,000 officers and men — are stuck out in the jungles and rice fields of Indochina in a grinding war that can be neither won nor ended. Because of this interminable Far Eastern struggle France to this day has been unable to make ready more than five full-strength divisions on the continent of Europe, with nine more that are on a half-strength reserve basis.

In these circumstances many Frenchmen feel — and the feeling is shared



UNICORNS? Some executives and secretaries have the same preconceived notions about dictating machines:

That a machine as wonderful as the TIME-MASTER can't exist

That's probably because they're not aware that the plastic *Dictabelt* has made possible an entirely new conception of dictating machines—so vastly *better*—in simplicity, versatility and dependability.

Perhaps *you* have a misconception or two? We'd like you to try the TIME-MASTER in your own office, without obligation. Then we won't ask you to believe a single thing that the TIME-MASTER itself can't *prove* to you.

"Is that a bargain?" Use the coupon.

DICTAPHONE®

makers of the TIME-MASTER® the #1 dictating machine

DICTAPHONE CORPORATION, Dept. AT 64
420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please send me SUCCESS, a free 12-page illustrated booklet.

Name_____

Company_____

Street_____

City & Zone_____ **State**____

DICTAPHONE, TIME-MASTER AND DICTABELT ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS OF DICTAPHONE CORPORATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bids you welcome!

. . . from the palm-fringed coast of Travancore in the south to the snow-peaked Vale of Kashmir in the north, India's rich heritage in ageless culture is yours to enjoy . . . as you travel economically in modern comfort and ease.

For further information see your Travel Agent or

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE
11-A East 58th St., New York 22, N. Y.
Phone: PLaza 1-0488

for a Vacation that is different...

Every member of the family will enjoy a Québec vacation. Visit metropolitan Montréal, Québec — America's only walled city — the renowned sanctuaries and shrines. Fish and swim in the beautiful rivers and lakes of the Laurentian Mountains, the Eastern Townships, the Gaspé Peninsula. Everywhere in French-Canada you will enjoy old-time hospitality and cuisine in comfortable modern inns and hotels.

To help plan your vacation, write for free road maps and booklets to: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

LA PROVINCE DE
Québec

by Marshal Juin — that the Germans should not be allowed to arm more full-strength divisions than the French are able to muster in Europe. In effect this involves a radical modification in the timetable of the EDC, which now calls for the preparation of twelve German divisions in the space of twenty-four months.

The endless struggle in Indochina has had another consequence, however, which has had an equally paralyzing effect on France in her relations with Germany. So far the French have been forced to spend on the costs of that war one and a half times as much as the total funds they have received from the United States in the form of Marshall Aid.

Progress in coal and steel

It is a tribute to the energy which the French people still possess, and which these days is not often recognized, that they have been able to modernize their coal and steel industries to the point where they can today compete with their German rivals. In fact, wherever the government has helped French industry modernize itself through loans or state investment, the results have been impressive.

Last November man-hour production in the French coal mines exceeded that of the Ruhr coal mines for the first time in this century. Today the French railroads run the fastest trains in Europe, and many French aircraft factories are ahead of the Italian and British, and are on a level with the best in the United States.

But these are only a part of the French industrial apparatus, which on the whole remains hopelessly antiquated and seriously behind the German. The second part of the Monnet Plan, which is still under discussion in Paris, is intended to extend the essential work of modernization. The plan has been delayed for two years — for lack of funds that have had to go to the French Expeditionary Forces in Indochina. This accounts in no small measure for the considerable advance that Germany has been able to make on French industry.

Today the Indochinese war, which the politicians in Paris have tried for years to brush off as a mere "rebellion," has brought to light the full drama of France's dangerous position. For years France has been striving to assume the role and the responsibilities of a great power while her economic capacity no longer permitted her to play the part.

Grandeur vs. austerity

The great conflict at present dominating the French scene is dramatized by the struggle between two men in the French Assembly. One is Georges Bidault, formerly De Gaulle's close collaborator, who still believes, like De Gaulle, in the "Grandeur de la France," which in practical terms means the preservation of the French Union. The other is Pierre Mendès-France, the "lone wolf" of French politics, who for years has preached a gospel of austerity based on the principle that France must put her own economic and social house in order before she tries to adopt the flamboyant gestures of a great power. Otherwise she will be menaced with bankruptcy and social chaos at home.

So far the opinion which has consistently dominated French post-war politics has been that represented by Georges Bidault. But the country's increasing financial difficulties and the stagnant economic situation, which led to the massive strike wave of last August, have recently lent growing support to Mendès-France's thesis.

For those with a vivid historical memory there exists a dramatic precedent for this conflict in the eighteenth-century controversy between Vergennes and Turgot at the time of the American Revolution. No American can have cause to regret that in that epic duel it was Vergennes who won. For it was France's intervention in the war against England, which Vergennes engineered, that permitted our ancestors to win their independence.

But the price which France had to pay for the costly continuation of her colonial wars — the price that Turgot predicted she would have to pay — was state bankruptcy and, following immediately on its footsteps, the French Revolution.

Is history about to repeat itself? Is France at present on the verge of a major social upheaval at home because of the serious overextension of her international commitments? In Washington no less than in Paris it should be food for sober reflection that today such a question could reasonably be raised.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Dylan Thomas Fund

When we published in the February *Atlantic* Dr. Edith Sitwell's tribute to the late Dylan Thomas, we offered to forward to the Dylan Thomas Fund, for the benefit of the poet's widow and their three children, any contributions from our readers. As we go to press, we have received and forwarded to the American Fund $1981.50, and we are informed by its Treasurer that the American Fund now amounts to approximately $22,000. One of our readers sent us a check for $100 and asked us to send it directly to Mrs. Thomas — which was done — and promised to make an annual contribution in that amount "until the children are grown, or I depart."

We shall continue to forward to the American Fund all contributions received from *Atlantic* readers; checks should be made out to the Dylan Thomas Fund. — THE EDITOR

SIR:

I have read with great enjoyment and common sympathy Dr. Edith Sitwell's essay, "Dylan Thomas." It was not, however, within the scope of her purpose to dwell long upon the subject of his contribution to the "language arts." My feeling is that a constructive position must be taken against those who contend that our language is much enriched from the bottom, by those who exhibit both ignorance of, and carelessness with, the undeniable rules of proper English. Slang is often colorful, but it cannot be said to be enriching when it is used as a substitute for something better.

Dylan Thomas worked with the materials of good English and, finding them sufficient to his needs, created the fresh images and meanings a language requires to stay among the living, by vigilant and scrupulous refusal to use a single word which did not contribute to his fine sense of actuality. Thanks to him, then, for uncovering and putting into circulation some of that treasured currency we so often lose or misplace.

JOAN LEE CORBIN
Tangier, Morocco

Dialogues of Whitehead

SIR:

Alfred North Whitehead's generalizations recorded in Lucien Price's "To Live Without Certitude" (March *Atlantic*) condemn the "Semites" as "harsh" and suggest that there was "an infiltration of Hellenic blood in the Galileans to account for the graciousness of those peasants and Jesus."

These discredited assertions, comparable to those of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, come with ill grace from the lips of so distinguished a philosopher as Professor Whitehead. Let me remind your readers of the remark by Rabbi Hillel, a precursor of Jesus of Nazareth: "Be rather among the persecuted than among the persecutors." Moreover, it would be well to ponder upon the declaration of Rabbi Gamaliel (Acts 5:35): "Now I say unto you: Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; But if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

Let it also be remembered that the Holy Tribunal (the Inquisition) was particularly severe in Italy and France (against the Albigensians) prior to its elevation to power in fifteenth-century Spain.

Other generalizations by Dr. Whitehead deserve comment and correction, but these strictures should be sufficient to make readers cautious with respect to his statements regarding the Bible and its interpreters.

RABBI LOUIS I. NEWMAN
Congregation Rodeph Sholom
New York City

"The Three Voices of Poetry"

SIR:

It was with great interest that I read T. S. Eliot's article, "The Three Voices of Poetry," in the April *Atlantic*, for he did what I've been trying to do for some time: put a finger on just what is wrong with the plays of T. S. Eliot.

Mr. Eliot says that an author cannot afford to identify himself with a character in a play; yet in each of his own plays he does just that. One character recites Eliot's doctrines and the others serve as props or foils. Becket in *Murder in the Cathedral*, Harry in *The Family Reunion*, and Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly in *The Cocktail Party* all talk like the Eliot of his poems and essays.

Another truism in Eliot's article states that the poet writing for the theater may make the mistake of assigning lines which, however suitable to the personage, fail to forward the action of the play. Mr. Eliot himself falls into this pitfall. There are speeches that would be just as clear outside the context of the play.

It seems to me that T. S. Eliot's major weakness in the writing of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A gratifying am't
of the celebrated 20 year old
Martin's FINE & RARE
Scotch Whisky has been shipped to us from
the Scottish Highlands and is For Sale
at better spirit shops, taverns, hostelries,
and gentlemen's clubs — Respectfully,
McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.,
NEW YORK, N.Y., importers thereof.

20 years old.
86.8 proof

GOING ABROAD?

New Austin cuts running costs up to 50%.

Order your AUSTIN here for delivery in Europe

Think of the convenience! No red tape. No waiting. You order your AUSTIN here and it is delivered to you in England or Europe. Licensed and registered. Ready to drive.

For complete details of AUSTIN'S world-wide overseas delivery plans, see your nearest AUSTIN dealer or write: **Austin Motor Company, Ltd., 27-29 West 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.**

drama is that he has but one voice, the second voice of the poet.

JEAN LISETTE BRODEY
Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR:

It is amusing to find Eliot characterizing Pound as "Browning's greatest disciple." He is apparently unaware of his own debt to the great Victorian; yet, with a little shift in idiom, Browning might have written "Prufrock" or "Portrait of a Lady." Eliot's intellectual approach, his use of dramatic monologue, his fondness for metaphysical conceit, are all Browningesque. Even the philosophic content of the *Four Quartets* is surprisingly like the Browning of *The Ring and the Book*.

Perhaps what is bothering Eliot is the fact that *The Confidential Clerk* is a precious bore. The comparison of his style to that of Wilde or Coward simply will not stand up. All he has done is to torment a few platitudes into paradoxes, with a result startlingly like the nonsensical epigrams of Ernest in *The Admirable Crichton*.

WALTER I. BADGER, III
Southborough, Mass.

"Rufus Jones: Friend"

SIR:

I found Janet Whitney's article, "Rufus Jones: Friend," in the April *Atlantic* exceedingly interesting. Few men have meant as much to my ministry as Rufus Jones. I never met him, but I did talk to him once over a long-distance telephone. It was like being in contact with a saint.

The widespread fear which overwhelms so many of us could well be diminished by Rufus Jones's approach to life. Those last sentences in Janet Whitney's article are an apt insight into this approach: —

"I have discovered that there is a religion of experience, beyond any argument or theory. . . . God holds one's hand. There's nothing, anywhere, to be afraid of."

REV. W. A. HAUPT
The First Methodist Church
Sylvania, Ohio

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, *8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.*

Schools

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

KENT PLACE SCHOOL
Notable college preparation since 1894. Excellent dramatics and arts. Separate music building. All sports and activities. Exceptional riding. Spacious fireproof residence for grades 6-12. Beautiful country campus 20 miles from N.Y.C.
Florence Wolfe, 4 Norwood Avenue, Summit, N. J.

STONELEIGH-PROSPECT HILL
85th yr. Thorough college preparatory; 7th-12th grades. General courses. Small classes. Art, music, dramatics. All sports. Professional instruction in riding. Skiing. Mensendieck for posture. 150 acres. Modern fireproof bldg.
Mrs. George Waldo Emerson, Box E, Greenfield, Mass.

LINCOLN SCHOOL OF PROVIDENCE
Advantageous location. Small residence unit. Exceptional record of college preparation. Modern equipment and recreational facilities. Conservative costs. Auspices of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends.
Marion S. Cole, Headmistress, Box A, Providence, R. I.

BARTRAM IN FLORIDA
For girls. College preparation of highest standards. Fully accredited; graduates in leading colleges. Boarding dept. grades 6-12. Extra-curricular music, art, dramatics, pool and ocean swimming. Dances. Trips, outings. Booklet.
Olga T. Pratt (Vassar), Jacksonville 7, Fla.

ALMA COLLEGE
St. Thomas, Ontario. Est. 1877. Outstanding girls' residential school. 100 mi. from Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo. Excellent equipment. Jr. College, H. S., Elementary School. Dramatics, Art, Music, Crafts, Home Ec., Sect'l. Catalog.
Mrs. Steele Sifton, B.Ed., Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.

NORTHAMPTON SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Thirty years' experience in preparing girls for leading colleges. Beautiful 12-acre campus overlooking the Conn. River Valley. Outdoor life. Riding. Winter Sports. Summer School of French. **Dorothy M. Bement, Sarah B. Whitaker, Principals, Box A, Northampton, Mass.**

GIRLS' JR. COLLEGE

GREEN MOUNTAIN
Accredited Jr. College offering A.A. degree in Liberal Arts, sciences, home ec., med. sec., exec. sec., music, drama, art, radio, journalism, retailing, pre-nursing. 17 bldgs. 50-acre campus. Riding, tennis, skiing, hockey.
Howard C. Ackley, Pres., 32 College St., Poultney, Vt.

CO-ED SCHOOLS

CUSHING ACADEMY
Endowed. Moderate rates. Excellent equipment. Small classes. High standards of preparation for college and life. Special opportunities in secretarial studies, science, music, art, dramatics. 250 students, 29 teachers.
Clarence M. Quimby, Head, Box 37, Ashburnham, Mass.

SOLEBURY SCHOOL
College preparatory school in Bucks Co. for boys and girls, grades 6-12. Separate campus for girls. Small classes. Strong faculty. Broad curriculum. Interscholastic sports. Art, music, drama. Country campus near N. Y. C., Phila.
William P. Orrick, Headmaster, Box A, New Hope, Pa.

WEST NOTTINGHAM ACADEMY
Coed. Concentrated (one subject) plan of study. College preparatory. Grades 7-12. Post-grad. Remedial work. Music, drama, art, sports, golf, hobbies. 80-acre campus. Midway Phila.-Baltimore. Est. 1744. Catalog.
Chas. W. Blaker, Th.M., Hdm., Box 34, Colora, Md.

LEELANAU—BOYS PINEBROOK—GIRLS
Accredited. College prep. Coed. Homelike country boarding schools for Christian Scientists — others accepted. Small classes, grades 5-12. Music, art, shop, ski school, riding. All sports, work program. Scholarships. Catalog.
Arthur S. Huey, Headmaster, Box A, Glen Arbor, Mich.

FENSTER RANCH SCHOOL, Tucson
Accredited nationally known ranch school in warm dry climate. Co-educational, grades one through 12. College preparatory. Excellent facilities. Riding, swimming. Write for Folder E.
Fenster Ranch School, Tucson, Arizona

TREEHAVEN SCHOOL in sunny Arizona
Grades 1 thru 6 — Kindergarten, Nursery. Year-round boarding. Day School, Summer Camp — Home-like ranch living. Riding and swimming on premises.
Florence Hemley Schneider, Ph.D., Wm. I. Schneider, B.A., Co-directors. P.O. Box 6146, Tucson, Arizona. Dept. H.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schools—Camps

SUMMER SCHOOL OF MUSIC

BERKSHIRE MUSIC CENTER
TANGLEWOOD, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, conducted by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in connection with the Berkshire Festival Concerts. Coeducational. Two, four or six week enrollment, July 5 — Aug. 15th. Catalog.
Dir. of Admissions, Symphony Hall, Boston 15, Mass.

SUMMER SCHOOLS cont.

MILFORD SUMMER SCHOOL
College Preparatory School for boys. Accelerated summer session begins July 6. Enroll for one subject up to full ½ year's school work. Grades 8-12. Very small classes. Famous faculty. Vacation activities and sports. 38th year.
William D. Pearson, Headmaster, Milford 17, Connecticut

DO YOU NEED ADVICE ON

SCHOOLS

CAMPS OR

SUMMER SCHOOLS?

Address:

Educational Counselor
School & Camp Dept.
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts

PERSONAL DATA

Age..... Sex.....

Grade .....

Location .....

Large or small .....

Approximate total cost:

Denominational .....

Special activities:

.....

.....

Remarks .....

.....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Telephone number .....

A-6-4

BOYS' SCHOOLS

NICHOLS JUNIOR COLLEGE
FOR MEN
Dudley, Mass.
James L. Conrad, Pres.

Business Administration and Executive Training
Personalized Individual Analysis Plan. An investment in Education. Degree granting. International clientele. Small classes. Unexcelled location. 200-acre campus. Modern dormitories. All sports.
Opportunity for Military Training with E.R.C. unit on campus.

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL
For boys. Specialized preparation for M.I.T. and other engineering schools and for colleges of liberal arts. Individual attention through unique "checking" system. Past enrollment 46 states, 48 countries. Catalog.
R. D. Farnsworth, Prin., 558 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.

WORCESTER ACADEMY
Est. 1834. One of New England's traditional prep. schools. Grades 8-12, National enrollment. Graduates enter leading colleges and universities. Boys utilize all cultural resources of progressive city. Teams in all sports. Gym, pool, track.
Registrar, 99 Providence St., Worcester, Mass.

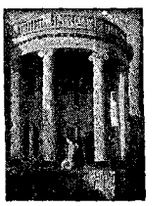
MOSES BROWN
An endowed Friends school. Help for each boy a century-old tradition. Successful college preparation. Arts and crafts hobbies. Secluded 30-acre campus. Moderate tuition. BELMONT—Separate residence for younger boys.
L. R. Thomas, Headmaster, 310 Hope St., Providence, R. I.

HATCH PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Timesaving program since 1926. Classes of 1 to 4 boys enable the individual to overcome the inertia of mass education. Progress geared to individual abilities and ambition. College candidates save a year. Summer session.
Lloyd Harvey Hatch, Headmaster Newport, R. I.

GRAHAM-ECKES SCHOOLS, Inc.
Non-profit. 27th year. Enrollment limited 50 Boys. 50 Girls. Separate Campus. Accredited. Preparation C.E.B.B. exams. 8½ acres Ocean to Lake. Graduates admitted 108 colleges. Swimming, sailing, tennis, baseball. All study supervised.
Inez Graham, Pres., North County Road, Palm Beach 32, Fla.

SHATTUCK SCHOOL
Accredited grades 9-12. Balanced educational, religious, military program. Preparatory or general. Small classes. ROTC. Sports for all: gym, pool, armory, golf. Many activities. Episcopal. Est. 1858. Summer School-Camp. Catalog.
Dir. of Admissions, 541 Shumway Hall, Fairbault, Minn.

NEW MEXICO MILITARY INSTITUTE
Accredited 4-year College, A.B., B.S.; Sr. H.S. Balanced program of academic, military, physical training; year-round outdoor sports; dry climate — 3700 ft. alt. Armor ROTC. Distinguished Military School. Catalog.
Box A, Roswell, New Mexico



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS
INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN— EACH STUDENT A CLASS
For boys with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. **Our tests discover causes of difficulties** and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.
Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 48 years' experience
Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster
OXFORD ACADEMY
Box B-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

PEDDIE
College preparatory. Grades 5-12. Endowed; fully accredited. Guidance; remedial reading; public speaking required. All sports, golf, swimming. Jr. School — separate dorm. 240 acres. Summer session. 90th yr. Catalog on request.
Dr. C. O. Morong, Headm., Box 6-R, Hightstown, N. J.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY
Fully accredited college preparatory. Toms River, N. J.; St. Petersburg, Fla. Naval training. Separate Jr. schools. Testing, guidance for college and career, remedial reading. Sports, bands. Summer camp and school. Catalog.
Adm. Farragut Academy, Box AM, Toms River, N. J.

CROYDON HALL
For boys, Grades 1 through 12. Sound college preparation. Small classes. Strong remedial education program. Individual guidance and testing. Team sports. Riding, tennis, golf. Field trips. 45 acres. 40 miles from N.Y.C. **Catalog.**
Dr. John D. Carr, Pres., Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

MANLIUS
Founded 1869. Accredited. Grades 7-12. Complete college preparation includes Officer Training. Graduates eligible for advanced standing college R.O.T.C. Remedial reading. Sports. Band. Summer Session. Tutorial assistance. Catalog:
Robert F. Weekes, The Manlius School, Manlius, N. Y.

PERKIOMEN
Boys taught how to study in homelike atmosphere. Grades 5-12. Accredited. Remedial reading. Sports, activities for each boy. Country setting, near N.Y.C. Phila. Non-sectarian. Summer session. 80th yr. **Write for Catalog.**
Stephen K. Roberts. Headmaster, Pennsburg, Pa.

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY
Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of Study has increased Honor Roll 50%. Fully accredited. ROTC highest rating. 16 modern bldgs., 2 gyms. UPPER SCHOOL, Grades 8-12; Separate JUNIOR SCHOOL 1-7. For Bklt. & catalog, write
Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 236, Fork Union, Va.

BOYS' CAMPS

NAMEQUOIT
The Nautical Camp for Boys 7-17. Orleans, Cape Cod, Mass. Salt & Fresh Water. All Camp activities. 3 age groups. Northern-Southern limited enrollment.
C. J. Thayer, Cloverdale Ave., Baton Rouge, La.
L. V. Willey, 96 Jason, Arlington, Mass.

CAMP WRIGHT
Lake Dean, Oakham, Mass. A real boy's set-up. Ages 6-16. Congenial, wholesome, and educational. Land & water sports. Riding, Riflery, Farming, Forestry, Tutoring, Auto Mechanics, Driving, Dances. Careful supervision. Fee $375.
A. L. Briggs, 509 West 122 St., New York 27, N. Y.

VALLEY FORGE CAMPS
An unforgettable summer vacation for Boys at America's National Shrine.
CAVALRY CAMP (14-18); expert riding instruction; mounted hikes.
PIONEER CAMP (7-13); woodcraft, trips.
BAND CAMP (13-18); expert musical training, swimming.
For Catalog, write: Adam Hall, Wayne, Pennsylvania

GIRLS' CAMPS

CAMP AREWA
Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania. Girls 5 to 16. Distinctive camp with trained leaders. Riding, music, swimming, all sports. Nurse. We welcome beginners. Inclusive Fee $150.00 per month.
Mrs. A. M. Wagner, 1227 65th Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

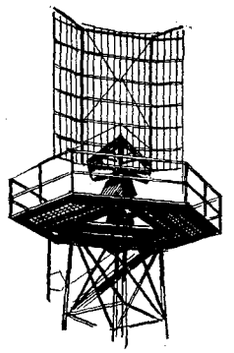
CAMP FOR '54
If you are still considering camp for this summer . . . you must move quickly. Write immediately to any of the camp directors whose announcements interest you. Be sure to include your telephone number so that the director may contact you easily. Or, write to our Bureau for information.

CO-ED CAMPS

ALOHA MANOR
Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont *(30th season)*
Camping for all ages, for short or long vacations.
Boys and girls or family groups.
One counselor for every 3 children.
Camp program appropriate for 4 separate units:
2, 3 and 4 years — 7 to 12 years
5 and 6 years — 12 to 16 years
Water sports, pony-riding, crafts, nature lore, tennis, canoe and mountain trips. Golf & saddle horses near.
Mrs. Harriet Gulick Pierce
531 East 20th St., N. Y. 10, N. Y. [GRamercy 3-0222]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

Can inventiveness  be taught?

There never was a time when America needed more scientific ingenuity than now.

If we are to stay ahead in the world's race for technical supremacy, thousands of highly creative engineers will have to be developed . . . men who can make full, swift use of all our new knowledge and uncover more.

The question is, essentially: who can come up with the best ideas first?

There is a natural creative ability in every engineer. But sometimes it remains undeveloped all his life. That is why at General Electric we send many of our young engineers through a special course called the Creative Engineering Program.

Its aim is to bring out all a young man's inventiveness and teach him ways he can continue to increase it all his life.

A student learns many things.

He learns first that he must always think for himself, not rely only on his textbook information or other people's opinions. His first step to greater creativeness is making his own interpretations and decisions.

He learns to analyze every problem thoroughly . . . but never to be satisfied with just one way to solve it. The tried-and-true approach may not be the best one. Even methods which at first seem ridiculous often turn out to be extremely practical.

He also learns that working with other creative people can be highly stimulating, and that it often pays to bring a number of minds to bear on a project. One man's hunch inspires another; the half-formed idea of a third is made whole by a fourth; the amusing "notion" tossed out almost as a joke leads to a solution.

He works on real company problems, not just theoretical ones.

Results have been excellent. Most of the students file several patent dockets before the year-and-a-half-long course ends. And, after graduation, the men who have attended the course continue to develop new processes and patentable ideas at an average rate almost three times that of non-graduates. Some have made such important contributions that they have received General Electric's highest achievement award.

Our experience has given us a comforting conviction:

It is already possible to increase latent creative ability many-fold, and we are certain techniques will emerge in the years ahead for doing an even better job. We are looking for them every day.

Progress is our most important product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teacher, author, and editor, Bliss Perry was beloved by the loyal legion who had studied under him at Williams, Princeton, and Harvard; by the many who had heard his peripatetic lectures; and by those who in quiet cherished his books. For this Atlantic Portrait of our seventh editor, we turn to ROLLO WALTER BROWN, *a sensitive and knowing recorder of the golden age in the Harvard Yard. His biography of Dean Briggs and his profiles of the great teachers he worked under at Harvard — including George Pierce Baker, Copey, Kittredge, and President Eliot — mark him as one of the ablest biographers in New England.*

BLISS PERRY

by ROLLO WALTER BROWN

BLISS PERRY lived actively for most of a century, and came to be much in the thought of America. His years as he lived along in them seemed to possess a great evenness of quality. But now when it is possible to consider his experience in its completeness, one quarter-century in the second half of his long life emerges as a period specially impressive.

Everything he brought to this mature period from his youth was New England — New England at its best. His father was a warm-tempered Scotch-Irish professor of economics and history at Williams College. His mother was a serene, thoughtful woman known to everyone for her graciousness. The half-dozen children — one girl — and these parents constituted what the youngest son once declared was "the most human family that ever was." Sometimes at the table — another brother has recorded — when the arguing promised to become riotous, the father slapped his fist down and cautioned: "Remember, this is a Christian family! *Now go ahead!*" He and his wife promoted freedom, but they also kept their children reminded that there was something in life of undeniable size and importance.

Bliss Perry, older than his brothers but younger than his sister, lived with awareness in this world of bright horizons where human existence was treated as something very honorable. He played and studied and fished and hunted and observed the lives of birds and other wild creatures until he was a gawky boy ready for boarding school. Then boarding school — Greylock Institute, only a little more than out of sight of his father's house — was just as essentially New England as home had been. And Williams College was a continuation of this New England of open skies and invitations to meditate. From birth he had lived where it was taken for granted that things of the mind, of the spirit, must have first consideration.

He taught for a time with unusual success at Williams, the family college. Then for several years he taught at Princeton University, where he was likewise successful, and honored, and much remembered.

For ten years he was editor of the *Atlantic* (1899–1909). The Victorians of the nineteenth century had thinned out, and in America the young novelists and poets of the twentieth century had not yet found their voice. Yet in the one decade he attracted to the *Atlantic* men and women who gave a rich and diversified record of the literary, intellectual, and political life of the time in America, with some points of view from elsewhere in the world well presented.

His contributors included John Burroughs, Brooks Adams, Grover Cleveland, Henry James, Booker T. Washington, A. Lawrence Lowell,

Copyright 1954, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Eliot Norton, Gamaliel Bradford, Charles W. Eliot, Edmund Gosse, Edith Wharton, Sarah Orne Jewett, Lafcadio Hearn, William James, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William Vaughn Moody, Mary Johnston, John Buchan, Alice Meynell, Woodrow Wilson, Paul Elmer More, Samuel McChord Crothers, Agnes Repplier, Havelock Ellis, Jack London, William Dean Howells, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and on and on.

The editor himself contributed many interesting papers that in his books are still much read. And all the while he was trying to have the *Atlantic* speak openly in a controversial world — to the extent that at least once, according to his own account, he tendered his resignation, only to have it declined the next morning.

Yet it was in the period that followed his editorship, the period of teaching in the Harvard Yard — where he confessed feeling somewhat alien for a time — that his life reached its impressive culmination.

His presence at Harvard resulted from an unusually happy conjunction of circumstances. President Charles W. Eliot believed that Harvard's Department of English, notable as it was, was heavily weighted with a Germanic scholarship which not only placed great emphasis on courses in the philological, but often made matters of language dominant in courses supposedly devoted to literature. There was no one spreading comprehensively over the whole range of modern literature as Longfellow and Lowell had had the privilege of doing if they wished. The world was changing, and perhaps it was as well that no one was trying to do just what had been done at the earlier time. But there was need of someone, President Eliot felt, who could quicken undergraduates by giving them expansive views and vital glimpses of greatness in the field of English.

And here was Bliss Perry, living just up the street in Cambridge while he edited the *Atlantic* in Boston. He had had a turn at study in Germany himself, while it was so much the thing to be done, but he seemed in no way to be out of balance. He was a scholar in his own field, he had had excellent experience in college teaching, he had had much acquaintance as an editor with "live" literature, and he had a natural enthusiasm for youth and life. President Eliot was sure that Bliss Perry could bring a certain toning-up to Harvard, and Bliss Perry seemed not too hard to convince.

2

He came to the regular appointment — after some earlier substitute lecturing in the Yard — in 1907 when he was in his forty-seventh year. In a year or two he was to give up all connection with the *Atlantic* and be wholly in the field of teaching.

His appearance in itself at this time was enough to suggest that probably once more President Eliot had been fortunate in noting the qualities in a man that might merge in making him an unusual teacher. For as Bliss Perry moved across the Yard toward his classroom he was very quietly a convincing figure. He was two inches over six feet — and he walked as if of course he customarily arrived somewhere. Although he never seemed to be trying much to recognize anyone, there was a great kindness in his face and somehow in the unrigid, inclined manner in which he moved. His firm and slightly extended chin and the intentness of his blue eyes gave him an interesting look of determined clairvoyance.

The files of Harvard catalogues reveal how diverse were the early courses that he offered. He dealt with the literature of the eighteenth century; with types of fiction, Continental as well as English — in a course in Comparative Literature; with political satire; with lyric poetry; with Carlyle; with Tennyson. In the end, though, he seemed to find his deepest satisfaction in the undergraduate course listed as English 41, and described in the catalogue as "History of English Literature from the Elizabethan times to the present," and in a graduate course in Emerson — the first Emerson course, he believed, in an American university.

Undergraduates have all sorts of reasons for taking the courses they elect. But one experience they have very much in common — just as a part of the pushing new life within them; they like to feel forward movement, the sweep of things, so that they can believe that life marches — whether or not the march brings them to easy final examinations. Men in Harvard College who were not concentrating in the field of English, as well as many who were, felt drawn to this man who was able to contribute the feel of life to whatever he touched. When he stood before them, tall and friendly and virile, as if he were very glad to be there, and — perhaps with his head tilted a little to one side — revealed to them through very clearly enunciated speech the large views in literature and the inmost qualities of men of stature, even the laziest undergraduate among all the many who were not lazy felt the tingling of new life.

They listened. They passed the word along that here was a man with something important to say. More and more kept electing the course until as many as five or six hundred were appearing at the beginning of the year. Once when he went to a first meeting and found students everywhere and was greeted joyously, he said, "Gentlemen, this is a calamity!" And the students knew he was not saying anything meant to be discreditable to anybody. But according to his own account he decided to limit the course to a lecture hall that seated only three hundred.

He experienced a vast and very honorable repute, and like any other sensitive, intellectually honest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human being — like William James, for instance — he was deeply concerned that the repute be deserved. This cheerful body of young life, two mornings every week, let him know that much was expected of him. Deep in the fastness of his own study he prepared the lectures as painstakingly as if they were to be delivered before the most exacting of audiences — as they were to be. For the young have their own sensitivities. They listened until their silence seemed absolute while he spoke on — let us say — Wordsworth and read from his poetry. Then often they broke into spontaneous applause at the end. Not every university teacher, however brilliant, finds his way in such degree to undergraduate sincerity.

Yet nothing in the satisfaction afforded by this course seemed ever to reduce his profound interest in Emerson. Before he was seventeen — he has mentioned the matter in his autobiographical *And Gladly Teach* — he discovered Emerson and was "intoxicated." To at least one of his Cambridge neighbors the intoxication seemed steadily to become more complete throughout a long life. It may be that in the end his *Emerson Today* will be his most prophetic book. Emerson was no dead transcendentalist, no sweetened medicine good only for adolescents. He was a skilled craftsman, a discerning biographer, a shrewd thinker on the times, even a kind of premonitory herald of the philosophic-scientific strugglers for light who were to appear in the twentieth century.

Historically, Emerson had emerged from his long Harvard eclipse. The university had forgotten his outspoken words — for instance, about how Harvard College "gagged and stifled" the prophets and poets — and, much through the efforts of Hugo Münsterberg, had built Emerson Hall. Bliss Perry could now speak about Emerson and feel sure that he would be heard.

His students quickly discovered how much there was of Emerson to know, and how little, how next to nothing, they had known — not only of Emerson, but of their own country as it had been when Emerson was young, when he was middle-aged, when he was elderly. They read Emerson's essays; his biographical studies; his poetry; his journals. And Bliss Perry took them out to Concord to learn more. They could see with their own eyes and with their best imaginations what the community had been like when Emerson was a part of it, what his neighbors had been like, and something of what he must have been like in the flesh, since here was his son Dr. Edward Emerson to greet them and contribute something of his own — the Dr. Edward Emerson who had devoted so many years to editing his father's work. Bliss Perry's knowledge and understanding of Emerson seemed so complete and so quintessential that one of his students declared, "He got it by osmosis, not out of books." At Concord many of them thought they were having some small part of such an experience themselves. In any event, they were coming to know Emerson.

3

They knew that Bliss Perry was a great teacher. But as in the case of any other great teacher, they found it next to impossible to agree on what made him so.

They read *And Gladly Teach* when it appeared in 1935, and hoped that he had there revealed the secret. They found the book fascinating, but the secret did not stand revealed. They should not have expected to find it — not neatly packaged. All that the teacher puts into his teaching will seem to different persons to be of different proportionings. And often the best of teaching appears only in incidental observations, in asides casually uttered but never to be forgotten, in something that just crops out in the teacher's day-by-day work at his job. Least of all is it to be expected that the teacher himself will openly set down how the magic is achieved, for often enough he is quite unaware at the time that he is doing anything magical.

The revelation comes — in so far as it ever comes — through unanticipated overtones that later seem only evidences of the teacher's good sense; through the attitude always maintained by the teacher toward the taught; through what he does as supplementary to his teaching; through restorative concerns when he is entirely away from the world of the classroom.

The overtones made it easy enough to feel the first purpose of all Bliss Perry's teaching: he was an awakener. If he had put up in his classroom the lines from Thoreau's "Inspiration" that he enjoyed quoting,

> I hearing get, who had but ears,
> And sight, who had but eyes before;
> I moments live, who lived but years,
> And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore,

he would have had a perfect record of what he was bringing to pass in the lives of the students before him. "After I had listened to him for an hour," said one of them who himself was to become a teacher of great individuality, "I wanted to get over to the library and read every book in it."

His own aliveness had an extraordinary contagion. It was in his earnestness, as if the literature he discussed were a matter of life and death — as he knew it was. In Princeton the family had always remembered how he had paced back and forth, back and forth, his hands clasped behind his back, his face expressing profound intensity, when he had finished reading *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and was trying to absorb the jolt of Hardy's final paragraph about the President of the Immortals and Tess. It was in his instinctive feeling

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the emotional tone of the class, as when he spoke of the youthful Keats as "Johnny Keats," and left no one believing that he had done any violence to the emerging poet. It was even in the examinations he set for his courses. He wanted these young men to extend themselves. "If you were writing to an intelligent foreigner who knew English but happened to be ignorant of the literature produced in England between 1550 and 1700, what authors or works would you chiefly recommend to him, and what reasons would you give him for your selections?" In the answers to that question it would be possible to discern all sorts of alivenesses — or deadnesses — never to be revealed by a student's check of "True" or "False" on a mimeographed sheet of statements prepared by somebody else.

He would keep the bright flame burning. Very gently in the lobby of the bank he could touch the shoulder of the young author of a book just out and say, "It's a work of art." He could call up a candidate who had failed in his Ph.D. examination and say, "Don't take the matter too seriously. Plenty of good men have had the same experience." And to a young man called away on account of death he could suggest that he would be glad to help with money for the long trip, since he kept aside a modest fund for students who faced emergencies.

His own writing was of the kind to contribute to good teaching — not anything ground out merely to enable him to say that he had "produced." He tried some fiction — early. He devoted an entire volume to Whitman when it was not yet in style to say much of anything about Whitman — especially to his credit. He published a volume entitled *A Study of Prose Fiction* that was read widely. He wrote on *The Amateur Spirit* and *The American Mind.* He published two biographical volumes; a volume of essays and addresses called *The Praise of Folly;* one on fishing called *Pools and Ripples; Emerson Today; And Gladly Teach* — and much besides. By no stretch of the imagination could his writing be looked upon as the kind that dulls the human interests of the teacher.

It was through golf and fishing that he kept himself well renewed. Once when he was sixty-two or sixty-three he decided to learn to drive a car. But he was altogether lacking in the mechanical sense. Painfully he tried to visualize the workings of a gasoline engine; studiously he made drawings of the old-style H gearshift. And he ventured on the road. When, though, he had brought terror to enough animal life, had swept through enough forbidden areas, and finished off by crashing across an open manhole that had a sawhorse over it and heard much shouting from the rear, he decided to have someone else do the driving.

Always, though, he could fish. But where? Well, wherever there was fishing — in Vermont, in New Hampshire, in Maine, in Canada, in Ireland. Some of his friends declared that he did not so much as require fish in order to have a good time. But they exaggerated. He did require the excitement of making catches. His great humanitarian reverence for life seemed never to be working when he fished. Yet his friends were not altogether wrong. In the solitude of the open, he was so completely at home that he could forget anything. Once while he and a friend sat in a rowboat in the quiet of evening on a Vermont lake and fished for horned pout, he suddenly remembered that he was supposed to be lecturing in a neighboring church. He somehow got to the lecture — as he always did. But fishing was as restful as that.

Thus he lived actively, and now and then said something or did something which revealed that he was a teacher by nature. Could anyone do anything more permanently satisfying than teaching? Well, he doubted it. And was there a better place for teaching than at Harvard? Well, he doubted that, too, though he always recalled with great pleasure his quiet, immense years at Princeton. On Commencement Day in 1925, when he was in his sixty-fifth year, he stood in the shadow of Sever Hall and with eloquent voice and youthful face told the assembled alumni that the Harvard that had honored him with a degree in the morning was a teacher's paradise.

In this "paradise" he taught on until he was in his seventieth year. Then one day — it comes to teachers — he had to meet his last class. He went through the hour. His students were even more appreciative than they were ordinarily. He told them that he did not like good-byes. And they agreed. His son had very unobtrusively slipped into a corner of the hall. "How about a little golf this afternoon?" he asked at the end of the hour. Bliss Perry thought nine holes would be just right. And on a course that he had never played, he came in with the low score, 42–46. That was how he was still feeling about some matters.

4

For nearly a quarter of a century after that last day of teaching, and for almost two decades after he had written the last chapter in his last book — *And Gladly Teach* — he lived ahead with interest. The man who had brought him to Harvard regretted at ninety that no one had ever made a thorough study of the total experience of growing old, especially no one who was having the experience himself. Bliss Perry would have been the perfect man to make such a study — had he chosen to do so. For he continued to be mentally very active, he was aware of what was happening to him, and he saw — sometimes with sadness, sometimes with humor — what was taking place in the world in which an old man was obliged to live. Best of all,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was unshrinking in his honesty in considering the entire situation.

When he was eighty, one day at the end of a fishing trip he said to his son as they made their way out of the depths of northern Maine, "No more fishing for me, Boy. Legs getting a little tired." And the matter was settled.

He moved into the little-considered world beyond what is called ripe old age. Most younger persons shy away from any thought of it, for it is a world of departures, and gives an impression of life's impermanence. But the man who is living in it cannot shy away from it, and Bliss Perry did not so much as try. It was one of the facts that a man solidly grounded in New England might not be expected to say much about; but occasionally he did let enough slip out to reveal that he knew where he traveled. He gave up going to the Tavern Club, where he had once been president, and when he was urged to go again he spoke with the brevity of full consideration: "No. Too many ghosts."

But if he found it a world of departures, he found it also a world of additions. Living beyond ripe old age provides one with a kind of magic advantage over younger contemporaries, and Bliss Perry enjoyed this advantage — placed pleasantly in his keeping by time — in more than ordinary degree. He could smile a kindly smile when he heard men and women talking about doing research on — let us say — Woodrow Wilson. For he had taught at Princeton with Woodrow Wilson when they both were young. He had lived while Abraham Lincoln was living. Until he was past twenty, Emerson still lived. He lived through the mature years of Whitman and Browning and Tennyson and Christina Rossetti and Ibsen and Tolstoy. He saw the rise of Hardy. He was himself born only three years after Conrad, and watched with excitement for every new Conrad story. In all, he had come to possess a vast fund of cherished knowledge that his juniors had to hunt for, and that he was happy to contribute when they sought him out.

What he was thinking about, what he believed, usually had to be extracted from him bit by bit. He had once written a short story called "Jepson's Third Adjective" which his son always liked. Jepson was an inquisitive college student who went right on asking questions after he was out of college and was a busy physician. He was looking for three adjectives that would sum up life — for just what was life like? He found life "droll"; and much later, "pitiful"; and then, after he had seen a boy plunge into the water ahead of a ferryboat to save his dog, and a workingman had in a flash saved both the boy and the dog, he thought he had the third. Life was "droll," and "pitiful," and — "divine." When Bliss Perry was a very old man, his son — wishing much to know — asked, "Dad, is that your own philosophy?"

Very briefly, almost impatiently, he replied, "Well, I wrote the story, didn't I?"

On those increasingly rare occasions when he appeared in Harvard Square, he moved along as if he were the least bit older than he once was. But when he met someone out of the past his face was instantly bright and boyish, and he was again the alert middle-aged teacher.

When he was ninety and obliged to be without the wife who for sixty years had lived so devotedly in charge of his household, he wrote from Milton in reply to one of his students who had sent him a birthday letter: "I am in fairly good shape except for 'wobbly' knees which restrict my walking to very short and level distances. My daughter, who lives with me here, drives me around the Blue Hills region on pleasant days, and luckily I can read, eat, and sleep all I desire. Not a very heroic existence! . . . I do hope that everything is going well with you personally, and that your birthdays, as they come along, will be as happy as mine." Constantly such letters were going out to former students who had had to tell him how much he was in their thought — and since typewriters were to him in the bothersome class of automobile mechanisms, the letters were in his own hand.

He had a sharp eye on the human situation, too, and sometimes made comments. When he was ninety-one he wrote a two-sentence letter to one of the Boston newspapers: "Will you allow a man who has read your Mail Bag letters for many years to risk a single generalization? Very few men and no women write well when they are angry."

And always he could settle back and enjoy his pipe and his reading. He tried the new books, he reread the good ones that would always be new. When he was well past ninety he read from two hundred to four hundred pages a day. He could sit and reflect, too, on this or that detail of his long life, especially on the truly humorous that he had encountered and saved up. He would sit comfortably and contemplate things amusing and satisfying until the deep wrinkles of enjoyment completely surrounded his eyes.

He heard men exalting the excellencies or the necessity of some new despair — they thought it was new — and he was not too much disturbed. For he had more evidence than they had. Why did they not try living a little with the clearer-minded — with the greatest poets, the greatest novelists, the greatest dramatists, the greatest satirists, the greatest essayists? In their presence, if a man had a little New England granite in his soul to hold the sunlight, might there not be less necessity for despair — or no necessity at all? So he left the despair to others and went on enjoying the bright Indian summer that belongs by right to the man who has helped generations of the young to have glimpses of things as true as anything they may reasonably hope to find.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Students at Phillips Academy, Andover, this spring were privileged to hear JOHN J. MCCLOY *deliver the annual Stearns Lecture, and we think that* Atlantic *readers will welcome it. A graduate of Amherst, Class of 1916, who served as a Captain of Artillery in the First World War, Mr. McCloy won distinction in the New York Bar, where he practiced from 1925 to 1940. Then he entered public life, serving first as the Assistant Secretary of War to Henry Stimson from 1941 to 1945, then as President of the World Bank, and finally as our High Commissioner for Germany. He is today Chairman of the Board of the Chase National Bank.*

TEN YEARS FROM NOW

by JOHN J. McCLOY

1

I SHOULD like to speak to you quite prosaically about some of the things which are on my mind these days — things which crowd in upon me as I go through the process of readjusting myself to life in a business community after a considerable period of rather intensive living and working in what is vaguely known as "the government." At the risk of only repainting a picture with which you are already familiar, I shall sketch the state of things, at least as I see them, in the world today, with perhaps an attempt to foresee the world as it may be, let's say, a short ten years from now when you who are students here and those of similar vintage elsewhere will be active participants in our national life.

Uppermost in my mind is the significance of the enormous change which has occurred in this nation and its relative standing in the world, and as a corollary the demands which this change places upon our behavior. A consideration of the developments which can be measured by the lifetime of one man is a graphic way of depicting the contrast. Not long ago a striking character under whom I served in the First World War died in California. When I first went to the War Department and joined Secretary Stimson in the summer of 1940, this old soldier, who was also a philosopher and a wit, undertook to send me from time to time brief handwritten notes on how the war should be conducted. He was then bedridden but qualified to give me spiritual advice because, as he put it, he was so "damned near dead he was communing with the angels." He communed for some time, however, as he died only within the past year. Yet this individual had actually fought the Sioux Indians on our Western plains and had been cited for gallant behavior at the Battle of Wounded Knee — so short is the span of our history. He and his contemporaries were still being painted by Frederic Remington, and Americans were living largely under the protection of the British fleet, when he was serving in the old cavalry posts which once dotted the West.

In so far as world affairs were concerned, the United States was decidedly a negative quantity at that time. Great Britain then and for a considerable period thereafter did not feel that Washington was entitled to any higher representation than that of a legation. At a much later date Woodrow Wilson, who was to lead us in our first great European adventure, could make a long inaugural address, as Professor Commager has pointed out, without one reference in it to foreign affairs.

Today our Army, Navy, and Air Force are based in Europe and in Asia, and any thought of their withdrawal from their bases at this time would produce untold confusion and danger. I do not need to give you any figures to prove how vast is our influence on the economy of other nations, how intertwined we have become in the affairs of all the world. It is difficult to think of any nation in which we do not have some interest or on which our economy or our policy does not exert some influence. Certainly this change has not brought ease of mind, and if we had the choice, we might even wish to go back to that simple, untaxed, untelevised, uninvolved life which was the pattern of these United States in the early part of this century.

The other great phenomenon is the emergence of Russia as a world power. I am sure that many, perhaps most of you, have read or heard of Tocqueville's prophecy regarding the United States and Russia. One hundred years ago this astute Frenchman discerned the gathering strength of these two nations, each then developing steadily in the backwaters of history, destined, as he put it, "by a hidden purpose of Providence to hold in its hand one day the destinies of half mankind." Now in all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their might and power they face each other in many portions of the globe.

It is not the first time that great nations have squared off against each other. In the nineteenth century Great Britain was faced with a similar challenge during the period of the Napoleonic Wars, but today things are so much more complex and the power to destroy so infinitely more vast that it is probably futile to draw on historical analogies for guidance. Only recently the public as a whole was told of the thermonuclear explosion which took place in the Pacific last year. A sizable atoll completely disappeared and the seas were parted by a force the extent of which could not be adequately measured because the instruments set up for the purpose disintegrated. The newspapers advise us of a new series of explosions already under way which will probably be reported as having done even more sensational things.

It is now clear that both we and the Russians have planes capable of transporting these weapons of destruction across the continents, and I would guess that in, say, five years we both will have developed guided missiles to such a degree that they will be able to reach from continent to continent, delivering thermonuclear blows and creating devastation from which recovery would be conjectural. I fear it is rapidly becoming only a matter of ballistics. At this point I cannot help referring to something Professor Einstein is reported to have said in answer to a question as to what weapons would be used in World War III: "I cannot say with any precision but I can be precise about the weapons of World War IV. They will be rocks." And with all this indescribably destructive power, there is also working up between us and the Russians a most serious political antagonism.

There are brush fires raging around the world now, and with the dry nature of the political atmosphere it is not certain that they can always be controlled. It would appear to be obvious in such a situation that we have need of friends and allies, but our unavoidable dependence upon them at the same time increases our involvements. Politically as well as strategically, we are committed so as to make it very likely indeed that we would be in the middle of things from the very start of a major blow-up. We have to remind ourselves that the North Atlantic Treaty Organization includes most of the Atlantic world, and our Pacific pacts cover a large part of the Asiatic world. Through NATO we relate our security to that of thirteen other countries, and we are obligated to defend West Germany and the city of Berlin should they be attacked. We have a pact with Japan; we have a pact for the defense of the Philippines, another for Korea, and another for Australia and New Zealand. For the time being it would appear that West Germany is stable in spite of the negative aspects of the Berlin Conference, where it was clearly disclosed that the Soviets are determined to sit on all of their present lines irrespective of the completely alien political, and even racial, character of the nationalities suppressed by them. But without unification and the settlement of the European Defense Community, it is a stability on which we cannot indefinitely rely.

I must confess that hard as it seems to find the solution to the German problem, it seems more readily soluble than does the snarl of Far Eastern problems. We have stopped the fighting in Korea but the Communists hold North Korea with a hand of iron. General Taylor has indicated that perhaps a million or so men could take North Korea, meanwhile heavily bombing the strategic and industrial centers north of the Yalu. In other words, unification of Korea could probably be achieved, but only by means of full-fledged war on the continent and with the likely employment of atomic warfare. This, apparently, Syngman Rhee would be prepared to risk, but it is not an appealing alternative even though the present situation is most unsatisfactory.

We recognize a deep strategic interest in Indochina, yet we are not prepared to send our troops there to help the French, who have already sacrificed much of their young manhood to keep the Communist forces from overwhelming the country. Yet if Indochina goes, the breadbasket of Japan goes, and much of what remains of the Far East moves into Communist hands; the Philippines are put in jeopardy, Australia becomes more isolated, and Indonesia may slip away. And even if the Eisenhower Administration should undertake an expedition to Indochina as the Truman Administration did to Korea, is there any guarantee that the expedition would not have to stop short of complete victory?

As if these were not complications enough, what would be the attitude of India if we undertook such an expedition? Mr. Nehru seems not to like many of our policies as it is. As long as the Communist forces do not threaten his country from without, he wishes to remain aloof and combat Communism within his country. Asia for the Asians, for the moment at least, seems to be working better for the Russians than for the Western nations. Asiatics, oversensitive to the history of Western intrusion, at the same time seem undersensitive to the only imperialism which today has any reality — namely, the Russian.

Foci of infection are to be found in many places. Italy is uneasy; there is trouble in Africa, in Syria, in Egypt, in Guatemala, in Burma. Russia's industrial potential is steadily increasing and her diplomacy is giving signs of becoming more subtle.

2

I COULD go on with this calamitous catalogue of serious problems and it would sound like Jeremiah's lament, but here I will stop and remind you that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever since Jeremiah this has been a hard world, and the exactions imposed on the responsible leader are never light. It is part of a leader's lot that his motives are frequently maligned, his good will misread, and his reserves strained. It is not particularly significant that we are encountering great difficulty in inducing nations of Western Europe to enter into defense arrangements which would appear to provide them as well as ourselves with maximum security. England, when she was attempting to hold Napoleon in check, had the utmost difficulty in maintaining any coalition. Nations popped in and out of alliance with her with the most disconcerting frequency. She scattered about Europe loans and subsidies of a most unbusinesslike character; yet through it all England maintained a steadiness of purpose and a continuity of policy which did secure her leadership and did give stability to Europe and a large part of the world.

The great question is whether we are prepared and equipped to play the even more exacting role which world leadership today involves. It is supremely necessary for us now to present to the world a picture of a composed, resolute, tolerant nation. We cannot afford to lose the respect and confidence of our friends. Above all, we cannot take the position that because we have a peck of troubles, in spite of the successful conclusion of a great war, we must have been betrayed. To be sure, there were spies and traitors among us — too many of them. There can be little doubt, I think, that the defection of certain scientists materially accelerated the Soviet development of the atom and hydrogen bombs, but the bulk of our problems would be with us today even if this were not so. There never was a triumph followed by the millennium. There never was a victory that did not quickly pose the problem of going forward.

Sir Winston Churchill, shortly after the First World War, pointed out that many, if not most, wars remain great catastrophes even in victory; for defeat, as he said, "has a habit of laying its heavy hand on victors as well as vanquished." How true that has been after this war! We have had our share of problems, but this is not new; and because things are bad it is not always necessary or wise to blame somebody for it. It certainly is not wise when we should conserve our time, energy, and composure for the frightfully difficult task of guiding the free nations of the world safely through the dark channels of present world tension.

With all the deterioration our prestige has suffered since the victory — much of it natural and inevitable since it was built on utterly unrealistic hopes — we still have the capacity, the strength, and the traditions to exert the influential leadership the free world needs. This I truly believe, but we Americans are at a stage of responsibility where we all have to begin to act our age. If we do not, other peoples on whom we now and for the future depend will rightly lose their faith and confidence in our leadership, and it will be no comfort to us if with it they also lose their own capacity to stand against the pressures directed from the Kremlin.

Now do not mistake me. I do not feel that our foreign friends are always right and that we are usually wrong. I think we have had to endure a great deal of nonsense in the way of criticism from abroad. We do not need to squirm every time a member of Parliament takes a fling at us. It is not significant when some French poseur decries our culture. Much of the criticism may be merely petulant. With a full appreciation of all the great sacrifices our friends have had to bear, and with all the understanding to which they are entitled, they can scarcely base their criticism on the hypothesis that they have been highly successful themselves in avoiding wars and catastrophes. It is only when we fall below our own standards that we need wince over some of the criticism. Moreover, it is my impression that it is precisely because our friends realize they have failed, and fear that with all our greater strength and greater means we shall *not* do better than they have done, that they respond so sensitively to our eccentricities.

We cannot continue to moan over the loss of China or wring our hands over Yalta, serious as they were. Bad mistakes were made. Nor will it do to attempt to justify the mistakes as some do by protesting that Stalin gave very resounding assurances at the same time the concessions were made to him. It is well to recall that while Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill did rely on those assurances — which were not fulfilled — there was another factor underlying Yalta, and that was the presence of about 15 million fully armed and strategically placed Communists in the shape of the Red Army. And it was this factor that had not a little to do with the decisions that were taken at the close of the war. But we shall get nowhere dwelling on the past, particularly when it is so important to build our strength, set our policies, and increase our knowledge so that we shall be well prepared to meet the challenges which are certain to crowd in upon us as we strive to maintain an honorable peace.

3

I HAVE said that I would attempt to sketch the world as it might be ten years hence. This is a large order but let me try to approach it in a rather roundabout way. There is a group in New York which has been studying, with the facilities of the Council on Foreign Relations, the problem of our relations with the Soviet Union, in the endeavor to find solutions, or at least develop attitudes which would, consistent with justice, produce peace. One of the members of the group came forward with a paper the other day and he labeled it "1964." Here is how he began his paper: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It is September 1964. Today the situation in which the United States finds itself is so disheartening and the choice so discouraging that we may well ask ourselves how it could have happened that in the course of less than a decade we have turned from a mighty world power into an isolated island surrounded by an all-engulfing Communist Red Sea."

It was this man's way of pointing up the need for maintaining our alliances and of binding the free world together; and as he reviewed the steps by which, according to his hypothesis, we arrived at this grim situation in the world, he startled everyone by the thought of how easily momentum might develop in this direction. The descent to Avernus looked alarmingly easy. The group, which is composed of former public servants, ambassadors, atomic scientists, business and financial leaders, and Russian experts, had their thoughts sharply stimulated by this approach to the problem, and no one left the meeting without thinking deeply of both the danger and the remedy.

The group, I am glad to say, was not prepared to accept this pessimistic hypothesis. The feeling was that we would be alert and sensible enough to take, in good time, constructive measures to check any serious trend in this direction. But all agreed that as a prerequisite we had to provide the world with an example of our good sense, our balance, our wisdom, and our capacity to carry out our role of world leader. All felt that the free nations of the world did not doubt our fundamental good will or, in the light of our record, our generosity or our strength; but all likewise agreed there was a growing doubt of our wisdom and of our capacity to provide the guidance without which the other free nations, as well as we, would be in serious trouble.

As to my own view of what the world will be like in 1964, I simply say I do not know. All I feel certain of is that it will not be easy. The rest is guesswork. I must confess I can foresee no great change in Soviet attitudes, though in the long run I do not completely despair of it. I would guess that in 1964 we shall still find it necessary to maintain a great military establishment; we shall probably still be combating Soviet efforts to introduce a Moscow-controlled statism throughout the world. Certainly it will still be necessary to employ the highest form of statesmanship in order to maintain our position and that of the free nations. It seems likely, in spite of tensions, that both we and the Europeans will be trading more with the Soviets. This may bring about some easing of relations, but I think we would be foolish to base our policy on the likelihood of an abandonment of Soviet determination to dominate Europe and Asia. We shall probably still be combating Soviet attempts to infiltrate and to make all non-Communist countries suspicious and distrustful of each other, but I hope and believe we shall be a whole lot more sensible, a whole lot less hysterical, and therefore a whole lot more efficient in blunting these efforts than we are today.

I firmly believe that what the situation in 1964 will be depends more on us than on the Soviets. We can by our conduct deeply influence the thinking and tendencies of the large areas of the world which are either allied with us or are still free of Communist control; and as they are influenced, so in a subtle, slow, unpredictable way the thinking of the Kremlin and its decisions regarding war and peace may be influenced. We shall have to keep our eyes and mind on the main issues. Serious as Communist infiltrations into our government have been, there are far more difficult and dangerous Communist threats we have to meet. It is supremely important, at this very windy corner of history, that we form a constructive, affirmative, and flexible foreign policy, uninfluenced by fear and suspicion generated among ourselves. One more thing of which we can be sure is that in 1964 the United States will still be a dynamic country and, barring war, we shall still be progressing. And if we are as enlightened and courageous as we are capable of being, we shall still be enjoying an honorable peace.

4

Apropos of this matter of Communists in government, let me make a digression. During the 1930s I was a practicing lawyer and my firm was involved from time to time in the Congressional investigations of those days. There were excesses and practices current at the time which no doubt required investigation, just as investigation into the matter of Communist infiltration may be necessary now, but many of us can recall the shameful abuses of the investigative process which then took place. Witnesses' rights were abused and utterly one-sided reports were concocted by the biased lawyers of the committees.

At that time little was heard from the liberals, the academicians, or the intellectuals in protest against the abuse of the businessmen's rights. It was only when the investigations turned on the schools and universities, in disregard of both objectivity and the rights of individuals, that this group became both concerned and articulate. And to cap it all, just the other day a good friend of mine, a former major general, who had been taking strong issue with me over my criticism of certain current investigative procedures, called me. He was breathing fiery indignation over the way another general had just been handled in a Congressional investigation. How long must it take before we realize that liberty does not depend upon whose ox is gored? "Send not to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

Recently there has been staying with us in New

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

York a German woman, whose name I will not mention even though she is readily identifiable. She felt it necessary to object to the way things were going in Germany in the Hitler period and soon found herself in jail. Her cell was next to that of Helmuth von Moltke, whose record in the Resistance, if you do not know it, you should take the pains to learn. In due course he was strangled and she was condemned to death. While she was being transferred to the prison where the executions took place, one of our air raids on Berlin occurred and the driver of the prison van permitted the few prisoners to take shelter while the raid was on. By the flashes of the explosives she spied a bicycle standing in front of one of the houses in the street. She watched for her chance between the flashes, grabbed the bike, rode off, and then remained underground until the surrender.

The other night she was telling of conversations she had had with von Moltke by means of surreptitious whispering between the cells. Never able to see him, she could only hear him. He constantly made the point that individuals or demagogues from time to time appear and abuse the power they achieve. This happens in every nation. What distinguishes the more enlightened nations from the others, according to von Moltke, is how the privileged elements of society react to such abuse. And by "privileged" he meant primarily the educated and the successful. That is the test of a country's fiber. In a healthy society, protection of liberty and the maintenance of decent public administration must be stimulated and guarded from the top. If the privileged groups grow lethargic, indifferent, apologetic, or fearful, the danger signals are up and the consequences can become disastrous.

We are not in any serious danger of a Nazi revolution in this country in spite of some superficial appearances, but we are in great danger of failing to fulfill both our potentialities and our obligations as an exceptionally privileged member of the community of free nations.

I can give you an example of how youth responds to such messages as von Moltke's. In Berlin we used frequently to invite students from the Free University to come to the house to talk, to eat, to exchange views. Forty per cent of these students had escaped from Communist-controlled East Germany to study at the University where truth — and not the Communist version of truth — was taught. The old Berlin University — the one in which Humboldt taught and established the principle of uninfluenced research — is in the Russian sector of Berlin and it has become largely a propaganda institute.

The average student in the Free University lived on $20 a month. From this he had to pay his tuition, his board, his room rent, and provide his own clothing. (Needless to say, the clothing was threadbare.) These students would steal across the border into the East Zone, carrying news back and forth across the barriers. It was due to the zeal of these young people and some of their teachers that the Free University in Berlin was founded. If you would look today for the disciples of the Humboldt tradition, it would be here and not at the foot of Unter den Linden that you would find them. I am glad to say that the Americans have made large contributions to the University so as to give these students buildings in which to eat and live and study.

Now certainly we in this country do not have iron curtains or barriers across our streets; nor are there Russian tanks at which students might throw stones; but you can be sure that sooner or later in your careers your adherence to truth and freedom will be put to a test, and I hope for your sakes it will be a less exacting one.

One of our former very distinguished foreign service officers recently said that he could not recommend that young people go into the foreign service today, because of the demoralization which has set in as a result of excessive and unintelligent measures to improve the so-called security of the State Department. With all due respect and with a full understanding of the seriousness of the situation which he described, I believe he was shortsighted. Unpleasant and serious as this condition of affairs may be, it is temporary and in the long view unimportant. In spite of all the hesitation, all the holding back; in spite of all the wishing that things might be otherwise, it is inevitable that during the next hundred years this country will take an active, vigorous, and contributing part in world affairs. It is a participation that will grow rather than recede, and it will challenge our ablest talents.

Emerson, who lived not far from here, once said: "Each man is a cause, a country and an age," meaning that each of us, young and old, must act as if his action determined the lives of all of us. My hero-statesman Henry L. Stimson, who once attended this Academy, fulfilled this definition, and Phillips Academy will produce more like him.

The country so needs men and women with knowledge, with character, with strength, and with vision — people who are aware of the deep significance of the problems we face, people who can foresee the great developments of this dangerous but challenging world — that there can be no holding back. Those who have gone through the war and helped in the victory may not have done too well, but one of the great thoughts that Stimson left to those who follow was contained in his noble postscript to *On Active Service in Peace and War:* "Let them charge us with our failures and do better in their turn. But let them not turn aside from what they have to do nor think that criticism excuses inaction."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Growth

As a regular contributor to the Atlantic, SUMNER H. SLICHTER *has repeatedly pointed out the enormous potential of the American economy. We believe that his opinions have been consistently validated by subsequent events, and that prophets of gloom would do well to consider the facts with which he supports his quiet confidence in our ability to prosper. Born in Madison, Mr. Slichter took his A.B. degree at the University of Wisconsin and his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago in 1918, and is today Lamont University Professor at Harvard.*

THE PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHT

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

1

THE most conspicuous fact about recent views of the American economy has been their excessive pessimism. The pessimism was started by the Great Depression of the thirties which led many people to believe that private enterprise would never be able to bring about full recovery. The pessimism was not destroyed by high employment during the Second World War. On the contrary, many people believed that the end of the war would be quickly followed by severe unemployment. When a boom instead of a depression followed the war, the pessimists postponed the date of the inevitable slump. It would come, they said, as soon as the pent-up demand that accumulated during the Second World War had been met. The Korean War and the defense program have simply delayed the test of the capacity of the economy to demand as much as it can produce.

The actual performance of our economy has far outrun even the most optimistic expectations. In 1947, for example, the Twentieth Century Fund published a scholarly and monumental work in which it predicted that by 1960 there would be 60 million people at work in this country and that the total output of the economy (when measured in dollars of constant purchasing power) would be about 57 per cent above pre-war. As early as 1951, however, employment (not counting the armed services) was 61 million and output was 67 per cent above pre-war — well above the predictions for 1960! In 1953 output was 79 per cent above pre-war.

Although the pessimists have a perfect record of being wrong, they continue to predict grave troubles ahead. Now that the shooting has stopped in Korea and the government has announced that it hopes to cut defense spending by about $12 billion a year within the next three years, the pessimists again warn us that demand is about to fall short of productive capacity. Our huge defense expenditures may be likened to an enormous public works program of $50 billion a year. If this program is cut by $12 billion a year, where, they ask, will the demand come from to offset this decrease?

As a matter of fact, the prospects for the American economy are now even brighter than they seemed to be when the war stopped nearly nine years ago. These bright prospects should not be obscured by the fact that there are adjustments ahead — provided, of course, that international developments permit the government to carry through its planned cuts in defense spending. The bright outlook of the economy is partly the result of accident, but in the main it is due to developments inside the economy itself. Let us look at the reasons for these prospects, but before we do so let us clear up any possible misunderstanding about the adjustments that will be required if events permit the government to make big cuts in defense spending.

These adjustments will turn out to be much smaller than many people fear. The reason is that, while the Korean War and the cold war have substantially increased money incomes, they have also greatly increased tax collections. Defense expenditures today are running about $35 billion a year more than just before the start of the fighting in Korea, but tax collections have gone up nearly $30 billion a year. Tax payments by individuals have risen much less than personal incomes, but the resulting growth of personal incomes after taxes has enabled corporations to pass on in the form of higher prices most of the increases in the corporate income tax. In consequence of tax increases falling directly on individuals and those passed on to individuals in the form of higher prices, only $17 billion of the rise of $58 billion in annual personal incomes between 1950 and 1953 represented a gain in the purchasing power of individuals.

All of this points to the conclusion that if the hoped-for cuts in defense spending can be made, tax cuts will make possible a rise in private demand almost as large as the drop in public demand.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Part of the gain in private demand will come through wage increases made possible by cuts in the corporate income tax. The government's hopes for cutting defense spending strike me at the moment as somewhat optimistic, but if they can be achieved, American consumers will be able to buy about 5 per cent more goods, and the consumer goods industries will have to turn out that much more output. Unemployment may be higher than the abnormally low rate of around 2.5 per cent of recent years, and there will certainly be less overtime work than there was in 1953. But the principal effect of a drop in defense spending will be to shift the demand for goods, not to reduce it.

2

I HAVE said that the longer-run prospects of the economy are extraordinarily bright. In part, these bright prospects are the result of the rapid rate at which population has been increasing. The rapid growth of population must be regarded as a more or less happy accident from the standpoint of the expansion of the economy. Certainly no one planned the increase or even foresaw it. And no one knows how long the spurt in the growth of our population will last.

In the decade of the forties the rate of population increase doubled, jumping from 7.2 per cent in the decade of the thirties to 14.8 per cent — almost as high as during the decade of the twenties. If the rate of increase of the first four years of the fifties is continued, the rate for the decade will be 18 per cent and population will grow by 27 million, in comparison with 9 million in the thirties and 19 million in the forties. Part of the increase in population is probably due to causes that will not continue, like the rise in the proportion of the adult population who are married from about 60 per cent in 1940 to 70 per cent today. Thus far, however, there have been no signs of a drop in the rate of increase. Apparently the customary size of family, after declining for many decades, has again started to grow. In 1951, third-child births were 80 per cent more numerous than in 1940, and about 31 per cent more than in 1947, and fourth-child births were 63 per cent more numerous than in 1940 and 32 per cent more than in 1947.

In many countries of the world, where the accumulation of capital is going on quite slowly, the increase in population is a great economic burden which helps to keep the people poor. Indeed, for many countries there is no hope for a higher standard of living unless the rate of population increase is drastically checked. Even the United States might raise its consumption of goods somewhat faster if the rate of population increase here were lower. There can be no doubt, however, that the rapid growth of population in the United States makes it easier to maintain a high and rising level of employment. This result follows for two principal reasons. First, the rapid growth of population increases the demand for investment-seeking funds — funds for houses, streets, roads, schools, water systems, sewerage systems, factories, mines, and farms to produce necessities. Second, the rapid growth of population tends also to hold down the volume of personal savings. With investment opportunities tending to outrun savings, some investment is financed by credit instead of out of current incomes. The result is that expenditures tend to exceed recent incomes. This is plainly a condition that greatly facilitates the maintenance of a high level of employment.

But the bright prospects of the economy do not rest only upon the accidental and perhaps temporary spurt in population. The principal reason for the bright outlook for our economy is the enormous development of industrial research. It is well known that research has been expanding at an extraordinary rate, but few people are aware of how astonishing the growth has been. Actually the expenditures on organized research in industry in the eight years beginning with 1946 have been more than twice as large as the total for all previous years up to 1946. In all the time prior to 1946, industry spent a little more than $4.6 billion on research; but in the last eight years, industry has spent $9.5 billion on research. And the expenditures of the government on research, which have been nearly $11 billion since the beginning of 1946, are also more than twice as large as all research outlays by the government before 1946.

Everyone knows, of course, that industrial research has great economic importance, but the economic implications of research are not well understood. The difficulty seems to be that most people think of research only as an instrument for increasing the capacity of industry to produce goods. That, of course, is an important aspect of research. No less significant, however, is the effect of research on the demand for goods. Research is bringing about a revolutionary change in the American economy because it is giving industry far greater control over the demand for goods than industry has ever before possessed. Thus the rise of research is removing the specter of inadequate markets that has haunted businessmen since the Great Depression and that has led many economists to fear that the economy is threatened with stagnation.

How does research affect the demand for goods? In three principal ways. First, by creating new kinds of goods or improved goods. The new goods encourage people to spend a high proportion of their incomes on current consumption — in other words, to save a smaller proportion of their incomes. Second, by increasing the need for machines and buildings to make the new kinds of goods — the TV sets, the air conditioning units, the new kinds of fabrics — thus stimulating spend-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing on capital goods. Third, by developing new methods of making goods, thus reducing the life of existing capital and increasing the amount that it is advantageous to spend on replacements. In these several ways, technological research tends to raise spending for consumption, new investment, and replacements, and thus to bring about an expansion of spending.

Is there any assurance that technological research will increase the demand for goods as rapidly as it increases the capacity of industry to make goods? In other words, can we be certain that in the kind of dynamic economy which rapidly changing technology creates, supply will not outrun demand? The answer is that we cannot be *absolutely* certain. It is possible *in theory* for supply to outrun demand even in an economy with a high level of industrial research. But such a result is extremely unlikely. One reason is that technological progress gives favorable bargaining opportunities to unions which they are quick to seize. Hence, a considerable part of the gains of technological progress quickly produces larger money incomes. A second reason is that nearly half of technological research is devoted to creating new products or processes. A recent study of research in 191 large firms shows that about 44 per cent of the research expenditures had the purpose of creating new products or processes. New products, if intended for personal consumption, tend to stimulate consumer buying and to discourage saving. And new processes are likely to require more complete scrapping of old plant and equipment and thus larger investment expenditures than mere improvements in existing processes require. With saving being limited by the development of new products and with investment opportunities being increased by the development of new processes, the demand for investment funds will tend to outrun the volume of savings, and thus expenditures will expand. Hence, although one cannot assert that spending will *inevitably* increase faster than supply, the chance that it will is high indeed.

The huge research expenditures of the last eight years have not yet had time to produce a large quantity of commercially usable new or greatly improved products and processes. But such improved products are on their way and are a good reason for expecting the next few years to be unusually rich in new products and in new investment opportunities. Consider a few of the enormous unexploited markets that research has recently brought into existence — the markets for air conditioners, dishwashers, home freezers, clothes driers, and waste food disposal units. There are about 43 million homes in the United States wired for electricity. About half of these homes have television receivers. By 1960, it is safe to predict, more than four out of five homes will have television sets and many will have more than one. Furthermore, color television will have brought about the retirement of a large proportion of present sets. Less than 5 per cent of the wired homes have air conditioning units, but sales are increasing by leaps and bounds. In 1953 they were larger than the total of all years prior to 1953. By 1960 half of all wired homes will probably have at least one air conditioning unit and many will have several. About one out of four homes has an electric freezer. Sales of these per year increased by 70 per cent between 1948 and 1953, and a continued large increase seems certain. Fewer than four homes out of a hundred have an electric or gas clothes drier, but sales of driers in 1953 were more than seven times as large as in 1948. A little more than 3 per cent of wired homes have electric garbage disposal units. Sales in 1951 were nearly double sales in 1948. By 1960, sales of garbage disposal units will undoubtedly be double what they were in 1951.

The automobile market and the refrigerator market are ordinarily thought of as quite close to saturation, but this is not true. If the automobile industry were to decide that its prosperity required the scrappage and replacement of 4 million cars a year instead of about 3.5 million as now, a stepped-up research program could undoubtedly improve the new cars so substantially that the scrappage of old cars would rise. The homes of the country contain about 38 million electric refrigerators. These refrigerators are ponderous and bulky pieces of equipment which take up too much room and which are poorly designed for storage, so that one frequently has difficulty in finding the article one desires, or even in knowing what is at the back of the deep shelves. Improvements in insulation and design will bring about drastic changes in refrigerators and thus will render virtually all of the present clumsy and inconvenient refrigerators obsolete.

The real significance of industrial research is that, for the first time in the history of private enterprise, business is able within wide limits to control the demand for goods. It cannot do this without limit or on extremely short notice, but its ability to develop new and better goods is now so well established that it can set production and employment goals five or so years ahead and expect, by the method of discovering and developing new products and new methods of production, to achieve those goals. Hence, fears that demand cannot be expected to expand rapidly enough to provide sufficient jobs are out of date. They reflect lack of familiarity with the new control of demand that technology has given to industry. This new control over the long-run trend of demand enables us to view the economic future in a new light — not with a mixture of hope and fear because anything might happen, but with quiet confidence that the demand for goods can be made to grow as rapidly as our capacity to produce goods.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE MORE BREVITY

by ROBERT FROST

I OPENED the door so my last look
Should be taken outside a house and book.
Before I gave up seeing and slept
I said I would see how Sirius kept
His watch dog eye on what remained
To be gone into if not explained.
But scarcely was my door ajar
When past the leg I thrust for bar
Slipped in to be my problem guest
Not a heavenly dog made manifest,
But an earthly dog of the carriage breed,
Who having failed of the modern speed,
Now asked asylum — and I was stirred
To be the one so dog-preferred.
He dumped himself like a bag of bones,
He sighed himself a couple of groans,
And head to tail then firmly curled
Like swearing off on the traffic world.
I set him water, I set him food.
He rolled an eye with gratitude
(Or merely manners it may have been),
But never so much as lifted chin.
His hard tail loudly smacked the floor
As if beseeching me, "Please, no more
I can't explain — tonight at least."
His brow was perceptibly trouble-creased.
So I spoke in tones of adoption thus:
"Gustie, old boy, Dalmatian Gus
You're right, there's nothing to discuss.
Don't try to tell me what's on your mind,
The sorrow of having been left behind,
Or the sorrow of having run away.
All that can wait for the light of day.
Meanwhile feel obligation-free.
Nobody has to confide in me."
'Twas too one sided a dialogue,
And I wasn't sure I was talking dog.
I broke off puzzled. But all the same
In fancy I ratified his name,
Gustie, Dalmatian Gus, that is,
And started shaping my life to his,
Finding him his right supplies
And sharing his miles of exercise.

Next morning the minute I was about
He went to the door to be let out
As much as to say, "I have paid my call.
You mustn't be hurt if now I'm all
For getting back somewhere or further on."
I opened the door and he was gone.
I was to taste in little the grief
That comes of dogs' lives being so brief,
Only a fraction of ours at most.
He might have been the dream of a ghost
In spite of the way his tail had smacked
My floor so hard and matter-of-fact.
And things have been going so strangely since
I wouldn't be too hard to convince,
I might even claim, he was Sirius
(Think of presuming to call him Gus),
The star itself, Heaven's greatest star,
Not a meteorite, but an avatar,
Who had made an overnight descent
To show by deeds he didn't resent
My having depended on him so long
Yet done so little about it in song.*
A symbol was all he could hope to convey,
An intimation, a shot of ray,
A meaning I was supposed to seek,
And finding, was indisposed to speak.

---

* But see *The Great Overdog* and *Choose Something Like a Star*, in which latter the star could hardly have been a planet since fixity is of the essence of the piece.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NICCOLO TUCCI, *who has been living in the United States since 1938, is a contributor to various Italian and American magazines. This is the first of several articles which he is writing "in defense of the ancient Italians and their great culture against the New Barbarians and their great ignorance." He is now completing two versions of a long historical novel: one in Italian and one in English, for what he calls "the unequalled pleasure of self-plagiarism."*

THE NEW BARBARIANS

by NICCOLO TUCCI

1

When I came home to Italy after fifteen years in America, I found that it has been invaded by the Italians. These New Italians have hardly anything in common with those who lived here previously. They don't speak or write the same language, they don't want the same things, they don't have the same features, and they don't represent the same traditions. But they pretend they do. In fact, IN WORDS, no one is prouder than they are that they descend from everybody in history. They have the Renaissance in their breast pocket, the Middle Ages in the seat of their pants, the wisdom of the ancients in their shoes, and the historic sense in the wink of their eye.

It's always "we" in their personal grammar. *We* have given the world the greatest art, *we* have taught the Barbarians how to live, *we* have created, sculpted, sung, *we* Michelangelo, *we* Monteverdi, Verdi, Palestrina, *we* Dante, *we* Petrarca; and they shoot these big names in your face as if it were an insult to the world that all men are not the painters and sculptors, poets and musicians, that *they* are.

You say that the Roman telephone system stinks (and it most certainly does): you have insulted the memory of Masaccio. You complain that the wrong number is printed in the telephone directory (I can quote one right now: 848617 for Andrea Busiri, and the person who answers the phone says, "This is the wrong number." You answer, "Sorry, this is the number printed in the directory." The person says, "I know it is, but it is printed wrong." You say, "Why don't you give me the right number then?" The person answers, "Why should I be your servant?" You insist, "This is for your own good, to avoid being disturbed all the time," and the person hangs up on you, saying, "And who are you to tell me what is good for me?") and they say, "These things are not important to *us*. They are to you, savage Americans, but *we* have centuries behind us. Saint Francis did not use the telephone."

And yet, for all *our* great ascetic training, for all the culture behind *us*, *we*, the descendants of all history, do not seem at all eager to live ascetically or to cherish our past. For *we* read nothing, visit no museums, and are now systematically destroying all of the monuments for which Italy is great in the world.

We are now building a huge Pulaski Highway over the Via Appia, and another, still uglier highway over the same Via Appia, right above the small church of Domine Quo Vadis, where Jesus Christ met Peter; and *we* also built a gasoline station right across the Via Appia from that church, a real, cheap gasoline station decorated with fragments stolen from the most sacred ruins of that same Via Appia, which *we* are plundering from statues, either whole or in bits, and from ancient Latin and Greek inscriptions. In Florence *we* have torn up some of the most romantic gardens that belonged, by the supreme rights of Culture, to the world, not to Florence only, and on the Grand Canal in Venice *we* are now planning to build a modernistic structure designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. The Grand Canal will look like Mona Lisa with a huge golden tooth.

We might be called Barbarians and not Italians, were it not for the fact that Barbarians usually descend upon a country from their uncivilized foreign abode, while *we* have sprung up from the holy Italian soil; *we* are a pure national product, and shall soon inherit the country to punish it for its historic pride, as no Barbarian ever, in his wildest dreams of revenge, dreamed of punishing it.

"*Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini* — What the Barbarians didn't do was done by the Barberini" was a common saying in Rome when the Barberino family, having produced a Pope and consequently become Roman Princes, plundered the Coliseum of its marble blocks to build the Bar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

berini Palace, one of the baroque monuments of Rome. But the modern Barbarians do not build beautiful palaces: what they build is a row of huge, horrid, low-rent housing projects the like of which would be forbidden by the Housing Commission for reasons of taste in the outskirts of Newark, New Jersey. One of the most historic sights of Italy, the approach to the walls of San Sebastiano from the Via Appia, is now completely gone: what the returning exile sees in the Year of Our Lord 1954 is a mass of the cheapest, tallest beehives, towering over the sad brown towers that once guarded the jewel of all cities on earth.

The new Italians are infinitely more "American" (in the abused sense of this word) than the worst Babbitt in the States. They care for nothing but machines, gadgets, Bigger and Better, and especially noise. And they could not care less for monuments, art, culture, all the things that surround them in Italy and of which they pretend to be so proud, simply because these are the things that foreigners admire. In fact their pride in their great heritage does not prevent them from destroying their towns and their monuments.

As Bernard Berenson said, when I urged him to use his authority against this daily murder, "The Italians hate their past. They had too much of it." In other words, he believes that the past is to Italy an unfinished assignment, a reproach and an impediment. And as he spoke, with grief, for he *is* an Italian, an Ancient one, like every learned man on earth, I recalled my own feelings as a child, when everything I saw from the windows of my house in Tuscany was a task that remained permanently unfinished. There, on my right, a remnant of a Longobard fortress. Who were the Longobards? Which of the theories about their passage, their influence, their institutions, was correct? In front of me a modern structure left there by Charles the Fifth, in the year . . . ? Behind that hill the village of Anchiano with the red peasant house in which Leonardo was born in the year . . . ? Here a church, half Romanesque in style, with a baroque façade, and with frescoes inside ascribed to . . . ? What was a lazy boy to do about all this? He was of course interested in everything, but he was also obsessed by the fear of a father who knew too damn much about what was outside the window, and if he mentioned one of these historic names without placing it in the right century and under the right King, Emperor, Pope, or local feudal lord, God forbid, it was like flunking an exam in school. And even though later I became interested in art, in history, in archaeology, the fact that all that knowledge was a *must* poisoned the pleasure of its acquisition, or, if it did not poison it, it certainly delayed it. One always felt one had achieved nothing spontaneous — one had only learned how to walk, how to behave in polite society, how to sit at table.

In other words, we youngsters were given the answers long before asking the questions, or even knowing what the questions might be. I recall, for example, that the way Roman history was taught (great virtues, great men, and great deeds, and all meaning how good we ourselves were) made the whole period and its monuments unbearable to all of us without distinction. We loved the Middle Ages, not only because that was a mysterious epoch, but also because these were the Dark Ages, the ages of which no one could be proud, when everything was abandoned and destroyed, the damned Romans especially, with their damned virtues that pleased our teachers so. I myself would gladly have destroyed the Via Appia, the Roman Forum, the Aqueducts, because they had been instruments of torture, not items of historical interest.

When Berenson heard my confession, he said: "I don't have much to explain then. The Fascists, after all, were also members of that race of Barbarians, as you call them. They began the destruction that goes on now. In forty years there will be not one old Italian town left, because modern town-planners think in terms of transit, towns to drive through, not towns to live in, *viabilità, non abitabilità*. Italian towns are the highest expression of *abitabilità*, places where you could live, points of arrival, final goals, not appendices of a highway. Places for men, not for automobiles."

These words by Berenson gave me at least one good clue by which to recognize the Invaders. Their hurry. The unquiet character of whatever they do. Hurried people are slow in their thinking as well as in their movements. They are parts of a general tenseness. And tenseness is a hardening up of the rhythm. The Italians I had known before were agitated but not hurried, passionate individually; therefore calm, relaxed about the world at large and concentrated on their own private world. They were "materialistic" as every human being worth his salt must be; they wanted the good things, not the money to buy them. Now they are intellectually greedy; they are one step further away from things than they were in the past. As paper money has replaced gold, and the miser who loves his yellow coins because they are his toys belongs in a distant past, so have paper passions replaced the solid passions of the past. Houses look like certificates of houses, and travel is a series of mental rubber stamps proving to us that we really have been where we have been. This is what has transformed this ancient people into a mass of foreigners to their own country. They seem to be escaping from themselves.

2

My father used to say that the best accusations are made in the first person, the best confessions in the second or third. Everyone understands that the faults a man discovers in another must be his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own, or he would never recognize them. A jealous husband is an unfaithful husband. A man obsessed with the fear of disloyalty in others is himself disloyal. A merchant who does not trust his clients knows that he himself cannot be trusted.

I see this with the New Barbarians, here in Italy, now. When they describe the Americans, they actually describe themselves. And what really leaves me speechless at times is that they and the Communists say the same things. I realize that no one will believe me, so I shall quote verbatim. Here is my conversation with Mr. B, a journalist.

B: I hear you didn't approve of my articles from New York.

T: Right. I did not. Why did you have to say such silly things about America?

B: What did I say that wasn't true? I said the Americans were ignorant, they had no conversation, they were money-crazy, lacked a tradition. Isn't that true?

T: How do you know it is?

B: I was there.

T: Yes, three weeks. Always behind closed shutters, typing away descriptions of all sorts of things you never had time to see because you were too busy describing them.

B: I went out in the evening.

T: Yes, to see friends, or to the night clubs, always with Italians or with a few society people.

B: Listen, don't be so American now. We Europeans don't have to go and get firsthand evidence of whatever we feel. We know things intuitively. Americans are ignorant. That is a known fact.

T: How ignorant? What are they ignorant of?

B: Our culture, for example.

T: And I suppose you know it. Do you read the classics all the time?

B: I have no time, I am too busy reading the papers and writing for them.

T: Back in our school days you were too busy doing other things, running after the girls and preparing for exams by just learning by heart pages of nonsense about law.

B: So did you, for that matter.

T: Right, that is why I remember so well. We did these things together. But I have found that Americans have read about our culture more than we have.

B: Never mind, it won't do them any good. We have that culture in our blood, we breathe it, we exude it, we don't have to read.

T: If we don't have to read, because we know by definition, and it is useless for them that they read, because they never will become like us, this means that we are a superior race.

B: Why, could you doubt it?

T: Yes, I can.

B: You have become too American. You have an inferiority complex.

T: I do and I am proud of it. But you, who know so many things by birthright, don't know how ignorant you are. In that respect, at least, you are ignorant too.

B: Oh, hell. I don't care. All of America is not worth the façade of an old village church in Italy.

3

That was one conversation with B. A few days later we had another.

T: All right, you say that the Americans have no conversation. Did you converse with many of them, and in what language, if you don't know English?

B: You don't have to converse. They have no conversation anyway, so what's the point? One must be instinctive in these things. Where is your ancient European flair for things and people? Gone with the American wind?

T: I still claim that intuition is not conversation. And that you don't know English.

B: All right, I don't know English, but I know many people I trust, and have read many books, and all these people say and write that in America there is no conversation.

T: Who are these people and what books have you read?

B: Why are you so inquisitive?

T: Because I like to have a conversation with you. I never had one in America, if I must believe you, so now let's have one right away. I am just conversation-starved.

B: What's your complaint? What have I done to you? Are we not friends?

T: Of course we are, we have been since our school days.

B: So why have a fight? Who cares about the Americans? To hell with them. In fifty years we'll all be dead, says the old Roman proverb. This is the wisdom of the Fathers. Believe me, it is the only wisdom. So stop fighting, and let's go out to dinner.

This was our second conversation. So we went out to dine, and we had another conversation.

I must first introduce a few other members of our party. There were Miss X, Mr. Y, a multimillionaire, Count Z, and a few other people with their wives. Miss X said that B's articles were so interesting and so true. Especially the one where he had described the baby-sitter in New York who leaves the baby unattended to go to a speakeasy. How true and how typical of American culture! "Before giving my opinion," I said, "I would like to know how many here at this table have children." Many had. "And of course," I said, "you have servants at home to look after them." They did. "In America," I said, "a servant is a luxury. That's why we have baby-sitters when we go out in the evening."

"What an uncivilized habit," someone remarked.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I would never leave my children with someone I did not know."

"This is something," I said, "you don't know. If you lived there you would. But this is not the point I wish to score. I want to say that there are no speakeasies in America any more. They disappeared from the country and the language back in 1934. So why does B have to speak about things that don't exist?"

"Here comes the censor," said B. "You don't realize that the Italian reader wants to hear about gangsters and speakeasies. He remembers the word, he wants to feel that he has been to America, and it is my job to entertain him. I will tell him of gangsters and speakeasies."

"But isn't that dishonest?" I asked.

"How American of you!" said Miss X.

I gave up, finished eating while B resumed his description of American culture.

"Their freedom of the press," he was saying, "is worthless. Editors don't let anyone write as he pleases. They force their style on him, they rewrite him, because the truth to them is what the people want to hear. And whoever does not conform with these standards can starve to death but will not be published."

"What can you expect of such Barbarians?" said Miss X. "Everything is commercialized, there is no spontaneity, nothing at all for the artist. These are the same people who have destroyed Cassino, don't forget."

"And are rebuilding it now like a copy of its old self," said the Count, who is a Venetian.

"Antonio," said I, "didn't you do the same in Venice with your famous Campanile, in 1913, when the old one disintegrated?"

"Yes," said Antonio, who is proud of his home town. "The town decided to have it rebuilt exactly as it had been, on the same site. It was the shortest, most synthetic decision of the Town Council. It was expressed in four words: '*Dov'era, com'era* — As it was, where it had stood.' "

"And how about Cassino, then?" I asked.

"But that was destroyed on purpose by our enemies," said the millionaire. "When I think of the monuments they have destroyed, my heart bleeds."

"So does mine," said a fat gentleman at the end of the table. "The Americans . . ."

I did not bother to listen to the rest. I only inquired who the fat man was. "Don't you know him?" said the Count. "He is one of the richest contractors in Italy. He owns housing projects around the Via Appia. And he is now in charge of all the new highway system that will connect these new sections of Rome with the Via Appia Nuova. Billions, he owns."

"And who is that other man there?" I asked.

"That," said Antonio, "is a publisher. He publishes almost all the comic strips in Italy. He is about to do the *Divine Comedy*."

"How wonderful!" I said, and went over to him. "Are you the man who is going to publish the *Divine Comedy* in comic strips?" I asked.

"Yes," he said proudly, "I am."

"With many naked female souls in hell and other sales-promotion angles?"

"What can you do?" he asked, lifting both hands toward the restaurant ceiling in an impulse of rogatory prayer. "What can you do in this vulgar age of ours? That's what the readers want."

"Have you asked them?"

"The figures speak for themselves. Even the cheapest comic strip in Italy outsells the most successful book twenty to one. This is the influence of America, my friend."

"Must be heartbreaking for you," I said. "But tell me something now: has it ever occurred to you that the readers might prefer a taste of the real thing to the exciting drawings illustrating it?"

"What do you mean by the real thing?"

"Rape, murder, theft, arson, public floggings, and other such exciting spectacles. They would pay any price to see these things enacted, or to take part in public demonstrations for the education of other readers."

"You are joking," he said. "You forget that this is a civilized country. There is a difference between the comic strip and the real thing."

"Also," I said, "between the real thing that is poetry or prose and the fake thing that is its comic strip edition."

"If that is what the people want, do you expect me to starve in order to educate them?"

His wife was looking at me with obvious hatred, and fidgeting with a huge diamond ring. She had almost all her fingers armed with rings and terribly hard stones, so I decided to withdraw from the battle before she hit me.

"Damn Americans," she whispered to herself quite audibly. "They want to teach us how to live." Then, to me: "The *Divine Comedy* is a great poem. America does not have such a poet as Dante Alighieri."

"Right," I said. "He's all yours."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NANCY MITFORD *has lived happily in the heart of Paris since the war. The first novel she wrote there was* Love in a Cold Climate; *her next,* The Blessing, *was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection in 1951. Now from wide reading and the liveliest observation she has drawn her gay, enchanting portrait of Madame de Pompadour, which is to be published by Random House this month and from which the* Atlantic *has been privileged to draw two installments. In the May issue Miss Mitford told us of the King's coming of age in that most amazing of apartment houses, Versailles; of his marriage; of his eventual boredom with his Queen from Poland, who was seven years his senior; and of his meeting with the attractive and accomplished Madame d'Étioles, the future Madame de Pompadour, at a famous masked ball.*

HOW TO CATCH A KING

Madame de Pompadour

by NANCY MITFORD

9

AFTER the various balls celebrating the marriage of the Dauphin, Madame d'Étioles was frequently observed flitting in and out of the palace. Nobody knew whether she slept there, and if so in which room, but the King often supped alone at this time and her carriage was constantly on the road to Paris. Her husband was quite unaware of these goings-on. His uncle, M. de Tournehem, whom Reinette could twist round her little finger, had sent him on a business journey to Provence. By the time the poor man, quite unsuspecting, came back to Paris, the affair with the King was sufficiently advanced for Tournehem to break the news to him that he had lost his wife forever. D'Étioles fainted away, was stricken with terrible grief, and wrote a pathetic letter imploring her to come back to him. Madame d'Étioles, who had an extremely frank and open nature and never could keep anything to herself — out it all came, with her, it was part of her charm — immediately showed this letter to the King, at first sight not a very clever move. Ever since the Marquis de Montespan had driven up to Versailles in a coach draped in black, with a pair of stag's antlers wobbling about on its roof, the Kings had had a healthy respect for husbands and their possible reprisals. Louis XV thought it very indelicate of Madame d'Étioles to show the letter, bad form, exactly what one would expect of somebody with her upbringing, and handed it to her saying coldly, "Your husband seems to be a very decent sort of man, Madame."

However, the letter, indicating that d'Étioles was back in Paris and knew all, gave the King food for thought. The moment had clearly come when he must decide whether he was going to install the lady as his titular mistress or allow her to go back to a husband who was still ready to receive her but would not be so indefinitely. The King was in love; he had seen enough of her by now to feel certain that she would never bore him, and she could soon be taught not to embarrass him. "It will amuse me," he said, "to undertake her education." Besides, she worshiped the ground he trod on, a fact to which no man can ever be quite indifferent. The upshot was that Madame d'Étioles remained at Versailles, lodging in a little flat which had once belonged to Madame de Mailly, a former mistress, and which was connected with the King's room by a secret staircase. The first time she was publicly seen at Court was on April 3, when she appeared at the Italian comedy in the palace theater.

The King and Queen were there in two boxes, one above the other; Madame d'Étioles was in a box on the opposite side of the stage, clearly visible to both. Naturally all eyes were upon her, and the Duc de Luynes, in attendance on the Queen, was obliged to admit that she was wonderfully pretty and well-dressed. After the play the King supped with his two great friends, the Duc d'Ayen and the Comte de Coigny, Madame d'Étioles making a fourth. She began to appear at small supper parties given by the King to his intimates. Surprisingly little adverse comment seems to have been made on her at this time — all agreed that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they were passionately in love with each other. An adulatory letter arrived from Voltaire, who obviously hoped great things of his little friend in her new position. Her parents were in the seventh heaven and so was Uncle Tournehem; only the husband was distracted with grief, but nobody seems to have given him another thought. Louis XV was quite right when he said that Le Normant d'Étioles was a very decent fellow; he sought no advantage from his wife's position and always answered any communications she chose to make him with perfect dignity. The rest of his family remained on excellent terms with her; his sister, Madame de Baschi, was always one of her greatest friends. She took her husband's cousin, Madame d'Estrades, with her to Versailles as a sort of unofficial lady-in-waiting; nothing was ever too much for her to do for any member of the Le Normant family. But d'Étioles never spoke to his wife again.

10

The War of the Austrian Succession was now in its fifth year. The French army, led by Maurice de Saxe, was enjoying a period of victories. The King had recently created him Marshal of France and had promised his new Marshal that he and the Dauphin would go campaigning with him in the spring; the time had nearly come for them to be off. The King had a plan for his mistress. She was to retire to Étioles in the company of two courtiers, chosen by himself, who would teach her the customs, manners, and usage of Versailles. Some such education was quite necessary if she was not to make a series of appalling solecisms and to become the laughingstock of a society on the lookout for any excuse to mock and be disagreeable.

The Court was always referred to, by those who belonged to it, as *ce pays-ci*, this country, and indeed it had a climate, a language, a moral code, and customs all its own. It was not unlike a public school; and just as, at Eton, a boy cannot feel comfortable, and is, indeed, liable to sanctions, until he knows the names of the cricket eleven, various house colors, who may or may not carry an umbrella, or on which side of a street he may or may not walk, so, at Versailles, there were hundreds of facts and apparently meaningless rules which it would be most unwise to ignore. People sometimes broke them on purpose, hoping thereby to gain a little more privilege for their families; a Princess of the Blood would arrive in the chapel followed by a lady-in-waiting with her purse on a cushion, or a Duchess be carried to the royal rooms in an armchair — thin end of the wedge for a sedan chair — but somebody always reported it, and a sharp message from the monarch would bring the culprit to heel. To break the rules out of sheer ignorance would be thought barbarous.

Madame d'Étioles would have to learn the relationships of all the various families: who was born what, married to whom, and ennobled when. The two different sorts of nobility, the *noblesse de robe* and the old feudal aristocracy, must be clearly distinguished and their connections known. This was becoming complicated because the old nobility, unable to resist the enormous fortunes of the new, had swallowed its pride and married wholesale into plebeian families. Very important it was to know who had done so. There were not a few in the same case as M. de Maurepas — who, with a mother born a la Rochefoucauld and a *bourgeois* father, was, like the mule, more ready to remember his mother the mare than his father the ass. So others had to remember for him.

There was a special salute for every woman at the Court, according to her own and her husband's birth; the excellence of her housekeeping, the quality of her suppers, also entered into the matter. Variations of esteem were expressed in the curtsy. A movement of the shoulder practically amounting to an insult was a suitable greeting for the woman of moderate birth, badly married, and with a bad cook, while the well-born Duchess with a good cook received a deeply respectful obeisance. Few women, even when brought up to it, managed this low curtsy with any degree of grace. The most ordinary movements, the very look and expression, were studied as though on a stage; there was a particular way of sitting down and getting up, of holding knife, fork, and glass, and above all of walking. Everybody could tell a Court lady from a Parisienne by her walk, a sort of gliding run, with very fast, tiny steps so that she looked like a mechanical doll, wheels instead of feet under her skirts.

The look and general demeanor must be happy. Cheerfulness was not only a virtue but a politeness, to be cultivated if it did not come naturally. If people felt sad or ill or anxious, they kept it to themselves and showed a smiling face in public; nor did they dwell on the grief of others after the first expression of sympathy. It was estimated that each human being has about two hundred friends; out of this number at least two must be in some sort of trouble every day, but it would be wrong to keep worrying about them because the others also had to be considered.

It was all quite meaningless, and so was much of the Court etiquette which had come down through various dynasties and whose origins were long since forgotten. An usher opening a door stood inside it when certain people passed through, and outside for others. When the Court was campaigning, the *Maréchal des Logis* allotted rooms. On certain doors he would write *pour le Duc de X*, whereas others would merely get *le Duc de X;* people would do anything to have the *pour*. The occupant of a sedan chair must stop and get out when meeting a member of the royal family. The occupant of a carriage, however, must stop the horses

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and not get out; people who got out of their carriages showed ignorance of Court customs.

The four months of the King's absence would not be too long for Madame d'Étioles to learn the hundreds of details of which these are a very few examples. Her teachers — and she could not have had better — were the Abbé de Bernis and the Marquis de Gontaut. Bernis was one of those men whom every pretty woman ought to have in her life; a perfect dear, smiling, dimpling, clever, cultivated, with nothing whatever to do all day but sit about and be nice. Presently he was just enough in love with his beautiful pupil to add a flavor to their relationship. At the age of twenty-nine he was already a member of the *Académie française* — to which, however, he had been elected more for his agreeable company than for his literary talent; his verses were excessively flowery.

Bernis was a real *abbé de cour* — that is to say, a courtier first and a priest second; cadet of a good old country family, he was so poor that his greatest ambition was to be given a small attic in the Tuileries palace. When somebody approached him on the King's behalf, and asked whether he would consent to see a good deal of Madame d'Étioles during the next few weeks, he really could not resist. He did go through the motions of hesitating and asking advice; his friends strongly urged him to accept — he had so much more to gain than to lose, they said, thinking perhaps of the longed-for attic in the Tuileries. When he spoke of his cloth, they pointed out that the affair between Madame d'Étioles and the King had been none of his making, and nobody, not even the Almighty himself, could pretend that it was in any way his fault. It was now an accomplished fact, and the plain duty of one and all was to make the best of it.

The Marquis de Gontaut was quite a different sort of person. He belonged to the Biron family, the very highest aristocracy, and was a member of the King's intimate circle. Nobody ever had a word to say against this charming man; he was a faithful friend to Madame d'Étioles until the day of her death.

11

Reinette spent a very happy last summer at Étioles. She was savoring the joys of anticipation without the possible disappointments and weariness of fulfillment. The rest was good for her after all her recent emotions; she felt really well only in the country, where she could keep reasonable hours and live on a milk diet. To one so devoted to her family the company was perfect; she had her parents with her as well as her brother Abel and M. de Tournehem. Madame Poisson was ill, getting worse every day, but extremely courageous and sustained by the joy she felt at her daughter's new position.

Voltaire wrote and suggested himself: "I have your happiness at heart, more perhaps than you imagine, more than anybody else in Paris. I'm not speaking now as an ancient old lady-killer, but as a good citizen when I ask you if I may come to Étioles and say a word in your ear, this month of May." He stayed, off and on, most of the summer, in one of those good-tempered moods the charm of which comes to us down the ages, making it impossible not to love him. He wrote to Président Hénault, from Étioles, "At her age she has read more than any old lady of that country where she is going to reign and where it is so desirable that she should reign." The *philosophes* were naturally enchanted that their young friend and admirer should queen it at Versailles.

This charming house party was not without various excitements as the long summer days went by. Collin, a young lawyer, said to have a dazzling career in front of him, came from Paris with a deed of separation between Le Normant d'Étioles and his wife. It had been effected, by decree of the Parlement, at six o'clock one morning; there was no publicity. D'Étioles was away, as usual, on some interminable journey having to do with M. de Tournehem's business. A few months later Reinette asked Collin if he would give up his practice and devote himself to looking after her affairs; she told him to think it over well, as, should the King get tired of her, he would find himself out of a job. He took the risk, and never regretted having done so.

Every day a courier arrived from the Grande Armée with one or two letters from the King: *à Madame d'Étioles à Étioles*, sealed with the motto *discret et fidèle*. One night a powder magazine blew up at the near-by town of Corbeil; there was a tremendous bang and the drawing-room door was blown in. Was it an omen? The very next letter *discret et fidèle* was addressed *à Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, à Étioles*. It enclosed title deeds to an estate of this name and an extinct marquisate revived in her favor. Her new coat of arms, also enclosed in the same thrilling packet, was three castles on an azure ground. Voltaire and Bernis wrote poems for the occasion in which Étioles and Étoiles were synonymous and Pompadour rhymed with Amour; everything was as merry as a marriage bell.

The King too was enjoying himself. He slept on straw, sang ditties with his soldiers in his curious loud, cracked voice, all out of tune, and wrote his letters to Étioles on a drum. The campaign went very well; Ghent was taken and the battle of Fontenoy was a resounding victory.

Fontenoy marked the apogee of Louis XV's popularity; never again was the mystical link between him and his people of all classes to be so strong. Voltaire pounced upon the occasion to write a laudatory poem, *La Bataille de Fontenoy*, dedicated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to *Notre Adorable Monarque*, for which he dug out a good many epithets and mythological allusions formerly applied by Boileau to Louis XIV. Richelieu, a great friend of Voltaire's, got even more praise in it than he deserved, and the cunning old poet mentioned a lot of other people who might be useful to him. Soon he was besieged by women begging a line or two for sons and lovers. This poem sold ten thousand copies in ten days, mostly to the army; subsequent editions brought in so many sons and lovers that the thing became a farce.

The population of Paris arranged fetes and ceremonies, lasting three days, to welcome the King on his return from the front, and received him with delirium. The Queen, the Princesses, and all the Court came up from Versailles and stayed at the Tuileries with him. He had not one moment to himself, but sent various friends to call on Madame de Pompadour at her uncle's house. During the great banquet at the Hôtel de Ville she and her family dined upstairs in a private room; the proud Dukes of Richelieu, Bouillon, and Gesvres left the King's table in turns with messages for the newly-made Marquise.

On September 10 the Court returned to Versailles; and that same evening one of the royal carriages drove up to a side door. Madame de Pompadour got out of it, accompanied by Madame d'Estrades, and went quickly upstairs to an apartment which had been prepared for her. Next day the King supped there with her alone; her reign of nearly twenty years had begun.

12

And which of our trollops is going to present this adventuress to the Queen?" An *abbé de cour* threw the question at the tittering, twittering company in general. "Shut up, Abbé, for it's me." It was indeed the disreputable old Princesse de Conti, who would at any time perform any service for her cousin the King so long as he would go on paying her gambling debts. She had covered herself by going to see the Queen and explaining that it was hardly her fault if she was obliged to be a party to something utterly repugnant, so much against both her wishes and her principles. Alas, she had received the royal command; no more to be said. Fontenoy, as a topic, had now entirely lost interest and nothing was spoken of but the presentation; everybody was busily making plans for the great event. They flocked to Versailles to see the fun; there had seldom been such an enormous crowd in the state apartments.

At 6 P.M. the Princesse de Conti left her room accompanied by her own lady-in-waiting, as well as by the new Marquise, the Comtesse de Lachau-Montaubon, and the Comtesse d'Estrades, whose presentation had taken place the day before. They all wore thickly embroidered satin skirts over enormous panniers, short muslin sleeves, small white feathers held in place on their lightly powdered hair with diamonds, and narrow trains. Their little sliding footsteps took them through lanes of sightseers in the state rooms to the King's council chamber. His Majesty stood by the chimney piece, deeply embarrassed, scarlet in the face, and looking very sulky indeed. When the Marquise de Pompadour was named he muttered something which nobody heard and dismissed her with a freezing nod. She, too, was seen to be very nervous; but her three curtsies were impeccable, and masterly was the kick with which she got her train out of the way so that she could walk backwards, the most difficult part of the whole proceeding.

The intimidating journey now continued to the Queen's room. This was even more packed with people than the King's, as everybody was curious to know what the Queen would say to her new rival; no doubt she would compliment her on her dress in one sentence, or at the most two, before dismissing her. It was the usual way, at Versailles, of saying nothing at all. But the Queen was quite well aware that the interview had been settled for her, and preferred to take a line of her own. She spoke to Madame de Pompadour of Madame de Saissac, asking if she had seen her lately, and said that she herself had been so delighted to have a visit from her the other day in Paris. Now the Marquise de Saissac was one of the few aristocrats whom the Poisson family had always known; by speaking thus, in such a natural and friendly way, of a mutual acquaintance the Queen gave the onlookers to understand that, in her view, Madame de Pompadour was perfectly admissible at Court. She must have known that it would annoy the courtiers, and was perhaps not averse to doing so; she had many a little score to pay back herself.

As for the Marquise, she was quite thrown off her balance by the unexpected kindliness of this opening; she seems to have become almost hysterical, and burst out, not at all as a noblewoman would have done, with assurances of love and respect for the Queen, and her determination to do all that she could to please her. The Queen seems to have been gratified rather than annoyed by this vehemence, and the two women then exchanged no fewer than twelve sentences (eagerly counted up, and reported that very night to Paris). The bystanders were, of course, longing for Madame de Pompadour to make some fearful *gaffe*, but the only small incident that occurred was when she removed her glove to take the Queen's skirt and kiss it; she tugged too nervously and pulled off a bracelet which fell onto the floor. The Princesse de Conti picked it up for her. She was then conducted downstairs to the Dauphin's apartment, where she was coldly received; he spoke of her dress in one sentence only, dismissed her, and — some say — put his tongue out at her as she went.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Her ordeal was over. She had come out of it pretty well; her grace, her beauty, and her extreme elegance could not be denied, even by those who could hardly bear to think of a *bourgeoise* in the sacred purlieus. As for the Queen, she was much relieved that this new mistress was at least respectful, perhaps really rather nice; she had suffered from the Maillys, who had subjected her to every sort of petty humiliation and had done all they could, only too successfully, to estrange her from the King. Any change from such hateful, if well-born, women was for the better as far as she was concerned.

13

Madame de Pompadour settled down to her new existence. She had to make acquaintance with those who were to be friends and enemies, as well as with those who would form the back cloth of faces against which all the scenes of her life would be played from now on — hundreds of courtiers who hung about the King without ever getting to know him. But she did not forget or in any way modify her behavior to old friends and relations now that she was so grand.

Twice a year the whole Court moved off, for six weeks at a time, to Compiègne for army maneuvers, and Fontainebleau for hunting. Madame de Pompadour had her father to stay at Fontainebleau and, in spite of the fact that he was a real fish out of water at the Court, she was perfectly natural with him; the idea that she might be ashamed of him never crossed her mind. The King gave him a property called Vandières, and though Poisson himself said that nothing would induce him to change his name, at his age, Abel, Madame de Pompadour's brother, was henceforward known as M. de Vandières (*avant hier*, said the wags). In 1750 the King gave Poisson another estate, Marigny. Again the old boy refused to change his name, but Abel became M. de Marigny and in 1754 was made a Marquis.

The courtiers, always on the lookout for any sign that the King might be cooling off towards his new mistress, began to say that she would bore him to death with her family; she never seemed to talk of anything else. But he was not bored; the fact is that the King liked family life and could hardly have enough of it. This the courtiers, who saw him so regal and terrifyingly aloof, could never understand. As for the *bourgeois* idiom of his mistress, he thought it quite delightfully funny.

She was indeed a change from the women of the Court, who — with certain notable exceptions — were self-conscious, artificial, preoccupied with their rank and privileges, and very dull. She gave herself no airs; on the contrary she hardly bothered to change her *bourgeois* ways at all. Her loud, forthright voice, using a language which would seem much more familiar to us than the almost Racinian idiom of the Court, never altered its tone or lessened its emphasis. Her laugh — an enchantment, says Croÿ — rang out freely, very different from the discreet and smothered giggles to be heard in the galleries and antechambers when the King was about.

Members of the Queen's little set, even the Duc and Duchesse de Luynes, were soon forced to admit that, given the painful though not surprising circumstances, Madame de Pompadour's behavior was perfect. She was exceedingly polite, never said horrid things about people or allowed them to be said in her presence; at the same time she had high spirits and was excellent company, gay and amusing. Whenever she could do a good turn to anybody she did it, and she put herself out to any extent to please the Queen. The Queen was fond of flowers; so was she. They were one of her passions in life, and very soon the hothouses of all the royal gardens were reorganized under her supervision. As soon as flowers in profusion filled her rooms, they filled the Queen's rooms too. The poor lady had never received so much as a bunch of daisies before.

While she was at Fontainebleau she found out that the Queen was tormented by her gambling debts, which were enormous; she was not very good, it seemed, at Cavagnole. If she did have a little win she spent it all on charity. Madame de Pompadour made the King pay up, a thing he had never yet done for his wife. The Marquise seemed to take a genuine interest in the Queen's affairs, listening with breathless attention when a lady-in-waiting expounded upon some detail of the royal health. When she was herself not well and unable to go to a tedious charity bazaar organized by Her Majesty, she sent her deepest apologies, with a louis for the cause, saying over and over again how dreadfully disappointed she had been. Nobody else ever bothered about the Queen's feelings in this way; she had no influence whatever with her husband and therefore the courtiers neglected her entirely. As time went on and the King felt less guilty, he became much nicer to the Queen, and altogether she had cause to bless Madame de Pompadour. "If there has to be a mistress," she would say time and time again, "better this one than any other."

But in spite of her charm, good nature, and desire to please, Madame de Pompadour had and always would have enemies. To the aristocrats she was the incarnation of Parisian *bourgeoisie*. While the nobles, living in a delightful insouciance at Versailles, neglecting their estates, gambling all of every night for enormous sums, spending far more than they could afford on horses, carriages, and clothes in order to impress each other, were getting steadily poorer and more obscure, the *bourgeoisie* was getting richer and more powerful. They hated it, and hated her for belonging to it. Those who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knew her well seem to have loved her, some of them quite against their will; but the ordinary courtiers would have done anything to bring about her downfall.

14

"It isn't you he loves," the Maréchale de Mirepoix used to say. "It's your staircase." And very naturally indeed the King loved the staircase at the top of which he found this delicious creature, this lively clever companion, waiting to concentrate on him and his entertainment. The rooms to which the staircase leads are on the second floor of the north wing; the visitor to Versailles, coming into the garden through the usual entrance, should turn left and count the nine top windows from the northwest corner; they were Madame de Pompadour's at this time. The rooms, so empty today, so cold with their northern light, were crammed to bursting point when she lived in them: crammed with people, animals and birds, pictures, bibelots, curiosities of all sorts, furniture, stuffs, patterns without number, plans, sketches, maps, books, her embroidery, her letters, her cosmetics — all buried in flowers, smelling like a hothouse; it is a mystery how they can have held so much. The walls, which were originally lacquered by Martin in the bright delicate colors she loved, have been painted white, but the paneling is still the same and the structure of the flat unchanged. The little room where her maid, Madame du Hausset, lived is still there, with the funnel through which she listened to the King's conversation — greatly to our advantage, as she used to write it down word for word. We can still see the elevator shaft which contained a flying chair; the Marquise was hauled up in this by her servants to save her the long, steep drag upstairs.

Madame de Pompadour was hardly settled at Versailles before she began to direct and inspire the artists of her day. She had all the gifts of a great amateur: perfect taste, tireless energy in searching for perfection, and an intuitive understanding of the creative temperament, which enabled her to make an artist do better than his best, and to impose her own ideas on him without hurting his feelings. Until the outbreak of the Seven Years' War she also had unlimited credit, since the King, who had hitherto been regarded as rather close-fisted, never seemed to care how much she spent. Probably this was because she knew how to approach him. "He doesn't mind signing for a million," she told her maid, "but he hates to part with little sums out of his purse." When she died she left enough works of art to fill several museums; the sale of them took eight months; and she had lived in the middle of an intense artistic activity which was meat and drink to her. Unlike her successors, Madame du Barry and Marie Antoinette — and vastly superior to them — she always looked after her artists and never owed them a penny.

Soon the King began to share her love of beautiful objects, and nothing could have been more felicitous for him. Up to now his private life had been devoid of serious interests. He did not care for literature, nor had he that passion for music shared by all his children. Politics occupied much of his attention, but he never talked about them outside the council chamber because he knew that everything he said would be repeated, and this applied also to gossip. As the only pastime he really cared for was hunting, and as it was a perfectly safe topic, he ended by talking of little else — not enough for an intelligent man. Madame de Pompadour, following her own inclinations, had found him a hobby which he could discuss with perfect safety. Houses were bought or built, altered, decorated, and surrounded with beautiful gardens; at the big palaces the King's private rooms were always being redecorated; furniture, pictures, statues, vases, and bibelots were chosen and ordered; rare materials were brought from all over the world to be mounted in gold or bronze or silver; roof gardens and aviaries were filled with curious plants, birds, and beasts.

The King ran up her staircase knowing that, in her warm and scented rooms, he would find some fascinating new project on foot, plans and designs waiting for his approval, bibelots and stuffs for him to buy if he liked them. Then there were the hours of chat, and here Madame de Pompadour had an enormous asset in his eyes: she was very funny. Hitherto the King's mistresses had told few jokes and the Queen even fewer — he had never known that particularly delightful relationship of sex mixed up with laughter; all the laughter in his life had been provided by his men friends, especially by Richelieu and Maurepas. He was a great tease and used to read sermons on chastity aloud to the Maillys, who never thought it at all amusing; with Madame de Pompadour he could laugh away to his heart's content. Chat was the pastime of the age, cheerful, gossipy, joking chat, running on hour after idle hour, all night sometimes; and at this the Marquise excelled. She knew a hundred stories to amuse him; she read the police reports from Paris, the equivalent of our yellow press, and told him all the titbits she found in them; she also read quantities of private letters abstracted from the post, and no doubt their contents gave rise to many a joke. If he felt inclined for a tune, she played and sang better than anybody else. She knew whole plays by heart and could recite speeches from them for hours on end. He had never cared much for the theater but she began to interest him in it. She provided exactly the right company for his supper parties; a few congenial friends, no surprises, and no new faces, and added a gaiety and a lightness all her own.

Sadly enough, the only thing that was not perfect in this relationship was its sexual side. Louis

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

XV was a Bourbon, and had their terrible temperament, while Madame de Pompadour was physically a cold woman. She was not strong enough for continual love-making and it exhausted her. However, in those pre-Freudian days the act of love was not yet regarded with an almost mystical awe; it had but a limited importance. Like eating, drinking, fighting, hunting, and praying, it was part of a man's life, but not the very most important part of all. If Madame de Pompadour were not physically in love with the King, being constitutionally incapable of passion, it would not be too much to say that she worshiped him; he was her God. She had other interests and affections, but she made them all revolve round him; rarely can a beautiful woman have loved so single-mindedly.

With the King she was perfectly happy — often puzzled by his strange nature, which she never quite understood and which, she told the Duc de Choiseul on her deathbed, was undecipherable, but fascinated and happy. We have only to read the diaries of the day, in which we see her with the King walking, talking, and alive, to recognize the unmistakable signs of true love. "Put not your trust in Princes" has never been less to the point than in her case; she put her trust in him and he did not fail her.

This love affair took its course. After a few years of physical passion on his side it gradually turned into that ideal friendship which can only exist between a man and a woman when there has been a long physical intimacy. There was always love. As in every satisfactory union, it was the man who kept the upper hand; Madame de Pompadour was far too strong a character herself, far too clever and downright, to have been happy for long with a man whom she could not respect. She could say exactly what she liked to him; in some ways he spoiled her; but she never ceased to be a little bit in awe of him. She was always terrified of losing him; she strained every nerve to keep up with him in all his activities, he so strong and she so delicate, and in the end it killed her. Seldom in bed before two or three in the morning, she was obliged to be up again at eight, dressed as for a ball, to go to Mass in the unheated chapel. For the rest of the day, not one moment to herself. She must pay her court to the Queen, the Dauphine, and Mesdames, receive a constant succession of visitors, write sometimes as many as sixty letters, and arrange and preside over a supper party. At least once a week there would be a voyage of one or two nights with a house party to entertain, often in a house full of workmen where improvements, landscape gardening, and so forth, were in progress and needed supervision. It was too much for her.

The King's mistress was a traditionally unpopular figure in France. She was also a convenient scapegoat. The French could thus love their monarch while laying his more unpopular actions at her door.

Only those who have known what we call now a bad press can realize what a perpetual source of irritation it is, nearly always, to its victim. Nowadays the victim can at least answer back, with a dignified letter or a less dignified libel suit, or he can hire a publicity agent. But the bad press of the eighteenth century was impossible to combat, taking, as it did, the form of horrid little poems and epigrams passed from mouth to mouth, posters, pamphlets, and leaflets, all anonymous. Hundreds of these were directed at Madame de Pompadour. They were called the Poissonades; dull and dirty, they are untranslatable, since they nearly all depend on a play of words round her maiden name. Most of them originated at Court, with courtiers too stupid to realize that in thus attacking the monarch they were casting opprobrium on their own way of life. The Parisians lapped up the Poissonades, added to them, and eagerly distributed them; the King was not spared, and the two names were bandied about with evil intent. Nothing they could do was right. If they entertained they were wasting money; if they did not, it was her fault because she wanted to prevent him from meeting other women.

Each taxpayer felt that Madame de Pompadour's houses, furniture, and works of art were paid for out of his own pocket; and to make matters worse, her taste was for small things of an impermanent nature. Instead of great monuments like those of Louis XIV, the King's money was being frittered away on such toys as little wooden pavilions in the forest, built and furnished with amazing elegance, surrounded with large groves of exotic trees and aviaries of tropical birds, visited once or twice and then taken down again so that the next year it was impossible to see where they had been. The truth is that Madame de Pompadour excelled at an art which the majority of human beings thoroughly despise because it is unprofitable and ephemeral: the art of living.

15

In September, 1749, the King decided to inspect his fleet at Havre and to take Madame de Pompadour with him. His popularity among the Normans was still as great as it had been at the time of Fontenoy and they do not seem to have been at all put out by the presence of a mistress instead of a wife; a double line of people waited to cheer them the whole way between Rouen and Havre. The only slight setback was when the Bishop of Rouen, the Queen's chaplain, indicated, by a respectful silence, that he would prefer not to have Madame de Pompadour under his roof for the night. They were obliged to make other arrangements. The account of this journey shows what

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enormous physical endurance Louis XV expected of his friends. The party left Crécy in the morning, Mesdames de Pompadour, du Roure, de Brancas, and d'Estrades in a berlin, the King and the Duc d'Ayen *tête-à-tête* in a smaller carriage. They took riding horses and some hounds with them and hunted most of the way. That evening they arrived at the Château de Navarre, where the Duc de Bouillon gave a big party. All next day the King hunted in the forest; after supper they got back into their coaches and traveled through the night, arriving at Rouen at eight in the morning. They did not stop, but went straight on, through cheering crowds, to Havre, where they arrived at 6 P.M.

After an enthusiastic reception, the governor took them up a tower to look at the sea, which most of the party had never seen in their lives. A bitter wind soon drove them back to the Hôtel de Ville, where supper for twenty-eight was prepared. Next morning the King got up early to go to church while Madame de Pompadour received presents and compliments from the municipality, exactly as if she had herself been royal. All that day there were ceremonies, lasting well into the night, when two hundred ships were illuminated in the harbor. Next morning the party left for Versailles, only stopping once on the way.

Except with the Normans, this journey was very unpopular; it was supposed to have cost a fortune and the King was blamed for taking his mistress with him so openly.

From now on Louis XV shut himself up in his houses and hardly ever left them again, never even going to Paris unless absolutely obliged to. He felt himself criticized unjustly and misunderstood, and a serious riot which broke out in Paris confirmed him in this feeling.

As for Madame de Pompadour, who loved Paris so much, she almost gave up going there. When she did so, it was at the risk of an embarrassing incident. If she went to the opera she would be greeted with ironical cheers, too loud, and lasting too long, to sound quite real; and on one occasion when she went to dine with M. de Gontaut, such terrifying crowds gathered that he was obliged to hurry her off by the back door. But none of this in any way affected her rise to power: she was regarded at Court as paramount. Only God or another woman, it was felt, could now bring a term to her ascendancy; no man could hope to do so.

Her enemies bided their time and bided it in vain, for it never came. Henceforward the King, though very faithful to his old friends, made no new ones except through the Marquise; favors and advancement could only be obtained through her. The courtiers assumed a new attitude towards her, as she did towards them. Her staircase was thronged with people who wanted her to do something for them; she received them kindly and patiently and always tried to help them if she possibly could.

Marmontel describes calling on her, at her *toilette*, with Duclos and the Abbé de Bernis. "Bonjour, Duclos. Bonjour, Abbé," with an affectionate tap on his cheek, and then, in a lower, more serious tone of voice, "Bonjour, Marmontel." He was, at the time, a penniless, unknown, unsuccessful young writer; he took her a manuscript which she promised to read. When he returned for it she got up on seeing him, and leaving the crowd of courtiers standing there, she led him into another room. They talked for a few minutes and she gave him the manuscript covered with penciled comments. Back among the courtiers, Marmontel saw that the effect of all this on them had been prodigious. Everybody pressed forward to shake his hand, and one nobleman, whom he scarcely knew, said, "Surely you're not going to cut your old friends?"

As in the Queen's room, there was no chair for her visitors, who were therefore obliged to stand, whatever their rank, even if they were Princes of the Blood. In the whole history of France no other commoner had ever dared to behave thus, and yet there only seem to have been two protests: the Prince de Conti dumped down on her bed one morning, saying "That's a good mattress," and the Marquis de Souvré perched on the arm of her chair while talking to her. "I didn't see anywhere else to sit." But these daring actions were not repeated, and the Marquise got her way in this as in most other things. She began to study Court usage of the previous reign and modeled herself on Madame de Montespan, sitting in the former mistress's box at the theater and in her place in the chapel. It was noticed that she spoke of "we," meaning herself and the King.

"We shall not see you for several weeks," she said to the Ambassadors on the eve of a voyage. "For I suppose you will hardly come all the way to Compiègne to find us." Guests at her country houses were obliged to provide themselves with uniforms as at the King's little houses. Her retinue of fifty-eight servants included two gentlemen decorated with the order of St. Louis, and ladies of quality. She built the Hôtel des Réservoirs in Versailles to house them and as an overflow for her collections; it was almost an annex to the palace and joined to it by a covered passage.

All these signs of power came gradually; gradually the courtiers understood that there were now two Queens of France within the walls of Versailles, that it was not the wife of the King who reigned.

(*The End*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A graduate of Harvard, Class of 1931, PAUL BROOKS *succeeded Ferris Greenslet as Editor-in-Chief of Houghton Mifflin Company. His interest in the out-of-doors is reflected in his holidays as well as his publishing activities. He and the Bow Paddle, who "cooks best on hands and knees with smoke in her eyes," have camped, paddled, walked, fished, birded, and chased butterflies from Thoreau's Concord River at their doorstep to such roadless areas as he describes in the article which follows.*

ROADLESS AREA

by PAUL BROOKS

1

TO MY wife and me, "roadless area" is the most poetic phrase on our road map of the United States. It is printed, indefinite but irresistible, across the northern edge of Minnesota, and over the border into Canada, about fifty miles west of Lake Superior. Lacking the usual spider web of red and black roads, innocent of a single town name, the area would look barren but for the tangled blue mass of lakes.

More detailed maps show this to be the heart of the Superior National Forest of Minnesota and Quetico Provincial Park of Ontario, a tract of wilderness almost five million acres in extent. A century and a half ago, the great explorer, Alexander Mackenzie, said that there was not "a finer country in the world for the residence of uncivilized man." If he could see it today, I doubt that he would revise his judgment, though he might be appalled at the number who need uncivilizing.

Here are the oldest rocks on the surface of the earth, known as the Canadian Shield; the geographical ridgepole of the continent, whence waters flow to the Atlantic, the Arctic, and the Gulf of Mexico; the historic canoe route of the Indians and fur traders and the legendary Northwest Passage. Here are refuges for wildlife where guns are forbidden, and for human life where cars cannot penetrate and commercial planes may not fly.

We had already arranged for supplies and canoe, when my wife (hereinafter known as the Bow Paddle) read an account of travel in this country by the Director of the Wilderness Society. He made it sound tough: long stretches of paddling, punctuated by slithering in mud, slipping in sphagnum moss, and (this from a world authority on trail work) some trouble in finding his way. "Obviously a character-forming experience," said the Bow Paddle, "but I'm not sure that I like to have my character formed in the summertime."

The canoe, however, was waiting at Ely, Minnesota, the jumping-off place, road's end. Once a booming lumber town, now it booms with the business of equipping campers for life in the wilderness at its doorstep. Enter, that early August afternoon, the headquarters of one of the leading "outfitters." A barnlike room, tier on tier of canoes on racks, in the center a table on which were already laid out the supplies for our ten-day trip. Three huge packs that made the fourth — our own veteran of the Adirondacks and Green Mountains — look like a lady's handbag. On the floor we piled the essential gear: tent, sleeping bags, air mattresses, axe, fishing tackle, binoculars. Over all soon floated a heavenly aroma as I decanted into an aluminum flask some 151 proof Hudson Bay rum, that most effective of liquors in terms of weight, and perfect mixer with anything that will float a canoe.

Within an hour we were whisked off on the first leg of our journey. Something about our equipment — perhaps the featherweight tent from London, or the Bow Paddle's insistence on traveling light (comparative term!) and leaving behind most of the potatoes — had given the wholly erroneous impression that we knew our way around in lake country travel. Actually most of our modest canoeing experience had been on rivers, which have the virtue of always taking you the way you are going. (Even when you smash up in the rapids, the wreckage — and probably you — will continue in the right direction.) Threading your way among lakes and currentless beaver-flows is something else again.

Before our hurried departure, we did extract from the outfitters a map showing hundreds of lakes like raindrops in the dust. More interested in what Thoreau called the tonic of wilderness than in covering distance, we bit off a modest chunk of lakes and joined them with a confident line in heavy crayon. Politely, rapidly, the experts gave us a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few hints about finding our way. (There are no markers on the portages, and we were not taking a guide.) "Remember at the first lake you'll see a narrow cut through the reeds; at the fifth don't take the blazed trail but go on to the beaver-flow, then at the next dam bear left through some dead snags. . . . This one straight up the cliff is a bit tricky. . . . But you'll find your way all right. . . . It's really simple. . . . Have a good trip!"

The first leg was a long tow by motorboat up Basswood Lake to the head of navigation, which saved a day or two of dull paddling. By dusk we were at the north end of the lake, and across the line into Canada; a short paddle (we hoped) from that first portage leading out of the reeds. Rain squalls blew up while we pitched the tent, but a white-throated sparrow, symbol of numberless happy holidays, sang reassuringly from the pines, and the loon's wild cry drifted over the water. Before we fell asleep, the big drops were striking with a sharper and sharper "ping," as wet ropes shrank and the thin fabric tightened like a drum. We were on our own.

2

Our best trips, we find, invariably start in confusion and rain. This one was no exception. The rain came first, and hard. For a whole day we had the elemental problems of keeping dry and fed, as we cooked with wet wood and a frying pan fuller of rain water than bacon grease. The confusion came the following morning when a hint of clearing weather sent us off in search of that first portage. We drew blank, and again blank. It *must* be here. But it wasn't. Would we spend ten days paddling round and round the same lake? Not until we had hauled over two beaver dams (unmentioned by the experts) did we find an old blaze, footprints in the mud, a trail. Here began the first of some twenty portages, ranging from a few rods to half a mile, which led the Bow Paddle to inquire from time to time whether this should be called a canoe trip or a walking trip carrying a canoe.

Eventually we learned to guess, from the configuration of the land, where the portages were likely to be. We were able to lift searching eyes from shoreline and compass long enough to appreciate the beauty of the pink granite cliffs, spotted with reindeer moss and lichens; the white canoe birch against dark spruce; the tall Norway pines (so different from the white pines in the chunky pattern of their needles against the sky); the king-size water lilies described in 1823 by Dr. Bigsby, first artist of the border-lakes country: "Superb . . . about the size of a dahlia . . . double throughout, every row of petals diminishing by degrees, and passing gradually from the purest white to the highest lemon-colour." Among the lilies suddenly appeared a young buck, antlers in velvet, watching us with more curiosity than fear. Ospreys — and once a bald eagle — soared overhead. Every lake had its welcoming committee of loons, calling their greetings and laughing at us when we got lost.

For we did get lost, through a bit of spectacular stupidity that cannot be explained away by saying that we were portage-drunk. I simply forgot a lake. It was a round, featureless little lake in a chain of five, but it threw us off count. (Incredibly, neither of us could remember how many portages we had made that morning.) For an hour or two that tiny, nameless pond was to us as important as Lake Superior.

Moments like this, amusing in retrospect, serve better than weeks in a library to give you an understanding of what the early explorers and voyageurs were up against. Look at an eighteenth-century map of these lakes. A series of vague shapes, compounded of rumor and legend, strung on a river of hope. Floating upon this river with its treacherous rapids, upon these lakes with their quick, uncertain squalls, a frail birch-bark canoe, loaded to the gunwales with ninety-pound bales. Two or three bales made a load on a portage — and a portage might be several miles long. Indians, some hostile, some friendly, but the friendly ones forever seeking the White Father's aid on the warpath against their neighbors. Look at the French explorer Vérendrye, wounded veteran of Malplaquet, devoting his life and the life of his four sons to the service of New France, rebuked by the corrupt Minister of Marine at Versailles for being so dilatory in discovering the Western Sea! How many of the thirty-six portages from Grand Portage to Rainy Lake, or the twenty-six from Rainy Lake to Lake Winnipeg, would that foppish official have endured — the Partridge, Big Rock, Caribou, Fowl, Moose, Big Cherry . . . on, and on, and on?

For portage fatigue there is no cure like an island. The island that we chose, in a many-armed but little-traveled lake, could stand for any of a thousand others in general cast of its features; its expression, its smile of welcome at the end of a backbreaking day, was its own. Too small to be shown on the map, it was perhaps a quarter of a mile long and half as wide. We spotted our camp site from far across the lake: an open grove of pines near the southwest tip, with sufficient level ground for a tent and sharply sloping rocks that promised deep water for swimming. Coming closer, we identified the green masses along the northern shore as low-bush blueberries. The core of the island we found to be a tiny sample of apparently virgin forest: towering Norway and white pines, a few canoe birches, poplars, small spruce and arborvitae; underfoot the moss and ferns and springy, crumbling debris of the primeval forest floor.

On this peaceful island occurred, a day or two later, the Battle of the Reflector Oven. Though we had ignored them successfully for twenty-odd years,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these ovens, the outfitter had impressed upon us, are essential. Time came for the test. The batter was in the pan, the oven drawn up close to a bright active fire. The Bow Paddle promised herself not to look at it for ten minutes. In ten minutes, it looked exactly as before except that the surface was covered with a fine gray ash. Ten minutes later no change, except that a number of small bits of charred wood had joined the ash. The tears in the Bow Paddle's eyes were half smoke, half frustration. Finally, with the boldness of ignorance, I started a roaring blaze that was lapping around the oven and contents within seconds. We both stood spellbound as the cake drew a deep breath and rose up, up, up, brown and beaming before our enraptured eyes. The forces of light and heat had triumphed.

As all this was going on, unruffled by the conflagration, confident of crumbs while yet the sparks flew upward, appeared the boldest bird of the north country, the Canada jay or whisky-jack (from the Indian *Weeskaijohn:* "He who comes to the fire"). "It is a noisy, familiar bird," wrote the geographer, David Thompson, "always close about the tents, and will alight at the very doors, to pick up what is thrown out; he lives by plunder, and on berries, and what he cannot eat he hides; it is easily taken by a snare, and, brought into the room, seems directly quite at home; when spirits is offered, it directly drinks, is soon drunk and fastens itself anywhere till sober."

A variety of mammals — from fussy little red squirrels to black bear and moose — give life and color to the border-lakes country, but only one gives it shape. This is the beaver's domain. Evidence of his work was everywhere along our route. He had formed some ponds and raised the level of others. Newly felled trees floated at the water's edge, their foliage still green; old snags showed where the water level had been raised years ago. Chips lay on the ground, as neat as if cut with an axe, but marked with the slightly concave imprint of the beaver's chisel tooth. Beaver houses and beaver dams, enduring fabrics of interwoven logs and twigs, showed the amazing strength and technical skill of the animal that was, in the last analysis, responsible for our being in that country at all.

For it was the fur trade that first lured the white man into the northern wilderness; and beaver, of course, was the heart of the trade. The silent, V-shaped ripple that we see crossing the pond at twilight; the resounding slap of the broad tail on the water as we are discovered — these are today almost synonymous with a north-woods vacation. Yesterday they were strictly business. Thirty thousand beaver pelts were shipped in a single year along the great canoe highway which eventually became the official boundary between the United States and Canada.

Of the countless residents of the north country, our favorites were the loons. Open any scientifically arranged bird book and you will find the grebes and loons up front, as the most primitive birds, nearest to the reptiles from which they sprang. Edward Howe Forbush, the great New England ornithologist, considered that of all the wild creatures in that region "the loon seems best to typify the stark wildness of primeval nature." Its mad, quavering, human cry is among the most poignant notes of the outdoors, evoking an almost painful awareness of man's kinship with earlier — and perhaps more permanent — forms of life. One associates it with the plaintive inquiry of the whitethroat, the ecstatic certainty of the hermit thrush, the strident clamor of the Canada goose, and the first faint, hesitant announcement by the spring peeper that the earth's sleep is not the sleep of death.

3

Grounds for divorce differ according to state laws. But there are certain remarks, when made by a fisherman's wife in time of stress, that would be universally recognized as sufficient by any judge who has ever wet a line. As with libel, the truth of the remark is not necessarily a defense.

Several days have passed since the Battle of the Reflector Oven, and supplies are dwindling. By now fish are more than a source of sport; they are a supplement to corned beef and Spam. It is dusk: there is just time for a few more casts before the light fails and the mosquitoes, dormant during the day, make their brief, fierce evening sally. Suddenly I am into a heavy fish. I have already taken a twelve-inch bass on the same plug — a "Lazy Ike" — but this is something bigger. There ensues a sharp struggle, interspersed with terse commands to the Bow Paddle about keeping the canoe off the rocks. Finally, after consummately skillful maneuver, I bring the beast near enough to be identified as a fine walleyed pike. I call the glad news and reach for the wire leader to haul him in. At that precise moment, from the other end of the canoe, comes the devastating remark: "Oh . . . pike . . . aren't they very bony?"

They are. And it was.

Inch by inch that crayon line drawn across our map a week ago had undergone a metamorphosis, changing from anticipation to experience. Past the halfway mark of our roughly circular route, we were headed back toward Basswood Lake and home. Our canoe glided beneath the famous Picture Rocks: "High precipices of shattered granite," as Bigsby described them a hundred and thirty years ago, "beautifully striped downwards by broad bands of white, yellow, red, green, and black stains"; decorated with Indian drawings of unknown antiquity, still depicting today in bold vermilion the animals that were here before the white man. This last leg of our trip drew us continually to the past, for here we were on the historic canoe highway, now the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well-marked Boundary Route, which found us one minute in Canada and the next in the United States, depending on the current of the river or the location of a portage. The portages were no longer between lakes; they were around rapids. The roar of falls generally preceded our first glimpse of white water. Both contrasted sharply with the quiet, static quality of the ponds and bogs and beaver-flows we had left behind. Paddling up the Basswood River, headed roughly southeast, we could almost believe, as did the early explorers, that we had but to turn our bow around to reach in time the mythical Sea of the West and the Northwest Passage to China.

Our concern with these waters was a less serious one than theirs, yet it wasn't wholly frivolous. We were searching not for new lands or untrapped beaver, but for recreation in the root sense of the word. The few others we met in the wilderness were on the same trail. "I should be pleased," wrote Thoreau, "to meet man in the woods. I wish he were to be encountered like wild Caribous and Moose." Not easy; but in a "roadless area" the concept becomes less fantastic.

As our packs became lighter (we never regretted leaving those potatoes) our load of gratitude became heavier: gratitude to those who have fought, and are still fighting, to preserve the area from despoliation; who recognize other values than the market values of fur, wood, iron ore, and electric power. The Quetico-Superior program is backed by every important conservation group in the United States and Canada. Its successful battle to preserve a remnant of our wilderness is the surest evidence that we are becoming civilized.

HAUNTED

by R. P. LISTER

THROUGH the imponderable twilight tumbles
  A fuzzy mass, uncertain at the edges.
This, so they tell me, is the ghost that grumbles,
  The specter that goes backwards through the hedges,

The goblin garrulous but rarely witty,
  The harmless phantom and the wraith endearing,
That hops around and sings a tuneless ditty
  And interrupts himself with bursts of cheering;

A spirit fairly lovable, and decent.
  Some say he is the shade of Charles the Martyr;
Others incline to a demise more recent,
  Claiming he is a Mr. Eustace Carter,

A man who flourished here in eighteen-fifty
  And fell into a pond while trapping rabbits.
At all events, although a trifle shifty,
  The specter has few irritating habits,

Never comes after dark, but in the twilight,
  And rarely frightens people, or not badly,
But sits in summer evenings on the skylight,
  Scratching himself, and singing, rather sadly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Atlantic "First"

A STORY

Now in his twenty-seventh year, GEORGE VUKELICH *is a veteran of World War II and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and the Academy of Radio Arts of Toronto. He has had some poetry published and has done radio scripts for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and the Ford Theatre. He is currently on the staff of Station WKOW-CBS in Madison, Wisconsin.*

THE SCALE ROOM

by GEORGE VUKELICH

THE skinny personnel man left me with the chunky man in the long white coat. "This is your foreman," the personnel man said and he gave the foreman some papers and walked away.

"Call me Al," the foreman said studying out the papers. "I'll take you down to Supply and we'll get you fixed up. You got anything at all of your own?"

I didn't know exactly what he meant. "I've got work clothes," I said. "Safety shoes."

He wrote something on the papers. "Okay," he said, "I'll get you fixed up."

I followed him out of the green office into the hot-smelling cement stair well with the greasy black pipe railings.

"It gets pretty sloppy in the kill," he said as we clattered down the steps. "Water and stuff. You need rubber boots and a rubber apron for sure."

"How much do they cost?"

"Oh, seven, eight bucks. Boots and apron." We were back on the first floor.

"I only have two bucks on me," I said and stopped.

"That's okay. You just sign for the stuff, and the company will take it out of your first check." He pushed in on a wide steel door stenciled SUPPLY ROOM. There was a small one-armed man behind the counter reading the morning paper.

"Fingers," Al said as the one-armed man looked up, "I got a new man here. Can you fix him up?"

"Sure, Al." The supply man folded his paper and pushed it down the counter. "For the kill?"

"Yeah," Al said. "Find him a good pair of boots though. I don't want him getting wet feet."

The one-armed man reached down and slung up a knee-long pair of shiny black boots on the worn metal counter. The boots smelled like new army raincoats. "Try these on for size," he said, shoving the boots at me. "Better take off your shoes first. You wear the boots without shoes."

"What color apron do you want?" the supply man asked.

"I don't know," I said, untying my street shoes. "What's the difference?"

"Price mostly," the supply man smiled, and bent himself over a paper pad on the counter, holding it firm with his elbow stump in order to write with his right hand. "Black, brown, yellow, and olive drab. Brown's the cheapest."

Al nodded at me.

"Okay," I said. "Brown."

He threw a tight brown rubber square on the counter top. "You want me to give him some knives?" he asked the foreman.

"No, he won't need no knives," Al said. "He's gonna push hogs for John."

The supply man asked for my name and the foreman pushed a piece of paper across the counter. "Take it off this," he said. "You'll never spell it otherwise."

The supply man squinted and half uttered my name. "That's bohunk, ain't it?"

"That's right," the foreman said.

The supply man smiled. "*Cocko ti,*" he said to me.

I finished pulling on my left boot and stood up working my toes in the stiff cold rubber casing and I wondered how many people there were in this place who could say "How are you?" in Croatian.

"*Dobro,*" I said.

"Give him a cap too and you can go back to your newspaper," Al said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Size seven and a half," I said.

The supply man got out a white cap with a black visor and shoved his paper pad at me. "Sign it any place on the bottom. Put your locker number down too." I took his Eversharp and wrote my name. As he gave me the duplicate carbon he grinned at the foreman. "Say hello to the Dago for me, Al."

"Come on," Al said as I swept up my stuff. "Let's go up where the working people are."

The foreman made me a hog-pusher right off the bat but it was a full four weeks before my body accepted the job. By that time the hog kill was into the busy season because the farmers sold out their pigs for the winter months and the company ran in a night shift and hired all the men it could get and that's when Big Wayne came to work in the cooler gang with the Dago.

The hogs had just started into the resin bath up the line on our first night and Old John and the Dago and I were sitting on the greasy wooden bench in the scale room when Al came back with the big blond boy. "This is Wayne, Dago," he said. "He's your new man for the coolers."

"Hello," the big boy said and he put out his right hand before he saw the hook that encased the Dago's wrist. He stood there awkwardly.

"Where's your gloves?" the Dago snapped. "You'll freeze your goddam hands off in the coolers."

The big boy looked at Al.

"The supply room was out of his size. I'll get him some."

The big boy lowered his hands because Old John and I were staring at them. The hands were big.

"I'll be okay," he said. "I'm used to a lot of cold anyway."

Dago was struggling his one heavy black mitt onto his left hand and he stopped and looked up at the new man.

"Your ass," he said.

They stood facing each other until Al finally said again that he would find Wayne some gloves, and then Jumbo came in and everybody started in on him as usual.

Jumbo was not too smart and he talked through his nose and though he was thirty years old he had always lived with his mother who was a widow and drank up all of Jumbo's pay checks. It was a standing joke how she waited by the Number One gate on Fridays and he signed over the pay envelope to her and then she would go off to the Railroad Tap to have it cashed.

He would be in the coolers until his strength gave out. He was like a little boy with his strength. Dago had to watch over him constantly or the jokers on lard pulling would have Jumbo ramming his fists into the cement block walls to show what a punch he had.

"You cooler gang?" he asked Wayne now, surveying out Wayne's brawn.

"Yeah," Wayne said.

"Me too," Jumbo said and shoved out his hand. "Shake."

Wayne took the hand and it was obvious that Jumbo was intending to impress him with that nut-cracking grip. Their hands were locked waist-high only momentarily. In a flash Wayne had spun Jumbo around, the dummy's arm bent tightly into the small of his shoulder blades. As he arched backward to relieve the pain pressure on his arm, Wayne gently and firmly crashed him onto the wet steel floor mat under the scales. I think Jumbo's scream was more surprise than anything else. Wayne flung his arm free.

"Whattaya, tough guy?" Dago said evenly.

Wayne was wiping his hand on his overalled thighs and working his fingers. "Your ass," he said to Dago.

The hogs started coming into the scale room then and Old John and I went to work and our new night gang walked slowly down the steaming gambrelways into their coolers.

2

The scale room was in between the hog kill itself and the coolers. Up at the other end of the sprawling, clattering, sharpening, cutting water-floored building the hogs came into the shackling pens day and night and were lifted screaming onto the gambrelways into the kill. Heads down and hanging in close ranks, they looped and circled and came around the big plant on the continuous overhead track into scald baths and resin baths and wash baths past the waiting men with axes and saws and the razor knives. The hogs were burned and stripped and gutted and emptied out and washed and cleaned and all their cutaway parts dropped down metal chutes in the floor to bins below where they were processed into soaps and fertilizers and meat products and hundreds of things.

They say that the company used every part of the pig except the squeal and that there were company scientists working on that so that the foremen could save their own voices in the hell noises of the kill.

The automatic overhead track became manual at the scale room and my job was to push the hogs into the room by hand onto the overhead scale; and when there were ten, Old John would click a knob on the electric scale and the scale would record the weight and number of hogs and then clear itself for the next weighing. Old John also punched out the figures on an adding machine set in a waterproof pedestal. Then I would push the entire ten onto the automatic track for the coolers and they would click and clatter away into the misty passageways bound for the Dago's gang, and they would be routed to the proper coolers to set and harden before the next day when the meat cutters began on them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The average weight for ten hogs was around fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds and the big trick was to move them out fast so the ones coming in didn't pile up in a bunch at the end of the automatic track.

On the night shift we were to come in at three and work straight through until about seven for a half-hour dinner break.

The stick men took it easy in the kill because there were new men on the line and the hogs came in so slowly that Old John stuck his head out a couple of times and looked down the line to see if there had been a breakdown somewhere.

"Petersen said they got five thousand on day shift," Old John said. "We'll be lucky to get thirty-five hundred out tonight." I chewed my gum and didn't say anything. John looked worried.

"Lots of bad cuts coming through," he said pointing to the carcasses split in two up the backbone dangling loose from the clotheshangerlike gambrels. I worked the pieces of them carefully onto the scale rail and he filled his mouth from the Copenhagen box in his adding machine drawer. "Bad cuts," he snuffed. "Lots of new men."

He clicked the scale knob and punched on his adding machine and I pushed all the bad cuts onto the cooler track.

They stopped killing at six-fifteen and forty-five minutes later I pushed the last two hogs onto the scale rail and let them hang and Old John worked his adding machine and I took off my apron and washed off the blood and hosed down my boots.

The cooler gang along with Al was waiting when Old John checked his figures.

"Eighteen hundred sixty-two," he said solemnly. "Eighteen hundred sixty-two."

"You bastard," Dago said, "I bet that breaks your heart."

"We'll get thirty-five hundred," Al said. "They're gonna kill thirty-five hundred tonight." He looked at Dago and over at Wayne who was washing down his boots with our hose. "I couldn't get any gloves for him," he said to Dago. "How's he doing?"

"Ask him," Dago said. "They're not my hands freezing."

"It's okay. I been in colder places," Wayne said.

Dago wasn't smiling as he nudged me with his cold hook and we walked out to the locker room to get our lunches.

3

That bastard," Dago said with the crumbs falling from his lips. "Got his big goddam hands into everything already."

"Who?" I said.

"That Wayne. Four bolognas he ate already. I ought to kick Jumbo's head in."

Jumbo looked up from the locker-room floor. "I didn't do nothing."

"You showed him where the bologna was. You ate one in front of him. What the hell did you expect him to do, watch you eat?"

Jumbo munched on his hard-boiled egg. "I told him not to eat any," he said.

Big Wayne came around the corner of the steel aisle then and opened his locker and took out his lunch. "That's right, Shorty," he said to the Dago as he sat down. "Jumbo told me not to eat any sausage," he smiled, "and then he ate one."

Dago was burning. He was touchy about his height and he was touchy about Jumbo's intelligence and he was especially touchy about this new man. "I don't want any trouble with the front office," Dago said. "They start getting big short counts in their meat packs and the first guys they'll hit is the cooler gang. They'll have so many guards walking through this place, you'll think it's the First National Bank."

"I don't think they miss a few little sausages," Wayne said.

"Listen, smart boy," Dago snapped. "You been on this job four hours and already you swallowed down four bologna rings. That's a pretty good average. I wouldn't exactly call that a few little sausages."

Wayne unwrapped a sandwich and began to chew. "I left enough for you, Shorty. Us big men need to eat big meals."

"I'm telling you now so you get it straight."

"I got it straight," Wayne smiled. "Straight from the horse's mouth."

I didn't know what was going to happen for a minute and finally to my relief nothing happened and I started chewing again. We ate without talking and balled up our lunch bags and started in to smoke. Jumbo was humming a polka tune. Wayne got up and closed his locker. "I don't want to be hard-nosed, Shorty," he said. "I just don't like being horsed around, that's all."

"Nobody's horsing you around," Dago said.

"That's right," Wayne said. "Nobody is. I wouldn't know the guy who owns this place if I saw him. But one thing I know is that he ain't working in the hog kill or in the coolers."

Dago dragged on his cigarette and didn't say anything.

"Do you own this place, Jumbo?" Wayne asked suddenly.

"No," Jumbo said, "no, I don't own this place."

"Does Shorty?"

Jumbo stared and blinked slowly around at Dago and couldn't speak.

The Dago threw down his cigarette and closed up his locker and started back by himself up to the hog kill.

Wayne sat down again and shook another cigarette from his plastic pack. "Stop me if I'm wrong," he said, "but I thought Al was our foreman."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Al is the foreman," Jumbo said nodding his head.

"What the hell is Shorty bucking for, then?" Wayne said and his question was directed at me.

"He's sort of in charge of things in the coolers," I said. "Al can't be all over every minute."

"Well, that Shorty is sure all over, only he's not gonna be all over me."

I shrugged and field-stripped my cigarette and Wayne stared at me. "You been in the infantry, huh?"

"Yeah," I said and got to my feet.

"Korea?" Wayne asked.

"The old war," I said, "Europe."

Wayne nodded. "I was Korea myself. We almost starved in Korea. Maybe that's why I'm so hungry all the time." He dragged on his cigarette. "Goddam Shorty reminds me of the army; Watch the Hook, we used to say. He couldn't pull this crap in the army."

I didn't tell Wayne that the Dago had been with the 32nd Red Arrow against the Japs at Buna in '42 and that he had two hands up until then. I slammed my locker door shut and spun the combination lock.

"We go by working people," Jumbo said. Wayne snapped him a salute.

"Yes, sir, general," he said.

"General Jumbo," Jumbo smiled.

"Dumbo Jumbo," Wayne said.

Jumbo saluted us gravely and we walked slowly in behind him as he marched back up into the hog kill.

4

It was nine-thirty before I saw the Dago again. He came out of the Number Two cooler with a pail hanging from his hook and he dumped it on the blood-slick floor under the scale rail. It was salt.

"Thanks," I said spreading it with my boot. "It was getting pretty slippery."

Dago set the pail in the corner and started pushing hogs in to me. "You seen Wayne?" he asked.

"Not since supper," I said. "I thought he was working on the cooler gang."

Dago scowled. "You and me both," he said.

He swung his hook into the hanging belly of a hog and spun it viciously. "He took off about eight o'clock for the infirmary. Said his hands hurt him." He shifted the gum in his mouth. "That's not all that's gonna hurt him when he gets back."

Old John shuffled over and stood listening.

"You and Jumbo been alone back there?" I asked.

"You goddamned right we been alone," Dago said.

Old John shook his head. "That's Big Wayne, huh?"

"Big Wind," Dago said. "I'll give him something to blow about. Bastard doesn't deserve hands." He pulled in the number ten hog and picked up his pail. John clicked his scale knob, and after I pushed the pigs onto the cooler track, Dago entered the streaming passageway, shuffling slowly behind the hogs on the gambrelways.

When we hit the twelve-minute break for a smoke Al came back to quick-check the totals with Old John.

Dago and Jumbo came out of the coolers and took off their gloves, their faces tight and red with cold. Jumbo's nose was running and Dago told him to blow it in our paper towels on the wall rack.

"Where's Wayne?" Al asked.

"In the john," Dago said.

"How's he doing?" Al asked.

"Peachy," Dago said. "He's doing peachy. Got a great pair of hands."

Dago poked me in the ribs with the hook and we walked out to get our smokes. "Two more sausages he ate," Dago said as we sloshed along the deserted line.

"That's a lot of bologna," I said.

"He's gonna screw it up for everybody," Dago said as we entered the john.

Wayne came out of a stall tying on his apron.

"I told you you weren't supposed to bring your apron in here," Dago said and he was angry.

"You're always telling me something, Shorty," Wayne said. "Are you the latrine orderly or something?"

"They're not my rules," Dago said.

"They're not mine either," Wayne said. "You know where you can stick the rules." He started out the door.

"You gonna wash your dirty hands?" Dago snapped.

Wayne stopped. "You gonna make me?" he asked firmly and then went out through the door.

We washed our hands in silence. Dago didn't say anything for the rest of the break and we walked back through the moving line again without speaking.

After the break, Dago opened the steel doors and I switched the overhead track into the front cooler and Dago came out carrying another salt pail on his hook for me. Then he filled up the empty pail with boiling hot water and disappeared back into the gambrelways.

Jumbo and Wayne could push hogs right from the scale room now, and I wandered over to the wide doorway and stood surveying the empty smoking cooler room. Dago motioned to the corner and there behind the pinned-back steel door was the water pail with a bologna ring in it. I took off my gloves and broke off a piece of the sausage. It was hot, cooked-tasting, and juicy. I nodded to Dago and he jerked his head over at Old John. I wandered back to the scales and Old John shuffled over to size up the cooler too. He stepped aside next to Dago as Wayne and Jumbo pushed in a load and Wayne saw him and the pail. The bulge in Old John's mouth was too big to be tobacco.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wayne stooped and fished out the sausage in his big hand. "I'll be goddamned," Wayne said.

Dago swung his hook and clipped the bologna ring cleanly out of Wayne's grasp. "Keep your goddamned filthy hands to yourself," Dago said.

Wayne brought up his fists and moved on the Dago.

"When I leave one for you it'll be in the john bowl," Dago said.

Wayne lunged at him then, but at that moment Jumbo cracked Wayne from the side with his great forearm and the blond head flung back and the left temple slammed into the steel door and Big Wayne crashed onto the slime floor. Jumbo and Old John looked like they wanted to run. Dago bent down over Wayne and felt with his good hand and then looked up at me. "Help me move him," he said. "John, don't let them hogs pile up."

John scurried away.

"Jumbo," Dago said dumping the hot-water pail, "fill this with salt and bring it back."

"Salt?"

"Come on, move," Dago said. "Salt!"

He picked up the remainder of the bologna ring and slipped it inside Wayne's heavy shirt. He told me to button it in and I did, and then we dragged Wayne's body out of the cooler entrance and onto the steel matting under the hanging hogs. There were at least thirteen pigs jammed up on the scale rail already and John was waving frantically. Dago rolled Wayne's head to the left with his foot and then he kicked over the heavy wooden bench and began to yell. Uprighting the bench immediately, he broke out into the hog kill screaming for Al and for a doctor and for help.

They had pulled Wayne off to one side and were looking at him when Jumbo came back with the salt. "I got salt," he said. Al looked at him and at the blood-slick floor.

Dago sprinkled the pail under the hogs and we pushed them off together. They were piling up like a log jam and Dago screamed for Jumbo.

"What's wrong with Wayne?" Jumbo asked.

"He's dead," Dago said.

"Dead?" Jumbo stopped and stared at the long body. "Dead?"

"Come on, get these hogs out of here," Dago screamed again. "Wayne had an accident."

The doctors had the body taken away and some men from the front office came to ask us questions while the last of the hogs tracked in off the line, and then two city police detectives arrived and talked to us in the locker room until after midnight. Al came in with a slip of paper and gave it to the detectives. One of them worked Wayne's combination and opened the locker and looked through his street clothes.

We just sat there until we were aware of Jumbo slumped in the corner — sleeping. The detectives looked at him and at Al. The foreman ran his finger in a tight circular motion around his ear.

"This place could do it to anybody," one of the detectives said.

"Tomorrow he will probably want to know where Wayne is," Al said.

"That's a dumb question all right," the detective said. Then he said that was all and we could go home. The Dago shook Jumbo awake.

"Huh," Jumbo said.

"We can go home now," Dago said.

"I dream," Jumbo said. "Big Wayne and me going work good together."

Dago stared at him and dropped his hand from Jumbo's shoulder.

"Big Wayne and me," Jumbo said. "Good cooler gang." He got to his feet and punched Dago's arm. "We going work good with you, Wayne and me." He scooped up his lunch bucket and Dago watched him dully. In Dago's eyes I could see the long, long smoking cooler rooms and the endless, endless tracks of warm hanging bodies coming in from the screaming hog kill.

"General Jumbo," Jumbo said and I saw Dago was looking into my eyes for something.

I buttoned up my mackinaw and fell in beside Dago and then the two of us walked slowly in behind Jumbo as he marched proud and swinging down past the time clocks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How far will automobile manufacturers go in trying to achieve small-car agility and speed in heavy vehicles capable of carrying six passengers and a load of luggage? Will further gains in horsepower — now climbing above 200 — be useful for the average driver? All our cars can already attain road speeds far beyond the skill and judgment of most motorists, contends EUGENE JADERQUIST, *who is an authority on high-performance cars.*

THE HORSEPOWER RACE

by EUGENE JADERQUIST

1

THE 200-plus horsepower engine of today's automobile is a miraculous accomplishment. There can be no doubt of the inventiveness or competence of the engineers who made it. Nor can there be any question of the quality of these engines; they can, and frequently do, haul 10-ton loads over the highways; they have competed, and will again, in sports car and stock car races in America and Europe. But what they are doing under the hoods of passenger cars is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered. Obviously, there is little use for 200 horsepower in a trip to the store, in commuting, or in any of the multitude of prosaic daily tasks an American car is called upon to perform. Secondly, there is evident danger in entrusting any except the most cautious drivers with so much readily available power. Third, the brakes and suspension systems of American cars are not able to handle the speeds of which the engines are capable, a fact established by the testers during four years of continuous road tests. And fourth, even conceding for a moment that tremendous gains in passenger car performance are desirable, increasing the horsepower is not the way to do the job.

As far as safety is concerned, the horsepower race has only worsened an already bad situation. Apologists for the manufacturers have frequently argued that the increase in power means increased safety if the power is used properly. While it is true that added acceleration can conceivably pull a driver out of a difficult situation occasionally, the prudent driver would not put himself in such a dangerous position in the first place. Passing on a hill or a curve and finding another car looming suddenly in front of you, misjudging distance while passing on a long straightaway and discovering that the approaching car is closing the gap too rapidly, or going into a curve so fast you begin to drift before you can pull out are the three general cases where exceptional acceleration can bring you out safely. Each of them is a result of an original error in judgment. A more powerful engine, far from keeping you out of trouble, tends to get you into it. The man who depends on extra acceleration to snap him out of the tight ones will inevitably guess it too close someday.

Anyone who has felt the ease with which one of the new cars will cruise at 80 m.p.h. knows the false sense of security generated by too much horsepower. There is no throb or vibration from the engine to serve as a reminder of the tremendous speed. The truth is that there should be no sense of security at 80 even on the big superhighways, because the American car is not built to be handled competently at that speed. Anything you do suddenly as a reaction to an emergency can be disastrous — turning the wheel sharply to avoid an obstacle, slamming on the brakes suddenly, veering off the highway onto a plowed field. Only a competition sports or racing chassis is designed to be maneuvered at that speed, and then preferably by a driver accustomed to living in a state of emergency.

The horsepower race began officially in 1951, when Chrysler with its 180-horsepower Fire Power engine topped the 160 horsepower of Cadillac and Packard. Cadillac came back in 1952 with 190, and others were right behind. Buick went to 170; Lincoln, Oldsmobile, and De Soto to 160. In 1953 Cadillac climbed to 210, Lincoln took second with 205, Buick moved into third with 188 for its Roadmaster, Chrysler and Packard tied at 180. Finally, in 1954, Chrysler went all the way up to 235, heading the following group: Cadillac, 230; Packard, 212; Lincoln, 205; Buick, 200.

What was happening in this top price class was echoed by events in the middle price brackets and is now being copied by the so-called "economy" cars in the Ford-Chevrolet-Plymouth group. Like it or not, the buyer of an American car can hardly avoid being caught up in the horsepower race.

The new engines that proved so adaptable to this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

form of competition are a solid improvement over their predecessors. With few exceptions (Packard and Hudson are the most worthy of mention) they are V-8s, a cylinder number and arrangement that was probably first installed in a passenger car in 1902 and which enjoyed a tremendous popularity in the United States between 1914 and 1920. In the twenties it was gradually replaced by the in-line eight. V-8s have been revived for two reasons: an eight-cylinder engine is still considered the best compromise between smoothness and complexity obtainable in a large engine; the V-shape is shorter and more compact than the in-line engine, thus saving space and ensuring greater crankshaft and crankcase rigidity, both highly important features in modern engine design.

Another point common to the majority of the new engines is "oversquare" design, which is just a shorthand way of saying the diameter of the cylinder is greater than the length of the stroke. In the decade before 1949 there was not a single large passenger car engine in this country with a bore-stroke ratio of one or less. The change was made to cut down piston travel, thus reducing wear, and to permit the use of larger valves.

A third feature the engineers have decided upon is overhead-valve design. Some American cars have used overhead valves for many years — Chevrolet and Buick come to mind first — but before 1949 the valves were generally located in the block. Overhead valves permit the use of higher compression ratios and allow the engine to breathe (take in fuel and expel exhaust gases) more efficiently.

It was from this base of a rigid, compact, efficient power plant that the engineers began to build their horsepower giants, using the time-honored techniques of sports and racing car designers. To get more fuel into the engine faster, improvements were made in manifolding, the four-throat carburetor was evolved, valves were enlarged, and the camshaft was modified to open the valves farther and keep them open longer. To obtain more work from the fuel, the compression ratio was raised. And to get rid of the exhaust gases faster, dual exhaust systems were installed. Some of the manufacturers employed only a few of these methods, some employed all. Not one of them used up his entire repertoire of tricks.

Some idea of the ultimate output of the new engines can be gained by studying their performance in races and record runs. Chrysler has reported over 330 horsepower from one of its racing models, and Chrysler engines have been used to set national and international speed records. Erwin Goldschmidt's Cadillac-powered Allard sports car won the Watkins Glen race once and has placed high in other events in the East. His engine is said to develop about 300 horsepower.

Actual performance gains from the new engines have been less than gratifying when measured against the magnitude of the horsepower increases. Top speed has risen from about 95–100 m.p.h. for the luxury cars in 1951 to 110–115 m.p.h. for the same cars in 1953 and will be somewhat higher in 1954, though no test results are available yet. These are speeds recorded during road tests, not manufacturers' figures — the companies are still reluctant to release the results of their own comprehensive road tests. According to one magazine, there was only one car able to clock over 100 m.p.h. in 1951; eight could attain or surpass that figure in 1953. One car which went up 33 per cent in horsepower gained less than 14 per cent in top speed; another fared better, with a 19 per cent increase in top speed for a 31 per cent increase in horsepower.

Acceleration figures tell a similar story. A group of cars which could run the quarter mile from a standing start in 20 seconds in 1951 required only 18 seconds to perform the same feat in 1953. That's a 10 per cent decrease in time from an average horsepower increase of 21 per cent.

2

It is the nature of the car itself which is preventing more spectacular gains in performance. The average big car is about 6.5 feet wide, slightly over 5 feet high, and 18 feet long overall. Frame, body, and engine are composed largely of iron and steel, so the weight is high — about 4100 pounds without the addition of water, gasoline, and oil. Oddly, these physical specifications have not changed radically since 1941. A Chrysler New Yorker weighed 3775 pounds in 1941, slightly over 4200 pounds in 1951, 4060 pounds in 1954. In size, it has shrunk slightly in tread and wheel base during that period, increased less than 1 per cent in over-all length, decreased in height by almost 5 inches. Other cars have undergone almost the same few changes in size and weight.

During the same span of years, styling has been almost as constant. An American car body is designed to carry five or six passengers and has a tremendous luggage capacity, yet it must appeal to the customer's sense of beauty. Any thought of aerodynamic efficiency is kept thoroughly in the background until all other requirements have been satisfied. Thus the car, which is big and heavy to begin with, is fitted with a body designed primarily to keep out the weather, look attractive, and be comfortable.

All this sheer size and unstreamlined bulk is difficult to accelerate and move rapidly. The best intentions of the engineers cannot change the laws of physics, which recognize frontal area, body design, weight, and horsepower as the principal factors affecting performance. The weight-to-power ratio is generally taken as a valid indication of the acceleration that can be expected, which makes it pretty obvious that increasing horsepower is only half the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

job. In top speed, frontal area and body design are the chief hindrances or assets, since most of the resistance is offered by the medium through which the car is moving. Wind drag, as it is called, varies with the square of the velocity; the horsepower required to drive the car against the wind drag is generally considered to vary as the cube of the velocity. Where the drag is high to begin with, as it is in any vehicle of the dimensions of an American car, outstanding top speed would require almost incredible horsepower. It has been estimated that to raise the top speed of a Chrysler New Yorker to 170 m.p.h. would require an engine with an output of between 650 and 700 horsepower. There is some doubt that the car could stay on its wheels at that speed, so tremendous would be the pressure against it. What applies to the Chrysler in this respect, applies equally to all other U.S. cars of similar size.

If you've been following the sports car activities in America and Europe, you've seen how easy it is to achieve 170 m.p.h. in a vehicle designed for high speed. Mercedes-Benz's 300 SL coupé, Ferrari's America, Mexico, and 4.5-liter models, and a few others have managed to go that high, generally with engines of less displacement than those in use in America. The Mercedes is rated at 240 horsepower, just a shade over Chrysler and Cadillac. But look at the dimensions of the 300 SL: wheel base, 7 feet 10.4 inches; width 5 feet 10.5 inches; *height, 4 feet 1.8 inches; curb weight with 34 U.S. gallons of fuel, approximately 2500 pounds.* A feature of the 300 SL which doesn't show up in the statistics is its superbly clean body, designed to slip through the air with as little disturbance as possible. Sacrifices in comfort and in cost of manufacture had to be made to bring height and weight down to such ideal proportions. The engine was cocked over at an angle of 60 degrees from the vertical to lower the hood line; entrances for driver and passenger were cut into the roof to make the car accessible and still keep the top low.

Nobody expects, or wants, General Motors, Ford, or Chrysler to build anything resembling a Mercedes 300 SL. Sports car production is not the principal business of Detroit. But in the process of producing and designing sports cars, European and private American builders have learned much that Detroit might apply to the cars we'll be using for transportation in the future. Before this can happen, however, there will have to be a minor revolution in American taste and buying habits.

It is an undeniable fact that this country produces no high-quality small cars. Detroit claims, with some justification, that its customers will not be satisfied with any machine smaller than the relatively large Fords, Chevrolets, and Plymouths. Even the driver who seldom carries passengers demands wide front and rear seats. The city dweller who rarely ventures beyond the city limits insists that his car be capable of cruising at 60 or 70 m.p.h. Both demand a heavy car, because the superstition still persists that the heavy car is safer and more comfortable. Both theories have been thoroughly exploded time and again. A sports car, which is about half the weight of an American car, is far safer at any road speed; comfort is mainly a matter of suspension and seat cushions, neither of which needs to be large in order to be soft.

Prestige is another reason for the American infatuation with big cars and big engines. In this view, size varies directly with the cost of the car, and it is essential that the price be instantly apparent to the casual viewer. The post-war Rolls-Royce, which is considerably smaller than a Cadillac, has had disappointing sales partly for this reason. Nobody will believe that it costs more than $10,000.

Until Americans begin to appreciate the economy and utility of the smaller car, Detroit will continue to build big ones. And with the big car will inevitably go the big engine and vast horsepower. Periodically there will be horsepower races to stimulate sales, as there are now and as there have been in the past. But little benefit will be realized from these races, because the American car has gone about as far as it can go on sheer power. A chassis-design race or a streamlining race would produce quick and positive results in both performance and economy, but there is grave doubt that either would accomplish its objective as a selling point. And that, after all, is the final test in a free economy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Atlantic Story

MARY LAVIN *does her writing today looking out on one of the loveliest curves of the River Boyne, with the famous Hill of Tara rising above the distant trees. A protégée of Lord Dunsany, she turned to the* Atlantic *with her first short stories, which when published in 1942 in book form, under the title* Tales from Bective Bridge, *were awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize. Her first novel,* The House in Clewe Street, *was serialized in our columns, and her second,* Mary O'Grady, *was published in 1950.*

LIMBO

by MARY LAVIN

AND Naida will be able to go to a proper school — with girls of her own age," said Edith Paston brightly, because both she and Alastair assumed that Naida, too, would be brokenhearted at leaving Africa. "We probably did neglect her education, and perhaps God saw that — and this is His way of remedying matters," she said.

By "this," Edith Paston meant the recent collapse of her husband, which had been followed by the almost unbearable recommendation that they abandon their missionary work and lead a less arduous life in a less arduous climate. And of course that meant going back to England.

It was when they mentioned England that Naida came to life. England! In all their wanderings around the world, Naida had yearned for only one thing: a friend, a real friend, and where could such a friend be found but in England?

Only upon an English lawn, under English trees, and with a mild and beneficent English sun in the sky, could she imagine strolling arm in arm with a real, true friend. What thought could she have of such things in Africa, passing quickly from one sun-baked hut to another over the scorched clay, and under the implacable African sun?

Oh, the little black children were gentle and timid. She loved them! And specially the little black babies, they were so comical with their little bellies bulging out like melons. But she never could think of them as friends, real friends. It was all very well for Edith to say that in God's eyes we were all alike; that it didn't matter whether one's face was black or white: it was the soul that mattered; and that when the waters of regeneration were poured over those little black heads, their souls, no less than Naida's own, would shine like snow upon the mountaintops. It didn't make a bit of difference; it didn't make up for their not being English. She still longed for a friend in England.

But it wasn't as easy as the Pastons thought to get a place in the homeland. "Places" as interpreted by Edith seemed to be all used up, passed into other hands, because what the Pastons were looking for was an old mill, or an oast house, or something of that nature that could be converted into a dwelling house.

It was hard to believe the house agents were really doing their best, but one had to take their word. There was nothing at all like that left in England, they said, although they were told that such places were still to be found in Ireland.

And so it turned out to be Ireland instead of England for the Pastons.

"It makes no difference really, Naida, I assure you," said her mother. "I can't understand why you're acting so oddly." Because Naida was absolutely dejected at the change in their plans. Edith couldn't understand her. What difference did it make? England or Ireland! They were all one, both parts of Great Britain. "Ireland is just another of the British Isles," she declared.

But at this point Alastair felt compelled to be more accurate. "Not any more, I'm afraid, Edith," he said. "Not nominally anyway."

"Oh, I had forgotten. How stupid of me," said Edith. "You're quite right, Alastair, it's no longer a nominal part of the Empire, but essentially things are the same, don't you think?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I suppose so," said Alastair.

It was only Naida who had misgivings.

And so, when they all arrived at the station of the small midland town in Ireland where they intended to settle and make their home, it was she only who felt conscious of the way people were staring at them.

"Oh, people always stare at newcomers," said Edith gaily, as she climbed into the station wagon to drive through the town to their new home, which lay at the other side of it.

And so, having confounded things from the beginning, Mrs. Paston entirely confounded the looks that were being bestowed on them as they were whirled on their way, she and Alastair sitting up as straight as sticks in the front seat, and with her back to them on the rumble seat, Naida, a rug spread primly over her knees and her yellow pigtails hanging docilely down to either side of her little pale face.

2

NAIDA was right. Their like had never before been seen in Castlerampart.

"They're Protestants," said Lottie White, a monitress in the school, who was just coming out of the schoolhouse when they went past in the wagon.

"How do you know?" asked her little sister.

"They have a Protestant look," said Lottie simply.

And everyone agreed, although no one could have been called upon to define exactly what constituted the difference between a Protestant look and a Catholic look. It was a matter of instinct.

"He looked very sickly, poor man," said Lottie later, when she was discussing the new people with Mrs. Sully. "He must have spent some time in foreign parts. It's probably on account of his health that they've come to settle down here. I wouldn't say they had much money, though," she added, because her quick eye had taken in that the child's dress was faded either from too much sun or too much of the washtub, she couldn't say which; and if she wasn't greatly mistaken, the lady's blouse was remarkably like a man's shirt that had been remade, while her stiff straw hat had been unmistakably dyed at home with a bottle of ordinary hat dye. "I caught the smell of it as they went past: it never wears off altogether," she said authoritatively.

But all at once, as Lottie discoursed idly about the appearance of the Pastons, there presented itself to her mind a matter that touched her more nearly. What would they do with the child? she wondered. Where would she get her schooling?

"They would hardly be able to afford a governess," said Mrs. Sully.

"I expect they'll teach her themselves," said Lottie. Somehow or other it had been inferred that before they retired the Pastons were teachers — "teaching the blacks, of course," said Lottie parenthetically, because she wanted to give Mrs. Sully to understand that that did not quite give them the same status as Lottie herself, "but they're probably competent enough to educate their own child."

Quite so. Lottie White was something of a little consequence in the town, and thus the matter of Naida's education was taken to be settled, and curiosity shifted to center upon the repairs that were being carried out in the gloomy stone house that the Pastons had bought, without having seen it, through an agent in London.

It had been vacant for some years, a great gray house, cheerless and damp-looking, standing half in the shade of a disused mill beside it, and half in the shade of its own dreary trees.

"Those poor people," said Mrs. Sully. "I pity them from my heart. It would take a mint of money to make anything out of that old place."

And yet, two weeks after the Pastons moved into it, it was hard to know which was the more astounding: how little had been done to it, or how vastly this little had altered the entire appearance of the place. Only two — or at most three — trees were felled. The grass was scythed down. And the ramshackle laurels in front of the windows were cut back to the root. But oh, what light and what air were let in upon the scene. For the rest, the gutters were cleaned, and the walls were scraped, and the doors and window frames were painted white; and finally, over the front door, there flowered out a bright striped awning, red and white.

And lo! where the damp, neglected house had stood, there was a house serene and graceful, a house in which life would clearly be conducted in a manner utterly different from anything hitherto experienced by the town.

And when Lottie White was passing by one afternoon, the three Pastons were seated on wicker chairs under a big tree in the middle of the lawn.

"I suppose they were giving the child her lessons," she said.

When, therefore, next morning bright and early Lottie saw Edith Paston coming across the schoolhouse yard with Naida by the hand, she could not for a moment understand what had brought her there. And it took some time before Edith could make it plain why she had come.

Then all at once Lottie understood, and her mouth fell open. "But I thought you were teachers!" she cried, until, sensing her own crudity, she stammered a kind of apology. "I mean, that was what we thought you were doing — in those foreign places — teaching."

For a moment Edith stared. And then she laughed. "Oh, my goodness! So that's what you thought. Why, of course we were teaching, but, dear child, do you mean to say you didn't know what we were teaching? Why! what else but the Word of God: the Gospel, dear child."

Now, with missionaries Lottie was more than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

familiar — hadn't she a cousin who was going on the missions. But he was a priest! Never, never had she come across lay missionaries! She stared stupidly at Edith, who laughed again, gaily.

"You dear child. You didn't think that we were secular teachers, did you? Why, my dear, I cannot add two and two, truly I can't! And Alastair — my husband — is nearly as bad. We have a fair smattering of languages naturally; that is only to be expected! And we have, of course, given her —" Edith waved a hand in Naida's direction — "well, it isn't so much that we have given her lessons as that she has picked up the rudiments of a few languages; Asiatic for the most part, I'm afraid." Here Edith smiled disarmingly. "We never attempted anything else," she said. "In fact, we more or less relied upon local schools wherever we found ourselves. Even in Nairobi, the last place we were before we came here, although there had been some talk about drains and fever, we simply could not let her grow up illiterate, and so we took a chance and let her go to the native school." Edith raised her shoulders and dropped them again expressively. "Oh yes," she said, and this time she took Naida by the shoulders and pressed her towards Lottie, "we always send her to the local school." Her voice had become more crisp and decisive. "Do you want me to sign the roll book, or anything of that sort?" And this apparently not being necessary, with very few more words Edith took her departure and left Lottie looking after her with Naida by the hand.

This was a nice position! Lottie looked down at Naida. What was she going to do with her? In the classroom, prayers would be just beginning. She couldn't bring her in until after prayers. But she couldn't leave her outside either. "Come along!"

It was impossible not to be curt. Lottie led Naida into the narrow cloakroom, which was pegged around with wooden pegs for the caps and coats of the scholars, and she began to unbutton her coat. As she did so she looked critically at her. Naida looked older than she first appeared. In her cap and coat, both of which were too small for her, she had only looked about eleven. In her dress, which was too long for her, she looked about fourteen.

"How old are you?" said Lottie.

Naida was thirteen.

"Hmm!" said Lottie. "And what is your name?"

"Naida!" said Naida.

"Hmm," said Lottie. That seemed to settle matters.

"Listen, dear," she said, and she took down the blue coat again from the peg and began to poke Naida's arm into one of the sleeves, "in this school we begin and end the day with prayers, and we also have a short interval for prayer before and after lunch hour —"

Naida's eyes were so blue, so serious! Lottie White felt flustered. "— and so," she said quickly, "if you like you can go out into the yard and play until prayers are over and we are ready to begin lessons; and," she said brightly, quickly, "on wet days you could sit here in the cloakroom."

But Naida stared so blankly, so uncomprehendingly, she lowered the coat.

"Don't you think it a good idea?" she said weakly.

Naida, it appeared, did not. "I'd like to be present for prayers," she said.

Had she heard aright? Lottie White looked into the big blue eyes, and then she spoke briskly. "That may be, my dear child," she said, "but we must think of your parents. I'm sure it would not be their wish that you would remain. We wouldn't wish to displease them, you know."

But, firmly and definitely, Naida withdrew her arm from the sleeve of the coat. "My parents would never be displeased with me for attending prayer," she said.

"Oh?" Lottie was already nettled. She only became more so still. "Oh, very creditable," she said with asperity. "But you must remember that you belong to a different church from us, and that the prayers of your church are not the same as the prayers of our church. What's that?" She didn't quite catch what Naida had said. "What's that?"

"I said I don't belong to any church."

Two pink spots appeared on Lottie's dull cheeks. Was this a joke? "Of course you belong to some church," she said sharply. "Everyone does. Everyone has a church — every Christian, I mean."

The pink spots glowed brighter. What was the child mumbling? "What's that? Speak up!"

Naida raised her blue eyes, so mild, so sure. "God had no church," she said, "when He was on earth!"

Poor Lottie! This was completely beyond her.

"You see, we are nonsectarian," said Naida.

That was altogether too much. "We will not discuss the matter any further," said Lottie. She gave Naida a little push on the shoulder. "Please do as you're told. Go outside into the yard until prayers are over. You will be called when we are finished."

The next moment Naida was given a glimpse of bench after bench of curious faces as the monitress opened the classroom door and went through it, closing it with a little slam.

3

It was so disappointing! Naida sat down in the dark little cloakroom and stared at the closed door beyond which she could hear the singsong voices of the scholars, rising and falling in unison. And a feeling of loneliness far greater than any she had ever felt before came over her and the tears came into her eyes. But she took heart again somewhat when a few minutes later she was called into the classroom and put sitting between two girls who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seemed exactly her own age. They were certainly very friendly, particularly one of them.

"My name is Mamie Sully," she said. "What is your name — your first name, I mean. I know the other."

But when Naida said her name, Mamie stared in some surprise. "I never heard of a saint by that name," she said. Then she pulled herself up quickly. "I forgot you were a Protestant!" she said, and she looked her up and down with a renewal of curiosity. "I never had a Protestant for a friend before," she said. "Is it true you have an organ in your parlor?"

"It's only a harmonium, I'm afraid," said Naida.

But Mamie didn't seem to see much difference. "Oh, I'd love to see it," she cried. "Can I come and see it after school?"

It was a bit abrupt and Naida wasn't sure that Mamie was the kind of girl she wanted for a friend, but that afternoon Mamie presented herself at the Pastons' place.

"Who on earth is this?" cried Edith when she saw her coming across the grass, staring up at the windows and craning her neck to see into the garden.

"Oh, it's a friend of mine," said Naida self-consciously, as she ran down to meet her.

Edith turned to Alastair. "I suppose we can't expect to have much of a choice in a small town like this," she said, because after one glimpse of Mamie she found it hard to adhere to her principle that it was only the soul that mattered. "I suppose it's all right if Naida herself is satisfied," she said.

But was Naida satisfied?

If only Mamie had some attention to spare for her she would have been more than satisfied. But Mamie stared so at everything, and not only that: she kept on taking things up and handling them. Poor Mamie! When had she ever seen anything like the Pastons' room?

"And this is the drawing room?" she said dubiously, at one stage in her investigations, as she came to a pile of books that went from the floor to the ceiling. "We have a lot of old books too," she said, "that belonged to my grandfather, but they're kept up in a loft over the stable!"

She wandered over to the mantelpiece. "What's this?" she cried, taking up an elephant bell, and then a lump of jade. "What's this? What's this —"

Naida could hardly keep pace with her. "That's a straw effigy," she said, as Mamie picked it up. "The natives made effigies —"

But Mamie's attention had darted to something else, and she was peering incredulously at what seemed to be — yes — she touched it gingerly — it was a lump of clay. In the drawing room!

"Oh, that —?" Naida put out her hand impulsively to prevent Mamie from lifting it up too roughly.

But Mamie had just caught sight of the harmonium. She had forgotten all about it, although it was that she had principally come to see. There it was: like people said, standing in a corner just like an ordinary piano. For a minute Mamie gaped in astonishment. Then she recovered. "Can you play it, Naida? I'd give anything to know how. What do I do?" Essaying first one stop, and then another, and feeling for the pedals with her feet, she was aglow with excitement. "I'm no good at the piano: I haven't the patience to practice; but I'd love to play the organ — it is a sort of an organ, isn't it? I bet I'd be good at it. What do I do next? Is this right? Oh, listen to me! Listen to me! I knew I'd be good at it!" She laughed. Then she stood up. "Well, I must be off now," she said. But on the way out of the room she paused beside the small table on which she had seen the lump of clay earlier in her visit.

"Well I never!" she said, staring at it. And, as she seemed about to pick it up, Naida rushed to protect it. "We'd better not touch it, I think," she said, politely using the plural pronoun because she was so pleased at her friend's interest in it. "It's a fossil," she explained. "Or rather, it's a piece of stratum in which a fossil was found," she amended scrupulously. "I was with Father when he found it," she went on eagerly. "It was a leaf — a fern frond, to be exact — and oh, it was so beautiful. But of course we sent it to the British Museum — Father says one can't be selfish about these things. They wrote ever such a nice letter — we have it; somewhere — and they said that the fossil came away so easily from the clay that they were sending it back to us — the stratum, I mean — and this is it!" Cupping it lightly, as if it were a living thing, she lifted the piece of clay in the palm of her hand. "It's almost as good as having the fossil," she said. "You can see the marks of the veining distinctly if you bend your head —"

But Mamie didn't bend her head. She raised her eyebrows. "I know what my mother would do with it," she said, and went out of the room.

A little disappointed, Naida followed her. "I'll see you tomorrow," she said shyly as she opened the hall door.

For a moment Mamie seemed surprised. "Oh yes, at school," she said then.

4

Even at school the opportunities for cementing their friendship were greatly minimized by the fact that Naida always went home earlier than others. At twenty minutes of three every day, a single figure, blushing and self-conscious, she had to fasten her satchel and stand up and go out of the room, while the others, flopping down on their knees, remained behind for prayers. She was always halfway home across the fields when at last they tumbled headlong into the schoolyard.

"Poor Naida, she misses all the fun," said Lottie

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White, when Naida had been a week at school, as she looked after her, a solitary figure, almost out of sight. "I'm always sorry for Protestants," she said, and she sighed sadly.

When the monitress was gone, the children crowded together in the schoolyard. But vaguely they had begun to guess what was in Miss White's mind. Only one of the very littlest of them ventured to put their fears into words. "Does she mean Naida won't go to Heaven?" she whispered.

Although it was only a low and frightened whisper, all over the schoolyard there was a sudden aghast silence. And in the silence one or two of the older ones noticed that the shadow of the great gray block of the schoolhouse had moved closer to them.

"Does it?" cried the little child, her voice shrill and urgent. But no one was prepared to answer.

"But she won't go to Hell!" cried the child. "Good people don't go to Hell!"

That was so!

They stared at each other, and then their eyes flew across the field to where Naida was just visible still, a small speck at the far end of the field, about to cross a stile that would take her out of their sight.

The winter sun was not yet near the horizon, but large clouds massed on the rim of the sky threatened to bring the day to an end earlier than usual, as the schoolhouse and the neighboring church had already brought the blue shade of evening over the schoolyard. In that far corner where Naida stood, however, the sun still fell unimpeded in its full afternoon glory, and it gilded her small figure, making her pigtails glow and making the buckles on her satchel shine. It was preposterous to think that Naida's soul should have its destination in any darksome place.

Oh, how the children wished they had not lingered in the schoolyard, but had gone straight home as they were always told to do. On their shoulders they felt the chill of the shadows; under their feet the asphalt was cold; they were tired and hungry. They thought too of the long tasks that faced them for homework, and they wished desperately to disperse. Naida, moreover, was now out of sight; and in the far field, where they had glimpsed her, the sunlight fell only on the tops of the willows by the millstream, and upon the upper spokes of the old mill wheel.

And then suddenly the littlest of them spoke up again in a shrill voice. "What about Limbo?" she said.

Limbo! They had forgotten about Limbo. Oh, how their burdened hearts lightened, and how their minds were eased. There was no need after all to prognosticate darkly about Naida: she could be consigned to Limbo. And they could go home untroubled. Not that they understood very clearly the what or the whereabouts of Limbo. Never before had they known anyone in the least likely to go there. Heaven and Hell were the familiars of every day. To the one or the other everyone in the town would one day be dispatched. But never, never, never had they known anyone likely to go to Limbo — until now. And as they went their separate ways homeward, they tried not to think about her, now more than ever remote and single.

HERE LIES HISTORY

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Apple trees are as sorrowful
Ruins as Nineveh,
Their bones are as beautiful,
They have as much to say.

Here was an empire
Of men bronzed and burning,
Here was a rainbow thing,
Man's deep yearning!

Here were sweat and cunning
For the children's good,
Honey, hope, and happiness
Wrested from wild wood.

Here the bitter wilderness
Where the thin birds fed
On thorns and fear and emptiness
Was broken into bread.

Now here lies the holy bread
Wormed and weathered crust,
Here lies hope, the heart
Returned to the dust.

Here lies history
In all its world-wide span,
Bones and broken apple trees —
Here lies man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEOFFREY BUSH *is a writer who has lived most of his twenty-four years in Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1950 he was graduated summa cum laude from Harvard; the next two years he spent at Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship; and now he is back at Harvard as a Junior Fellow. He has recently completed a critical study of the idea of nature in Shakespeare's plays; and like so many other young American writers who have made a temporary home in universities, he is trying to find out whether the creative and the academic life can be reconciled.*

HOW TO BE A WRITER WITHOUT WRITING

by GEOFFREY BUSH

1

THERE is one problem which faces any young writer: how to make sure that people know you are a writer. There is no use being a writer unless people know you are; unless people know you are a writer they think you are like anybody else.

Most young writers are not, at the moment, actually writing. They would be, of course, if they only had the time. In the United States young writers are too busy getting married and living like anybody else. They have been too busy ever since their last year in college, when they took an advanced composition course and wrote a symbolic play which was almost produced by the university dramatic club. The play was about a machinist's mate and a waitress cast away on a desert island, and symbolized the plight of the liberal intellectual in the current political situation.

They are planning another play, a religious play, about a waitress and a truck driver. The waitress in both plays symbolizes Female Endurance. They have been planning the second play for three years, and every weekend they take a couple of hours off after Sunday dinner and instead of taking a nap they sit in the warm sun in the garden and draw up an outline of the scenes and make sketches of the costumes. Costume sketches are of vital importance to a play. The idea for the play came to them just before they got married — in fact the urgent necessity of writing it down at once occurred to them the very night before the wedding, and as soon as they have a free summer they're going to get it out of their system. The symbolism is all worked out; they only need to put down the actual dialogue.

When you are not actually writing, the best way to make sure that people know you are a writer is to look as if you were suffering. Writers are more sensitive than ordinary people, and they suffer more. Another way is to join one of the different groups of American writers, like the Liberal Intellectual Writers, the Angry Proletarian Writers, or the Great Writers. Angry Proletarian Writers write about the inability of waitresses to understand intellectuals, and Liberal Intellectual Writers write about the inability of intellectuals to understand each other. Great Writers live by themselves and write about the Guilt of the South.

A large number of young American writers are at the moment temporarily connected with universities and are called Graduate Student Writers. Graduate Student Writers live with a wife and two children in an apartment building or small hut; they write more verse plays than any other low-income group in the United States. These plays are written in a verse so subtle it could almost be prose. The principal character is called Theseus and represents the Artist in Modern Society; modern society is represented by the labyrinth. The theme of the play is a stirring call for the freedom of the human spirit, and the action closely resembles the graduate school Ph.D. course.

In the tiny stalls where they work in Widener Library, Graduate Student Writers read the *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, but at home in their huts they have a complete series of the *Partisan Review*. Occasionally their wives give dinner parties for other couples who come over from neighboring huts. The husbands sit until late at night discussing Rimbaud and confessing fiercely to each other that they have not been able to entirely free their work from the influence of St. John of the Cross; from time to time they glance at their wives, who are in the opposite corner discussing babies, and realize fondly that their wives represent Female Endurance. When Graduate Student Writers go to the movies, they go either to Italian movies about the futility of life or to cowboy pictures. Cowboy pictures are the archetypal form of the American

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morality Play and are a sign of an indigenous Renaissance in Hollywood. Graduate Student Writers go to the movies once a week; they have been going to the movies once a week since they were little boys and saw Gene Autry every Saturday morning for thirty cents. At the moment they are not writing, but their position at the university is only temporary. Some men have held temporary positions at a university for forty years.

2

Literary life in American universities, however, is not so well organized as it is in English universities. In England writers have older traditions to fall back on, like the Tortured Catholic tradition or the Jolly Life-Force tradition. The university where English literary life is most thoroughly organized is Oxford.

Oxford literary life involves two antagonistic groups, the dons and the undergraduates. There are a great many different types of don at Oxford, each highly developed. The Tutor Don can be seen at eleven o'clock every morning disappearing into a coffee shop on the High and shouting to an undergraduate, "What you say about the Great Vowel Change may contain some elements of truth, but consider —" The Kindly Old Don gives tea every Wednesday for his old undergraduates, who are now bank managers. The Guerrilla Don is a small, shy don who lectures on Greek antiquities; only half the university know that during the war he led an underground movement in Thrace disguised as a Turk.

Oxford dons are confronted with the particular literary problem of how to be a widely known scholar without actually publishing. At Oxford it is not considered polite to publish; this is incomprehensible to American scholars, who every six months publish large works on Shakespeare's Idea of Nature. Most Oxford dons publish nothing but detective stories, in which their colleagues are disguised by being given different first names. Other Oxford dons publish short reviews which annihilate books published at Cambridge. Philosophy dons publish nothing at all, being unable to decide whether language has meaning.

All Oxford dons in English literature are working on a definitive edition of a minor Elizabethan poet. The last scholarly edition of this poet was made from an imperfect manuscript in the library at Cambridge. The don has been working on this edition for twelve years, but cannot complete it until another don in South Africa has concluded his work on Elizabethan handwriting. Occasionally Oxford dons give lectures, at which their aim is to eliminate the audience; some Oxford lecturers achieve this end with remarkable speed. Then they retire to the Bodleian to do research on interesting points missed by the Cambridge editor in connection with the Elizabethan copyright law. The best scholarly editions of minor Elizabethan poets are the ones which contain the largest number of references to the Elizabethan copyright law. When the dons come to an especially knotty problem in the copyright law, they look out the window at the New College garden, with a thoughtful frown, for hours on end. The New College garden is always exactly the same. So is their edition. They will never finish it, and they know it: you can tell that they know it when the frown is a little more thoughtful and the shoulders are a little more bent. They can't seem to make the final decision between Text C and Text E. On these evenings they hurry back to dinner in the Senior Common Room and choose between port and Madeira with particularly judicial care.

The only other people who use the Bodleian are old ladies reading books about heraldry published in the late nineteenth century. These old ladies wear squeaky shoes and possess some of the most powerful intellects in Oxford. At teatime all the old ladies in the Bodleian depart; they walk down a crooked wooden staircase, out a small stone archway, and go home to the red brick buildings where they live all alone in North Oxford. There they go up to their combination bed-sitting rooms on the fourth floor and make themselves a cup of tea in a small electric kettle. Sometimes on their way home the bells of Magdalen and St. Mary's are echoing in the narrow walled alleys; in the winter it will already be dark, and families in lighted windows will be having tea together.

Undergraduates never go to the Bodleian, except at night, when they climb up the outside. Instead, Oxford undergraduates organize themselves into literary societies, like the English Club and the Poetry Society and the Dramatic Club. These societies meet in a chap's rooms for a bit of a talk; usually they meet in a chap's rooms for a bit of a talk about once a week. Once a term they invite T. S. Eliot as a guest. Every Oxford society invites T. S. Eliot as a guest, and every term his secretary writes that Mr. Eliot has just left for New York. Most literary undergraduates belong to one or more of these societies, and some undergraduates go to university lectures as well, unless the dons can prevent them.

Literary undergraduates at Oxford fall into three principal categories. The members of each of these groups are easily identifiable as writers and cannot be mistaken for ordinary people. The first of these groups is the New Critical Writers. The New Criticism began at Cambridge, came to the United States, and is at length, after thirty years, reaching Oxford as a dangerous new movement. Dangerous new movements always reach Oxford thirty years late; young Oxford radicals live in the heady atmosphere of the dangerous new movements of the early 1920s. New Critical Writers wear tweed jackets and old corduroy trousers. Anyone at Oxford who looks like a tramp is a New Critical Writer,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unless he is a tramp. Small secret meetings of the New Critical Society are held in chaps' rooms, where members pass out mimeographed copies of short poems by W. B. Yeats and other radical new poets. In the first year at the university, before they became too critical to write anything themselves, New Critical Writers wrote short difficult poems about garbage dumps and original sin. These poems begin "This is a dry month." The most advanced New Critical poems are compressed into a deceptively simple verse form, often that of the nursery rhyme.

Some New Critical Writers are Americans, whose poems are shorter and more difficult. Most Americans, however, belong to a group of their own, which is fairly recent. American Writers are at work on a novel and usually come from Princeton. They have large hands and serious expressions and their novels are about the meaning of life. They have already written three long unpublished novels about the meaning of life. During the day they sit in Oxford tea shops staring at their empty coffee cups and discussing dichotomy. They speak slowly and earnestly and are anxious to discuss philosophical questions with English undergraduates. English undergraduates avoid talking about the meaning of life; either they are not interested, or perhaps they know it too well already.

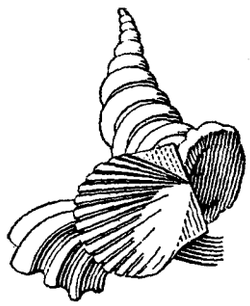
American Writers are not, at the moment, actually working on their novels. During the last few months, ever since they arrived in England and began to eat nothing but cabbage, their philosophy of life has changed too profoundly for them to do any work at all. Before they can start work again they need to get some basic problems settled in their minds, like the nature of reality.

The third undergraduate literary group exists nowhere but at Oxford, and there it exists in large numbers. This group is the most subtle of all, the most effective, and the most sensitively disciplined: it is the group of Well-Dressed Writers, in the great English tradition of the nonplaying expert. The Well-Dressed Writer is completely unaware of the New Critical or Tramp Writer, and he regards the American Writer as an interesting curiosity. He wears a fancy waistcoat, a jacket with two vents and four buttons, and Edwardian pegged trousers. His particular talent is arguing at weekend house parties about authors whom he has never read; the author whom the greatest number of Well-Dressed Writers have not read is Ronald Firbank.

Well-Dressed Writers have a special vocabulary whose three most important words are "perverse," "irritating," and "*mystique*." Their favorite author is the one whose *mystique* is the most irritating. Well-Dressed Writers are found in one of two bars, the Randolph or White's; the waiters in these bars are irritating and perverse. Occasionally for a week or so all the Well-Dressed Writers in Oxford go to a small pub on St. Giles, like the Bird & Baby, which has been found to have a *mystique*. After ten days they all depart, leaving the owner and his two regular customers in bewilderment.

There are two bonds between these three groups. The first is that they are not at the moment actually writing. The second is that they are all suffering. You can tell that they are suffering from looking at them. The New Critical Writer is suffering from the ambiguous polarity of original sin. The American Writer is suffering from the meaning of life. The Well-Dressed Writer suffers from an increasingly perverse irritation at all meaning. But it is possible to tell, from the plain, honest way in which the New Critic wears his baggy trousers, from the stern, brave stare with which the American Writer eats a coffee roll, and from the unconsciously graceful gesture with which the Well-Dressed Writer allows his brandy glass to be refilled — it is possible to tell that from their suffering they have learned a Great Truth.

Someday they'll put it down on paper. If they only had time, they'd do it right now. Meanwhile, to everyone but the English, it remains a mystery who continues the creative and scholarly history of the greatest literature in the world.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Low interest rates and the great rise in the cost of living have rendered most pensions insufficient for even the bare necessities of life. In the article that follows, R. MINTURN SEDGWICK, *Boston investment counselor, shows how the same amounts now invested in pension plans could be made to produce an adequate retirement income not only for an employee, but also for his wife; furthermore, important death benefits could be provided at no extra cost.*

PENSIONS COULD BE BETTER

by R. MINTURN SEDGWICK

1

When a man buys a house or a car, he knows that he will use it at once. Both he and the architect or engineer know that the good and bad features of these things will show up within a matter of months if not weeks. Largely for this reason, Americans are today buying good cars and good housing. In the decade 1950–1960 the American public will spend $100 billion on new cars and a like amount on new houses.

There is another product which has only recently come into equally general demand, and by the end of the decade the public will probably have spent nearly $100 billion on it too. It is an intangible product and, unlike cars and homes, it is not bought by the individual user but is bought for him. It does not have to face the test of use as a rule until twenty, thirty, or even fifty years after the first down payment is made. Unfortunately, any realistic appraisal of this product points to the inescapable conclusion that the public is getting an extremely poor value for its money, not because it is being fleeced by the unscrupulous, but because neither vender nor buyer appears to be aware of the probable long-time performance of the product. I mean pension plans.

Any dispassionate study will show that almost without exception every pension plan at present in operation would have failed in its purpose spectacularly in the past half of this century and — unless the planning is changed — will almost surely fail in the future. This failure is clearly evident in the few plans which are more than twenty years old, and the failure has already resulted in inadequate payments to the pensioners despite the fact that the original schemes have usually been supplemented at great additional cost. There are few if any funded pension plans that have pensioners who entered the plan half a century or more ago. If there were more, the failure of the standard type of plan would by now be generally recognized.

Most people will agree that a pension plan should be designed to provide a standard of living for the pensioner *and his wife* should she survive him, bearing a reasonable relation to that which his compensation permitted during his employment. Were living costs unchanging, a pension of somewhere between 40 and 60 per cent of average compensation during the last ten years of employment might well be considered ample. Many present-day plans set out with such a goal in mind; but almost without exception the pension is designated for one life, with an unchanging number of dollars regardless of the cost of living. If the plan has an alternative which will protect a widow, it usually entails a diminution of about one third of the benefit. This diminution is based on the finding that the survivor of a couple, when the man is 65 and the wife is 62, has a life expectancy of 23 years as against the man's alone of 14 years. It is unfortunate that the pension prospectus generally fails to emphasize that the pension rates quoted are for one life only. Thus a $2400 per year pension shrinks to $1600 if it has to protect a man's wife as well as himself.

Let us turn the clock back and assume that we are starting a standard pension plan in 1900, and then see what happens to its beneficiaries. In 1900 the average annual industrial wage was about $400. Thus a pension of $200 would appear generous. This assumption that living costs would remain fixed was far more reasonable in 1900 than today because the preceding thirty years had seen one of those rare periods in economic history when the price level had failed to rise.

It was reasonable in 1900 to assume that the net average earnings on a fund invested in fixed-income-bearing securities would produce 4 per cent. (At present pension planners usually assume 2.5 per cent.) In 1900 a man 65 had a life expectancy of about 13 years. Therefore, a capital fund of approximately $2000 would be needed, when a man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

retired, to pay him about $200 annually for life. Taking the case of a worker 25 years old in 1900, it was fair to assume that $20 per year contribution over a forty-year period, invested and reinvested at 4 per cent, would produce about $2000, which in turn would provide the $200 annual pension. Such a plan in 1900 would doubtless have seemed incredibly generous; in fact, hardly anyone was bothering about the fate of retired workers at that time.

But when our sample man retired in 1940 with a wife four years his junior, it would have taken some remarkable planning to make $200 cover his annual living expenses. It is obvious that the pension would have failed completely to provide for the worker's old age, if single. And if there were an option in the plan which would provide for his wife should she survive him, the pension paid would have been reduced to $133. Had it not been for Social Security, this couple would have had to be supported by private or public charity if they had no savings to fall back on.

But let's be fair; let's assume that the company would have recognized by 1920 that if its pension plan was to have any meaning it would have to find a capital sum of at least $5000 for each man by 1940 to provide an adequate worker's pension. Even had they been able to invest money the ensuing twenty years at 4 per cent, the contribution would have had to be increased by roughly $100 a year. Thus the cost would have grown from $20 to $120 per man in that age group. Had there been thousands of employees involved, it is evident that the financial problem produced by increasing the pension plan would have been staggering. When 1940 arrived the net return on fixed investments had fallen to 2.5 per cent, so that $5000, instead of buying a single-life annuity to produce $500 annually, would only have produced about $450 for one life or $300 for two. Long before 1953 arrived, the inadequacy of the pension would have been apparent to all. Yet the cost of the pension during the second half of its funding period was six times what was originally planned! Thus it is evident that the type of pension which provides a fixed sum annually would have failed to protect the worker even if greatly liberalized and at a cost to the company many times what it had anticipated.

2

Another and more expensive, contributory form of pension plan is frequently provided for teachers, clergy, doctors, and welfare workers. When it first came into vogue, about the time of World War I, it was supposed that an annual contribution of 7.5 per cent of salary, if started when a man was in his twenties, would ensure a capital fund sufficient on retirement for an adequate pension. Actual experience has already shown this to be inadequate even when the contribution was stepped up to 15 per cent. Most of such plans today assume earnings of less than 3 per cent, although one which is offered by a leading university close to Boston practically guarantees a 3.5 per cent return and is based on an 11 per cent contribution. The prospectus of the plan shows how a full professor could expect to retire at sixty-seven on a pension which, combined with Social Security, would provide roughly half salary for two lives. This appears to be adequate by today's standards, *provided there is no increase in the cost of living* in the next fifty or sixty years. About two thirds of this combined pension is supplied by the university's scheme.

Let us see how this same plan would have worked if initiated in 1900, and let us assume, since there was no Social Security in 1900, that the contribution was 15 per cent instead of 11 per cent. At the turn of the century the following university salary scale was common: —

Age	*Salary*
27	$ 900
37	1500
47	2250
57	3000
67	Retires

The pension built up by this compensation would have been about $1420 annually for two lives, or just under 50 per cent of the final salary.

Conditions changed; teachers' salaries went up, so did expenses; and when 1940 came, the professor found he had actually lived by the following salary pattern: —

Year	*Age*	*Salary*
1900	27	$ 900
1910	37	1500
1920	47	3000
1930	57	6000
1940	67	Retires

This would have resulted in a pension for him and his wife of about $1910. Although this was materially larger in dollars than he had anticipated, it was not adequate in 1940. Imagine the straits in which the poor professor would have found himself in 1953, unless the university decided to make supplementary grants. In other words, this plan too would have failed, but not as dramatically as the industrial pension we studied earlier, for the simple reason that its cost was three or four times as much in relation to payroll.

As the cost of living has mounted so rapidly in the last few years in this country — though far, far less than in most countries of the free world — more concern is at last being given to our pensions. A not infrequent provision is that a man shall have a percentage of the average of his final ten years of salary. This is a helpful step but it is likely to be both expensive and disappointing. Had the professor whose salary and pension we have just studied had an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agreement that he should retire on 40 per cent of final salary for a two-life pension, he would have been entitled to $2400.

To provide for this in the last fifteen years of his service would have necessitated an additional annual contribution of about $370, thus increasing the cost of the pension to about 22 per cent of average salary. Few if any institutions have resources adequate to finance such an increase in pension costs; yet even had this heroic remedy been undertaken, the total pension of $2400 would have hardly proved adequate as the sole support of an elderly retired professor and his wife in 1953.

Brief as this review has been, it leaves little doubt as to the three major weaknesses of present-day pension plans. The first is that they assume no responsibility for widows — or if provision is made, it is at the cost of one third of an already inadequate pension. The question, Why should a pension be expected to support a widow? can best be answered by another: Why should wages or salary be expected to support a wife or family? The second is that these pension plans completely ignore the steady upward trend of real wages for manual workers due to greater productivity. The third fault is that an unvarying price level is anticipated, when economic history provides few instances of such stability and many of a sharply rising trend. The reader may well ask, Are all pension plans foredoomed to failure, despite periodic revision at ruinous expense? This is a serious question in view of the very large amounts of money currently going into pension plans, and it cannot be answered either reassuringly or categorically. However, it can be said that a plan can be devised today that would have worked successfully not only during the past half century of rising prices but also during the previous thirty years, when the price level failed to rise. The final section of this paper will describe it.

3

Two years ago I was asked to devise a pension plan whose assets were to be invested entirely in common stocks. It seemed to me an impossible task because, like everyone else, I had supposed that if a pension plan were to be valid it had to promise a certain dollar income at a future date, and I felt that only through fixed-income-bearing securities was it possible to guarantee a fixed number of dollars thirty, forty, fifty, or even sixty years hence. After studying the problem, I came to realize that a promise of a certain number of dollars half a century hence was meaningless as no one could tell what the dollar would buy. A study of the purchasing power of money over several centuries pointed to the conclusion that at the end of any half century any currency was likely to buy less rather than more goods and services than at the start. A rapid review of the fate of pensions based on such famous currencies as the French franc, the German mark, and even the pound sterling, left me with the feeling that to believe there was any long-term security in the promise of a certain number of dollars required an unusual feat of optimism.

Without the necessity to assure a fixed number of future dollars we are able to use an investment medium which will produce the maximum results for a given investment. The Cowles Commission, composed largely of members of the faculty of the University of Chicago and financed by Alfred Cowles, found that the average annual income of substantially all the industrial common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange was 6 per cent from 1871 through 1938. It found also that during the same period the average annual appreciation was 2.8 per cent or a total annual average investment performance of 8.8 per cent. Subsequent studies, although less complete, clearly indicate that the record has been even better from 1938 to 1953.

Thus we have an investment medium which, over an eighty-year period, had an average total investment performance of 9 per cent. Assuming that the operating costs of an actual fund were 1 per cent per annum, we might expect to find an average accomplishment of an all-common-stock investment fund of about 8 per cent. As a matter of fact this is the case. The three oldest of the large investment trusts, each having assets in excess of $100 million, date back to 1925. All have been invested mainly or wholly in common stocks. Had $100 been invested annually in each of these funds since 1925, the *least* successful would have enjoyed an investment accomplishment of 8 per cent per annum and the most successful better than 12 per cent.

It will be recalled that in the pension plan we studied earlier in this paper, 3.5 and 4 per cent net earnings were assumed. The following facts show the overwhelming advantage of a higher rate of return. One hundred dollars invested annually at 4 per cent produces, over a forty-year period, $9882, while at 7 per cent it produces $21,360. If the $9882 is used to buy a standard two-life annuity (man 65, wife 62), assuming 4 per cent basic earnings, the annual payment will be only $660. Had the interest rate been 3 per cent throughout, the annuity would have been but $472. If 7 per cent is charged annually against the $21,360 which is invested in assets earning 7 per cent, the average payment will be $1495.20. Furthermore, if the basic earnings continue at that rate, the fund will not be reduced even though payments continue indefinitely. So much for the theory on which a common-stock pension can be based.

Everyone familiar with common stocks is aware of the wide fluctuations which occur in their price, and this might seem a bar to their use in a pension plan. Let us see, therefore, how the pension plans and pensioners we studied from 1900 on would have actually fared had the annual contribution been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

invested and reinvested in the Cowles Commission Industrial Common Stocks, less 1 per cent for operating costs up to 1929. From 1929 an actual well-known common stock fund will be used as the investment vehicle. It was selected for two reasons: first, its results were almost identical with that of the Cowles Commission series during the period in which they overlapped, 1929–1938. Second, since 1938 its performance was in line with a general index of common stocks.

It will be recalled that in the first plan we studied, the company decided to place $20 annually per employee in a pension fund and thus produced an annual pension for two of $133 — or would have if orthodox pension investments had earned 4 per cent as late as 1940. Had the $20 been placed annually in a common-stock fund such as we have described, a capital of about $3960 would have been available by 1940. If this had been charged at the rate of 7 per cent annually, it would have provided average payments of $326, or two and a half times the orthodox pension; and even in the worst year, 1942, it would have paid $235, and this would have risen to $427 in 1952. Though not an adequate pension, it would have averaged larger than the expanded orthodox plan of $300 which we saw would have cost $120 annually during the last twenty years of the man's employment as against the $20 per year of the common-stock plan. This is not the place to describe the mechanics of accumulation and payments, but thanks to modern mechanical bookkeeping the cost would be negligible.

Now let us turn to the type of pension in which the pension contribution is a percentage of salary. We saw in the university plan that 15 per cent might have been placed annually in a pension fund.

Had 15 per cent of compensation been put each year into the common-stock investment medium, the professor would have built up a capital of about $48,000 which would have provided an average retirement income of $3959. The minimum in 1942 would have been $2852, and by 1952 it would have climbed to $5175 instead of the $1910 which the university's plan secured.

Furthermore, in the case of both of these examples there would have been a relatively large block of capital on January 1, 1953. In the case of the worker's pension it would have been $6268, and in the case of the professor about $75,900. It is reasonable to suppose that ten years hence these would be at least the same size as at present, and very possibly considerably larger.

Skeptics may argue that the period studied was selected to show either the maximum pension under the proposed plan or the maximum accumulation of capital. As a matter of fact, had these two common-stock pension plans been started any time after 1870, the pensioners would have enjoyed equal or larger average benefits and the capital available on the death of the pensioners would have been about the same as was available in 1953. Only in the year 1932 would the pensions have gone below the 1942 minimum, and then by about 25 per cent.

In the case of a charity it could be arranged to have the capital revert to the institution after the beneficiaries died. Imagine what a boon it would be for a university to receive something in the neighborhood of $50,000 to $75,000 on the death of a retired professor and his wife.

We have seen that owing to the fact that pensions are normally figured on one life, though they actually should provide for two, they at best furnish only two thirds of the dollar benefit originally anticipated, and at worst leave the pensioner's widow dependent on charity. The average rise in the cost of living since 1900 has been 2 per cent per annum. This creeping long-term inflation has made our present conventional pensions grossly inadequate by any reasonable standard. When common stocks are used the pensions average more than twice as large and the capital, as measured in dollars, on which they rest remains intact or grows, leaving large sums available either to the beneficiaries' heirs or to the institution.

What of the future? No man can answer this with assurance. For the pessimists the British experience is encouraging. Since World War I, British industry has endured nearly all the ills that might overtake business in the United States in the next half century. These include tragic unemployment, steady depletion of basic raw material reserves, ruinous taxation, total war, and socialist government. Nevertheless, a study by the *Economist* of London showed that a representative list of industrial stocks in Great Britain turned in an average annual investment accomplishment of better than 8 per cent during the period 1919–1953. If British business could obtain such a performance during the last third of a century, is it not possible that we in America may do as well in the next half century? Even if stock investment results drop to as little as 5 per cent, if used in the manner described they will produce far better pensions than the standard plans and will accumulate a large amount of capital instead of using it up.

It is heartening to know that practically every pension plan now in existence can be modified along the lines set forth in this article, to take advantage of the long-term benefits of common stocks. In view of the vast sums being spent by business and charitable institutions in pension plans, it is important not alone for the beneficiaries, but for the national economy, that the money be wisely used. Let us hope that those who control the use of these funds will have the courage and foresight to realize that unless pension plans are changed, they will be likely to prove as expensive, as wasteful, and as disappointing on a large scale in the future as they have on a small scale in the past.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An unusual DEMONSTRATION OFFER to readers of TASTE and INTELLIGENCE

This remarkable opportunity is offered for one reason only—to DEMONSTRATE the kind of rewarding new books you can now get at substantial *cash savings* through the Atlantic Monthly Book Club.

If you act now, you may take any THREE of the fine books pictured here—all for only $2.95 with membership. Mail the coupon without delay.

Take any THREE of these books for only $2.95

WITH MEMBERSHIP

Values up to $18.00

LOOK AT THE BOOKS pictured above, and you will know instantly why the Atlantic Monthly Book Club has attracted so many readers of taste and intelligence.

Now this Club makes you an extraordinary offer: Choose any THREE of these excellent books for yourself, and receive them at once for only $2.95 with membership! They are worth up to $18.00 in publishers' retail editions.

Why this offer is made

Each year, perhaps a score or more books are published with a special appeal for the more discriminating reader. However, their very excellence usually prevents them from being chosen by any of the "mass market" book clubs.

Through the Atlantic Monthly Book Club you can now get these outstanding volumes at *substantial cash savings*—sometimes as high as 40% and more. You take only those books you want; as few as four a year if you wish. You may receive and examine them *before* you pay for them. And each book is described to you well IN ADVANCE by the club's distinguished Board of Editors—Edward Weeks, Charles Morton and Charles Rolo.

Valuable Bonus Books, Too

With every fourth selection you purchase, you receive a valuable Bonus Gift Book. Thus you save money in *two ways*. And you may resign any time after you accept four selections.

Simply pick any three books described at the right. They are yours for only $2.95 (plus few cents for shipping) as a special demonstration to new members!

Mail the coupon now to ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB, Dept. A-6, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

MAIL ENTIRE COUPON TO:
The Atlantic Monthly Book Club, Dept. A-6
8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

Send me at once the THREE titles I have checked below, two as my enrollment gifts and one as my first selection, and bill me only $2.95, plus a few cents for shipping. Forthcoming selections will be described to me IN ADVANCE, and I may decline any book simply by returning a printed form. You will send me a valuable FREE BONUS BOOK each time I purchase four additional selections or alternates. My only obligation is to accept four selections or alternates in the first year I am a member, and I may resign at any time after accepting four such books.

Guarantee: If not completely satisfied, I may return my first shipment within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

CHECK YOUR 3 BOOKS HERE

☐ **BUT WE WERE BORN FREE. By Elmer Davis.** "A resounding book . . . praising the right to think what one pleases and to say what one thinks." **ELEVEN BLUE MEN** and Other Narratives of Medical Detection. **By Berton Roueché.** Masterpieces of medical reporting. **Dual Selection. List price for both: $6.25.**

☐ **GOD'S COUNTRY AND MINE. By Jacques Barzun.** An eloquent appraisal of American life and culture today by the distinguished teacher and critic, who describes his book as "A Declaration of Love Spiced with a Few Harsh Words." **List price: $5.00.**

☐ **DIALOGUES OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD. As recorded by Lucien Price.** A personal introduction to the great philosopher and a clear presentation of his ideas in conversations that illumine dominant issues in Western civilization. **List price: $5.00.**

☐ **MADAME POMPADOUR. By Nancy Mitford.** In this sparkling, witty biography, the *Ancien Regime* comes brilliantly alive—with its amours, gambling, hunting and lavish official entertainments—and with its talented and beautiful Madame la Marquise de Pompadour. **Illustrated. $4.75.**

☐ **LELIA:** The Life of George Sand. **By Andre Maurois.** Full length portrait of the extraordinary being that was George Sand—unconventional queen of French letters. Illustrated. **List price: $5.00.**

☐ **RUSSIAN ASSIGNMENT. By Adm. Leslie C. Stevens.** "Perceptive and absorbing personal record of more than two crowded years in Russia."—N. Y. Times Book Review. **List price: $5.75.**

☐ **WHO LIVED HERE:** Historic New England Houses and Their Occupants. **By M. A. DeWolfe Howe.** Handsome, large-format treasury of old homes, with photographs by Samuel Chamberlain. **List price: $6.00.**

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____ A 6

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

DUBLIN. — To shift from Boston to Ireland in the spring is more than a transatlantic crossing. It is a shift from a country still brown and drowsy with winter to one which is eagerly green and studded with daffodils; it is a shift from haste to leisure; a shift from the twentieth century to the eighteenth. The first thing that strikes you after your landing at Shannon is the leisurely politeness with which the Irish live. The Customs are unflurried and good-natured as they pass your luggage through. At Limerick, where you pause for a few hours awaiting your plane to Dublin, men take time to fish for trout on the low tide of the Shannon; and you, with your elbows on the parapet of the bridge, have time to watch them. The angler closest to me, in boots and a faded brown tweed overcoat, landed a good fish and I lifted my hat, thinking it a happy omen.

Then back to Cruise's Royal Hotel for a leisurely luncheon — hot, thick pea soup, thin slices of roast beef with boiled praties and the inevitable sprouts, topped off by a gooseberry tart with custard. There was no office to return to, and the plane did not leave till midafternoon, so one lingered over the meal and invented thumbnail sketches about the local characters at the neighboring tables.

To enter Dublin at dusk is to step straight into the eighteenth century. In the half-light this beautiful city with its squares and parks, with its bridges over the Liffey and the pastel crooked houses on either shore, its Trinity College, its St. Patrick's, and its limitless chimney pots of the great mansions on Fitzwilliam Street, is a living likeness of the town Dean Swift loved.

The traffic is a lot more dense now that there are cars rather than carriages, but the pedestrians — granted there is a change in costume — look the same. I know of no more romantic city in Europe; but curiously enough the whole story has never been told: the story of what went on in these town houses with their spacious rooms, with as many guests as children, and with a bevy of servants sleeping under the stairs; the story of the Protestant Anglo-Irish who were just as passionately Irish as the Roman Catholics; the story of the rebels, the risings, and the restraint; the story of the wealth as it flowed in from the country. Who will tell it?

After a night's rest I went forth to buy a pair of Wellingtons — the half-boots so indispensable in the spring mud — and to consult the local outfitters, Garnetts & Keegan's, about the proper flies to tempt the salmon in the River Boyne. It was a friendly consultation, which lasted over an hour. The head man, who had been fishing the river the previous Sunday, told me that the Boyne was still in winter flood, still rising because of the March rains, and that my chances were a hundred to one against raising any fish with a fly. "This is what we are spinning with," he said, trotting out a Golden Sprat and some metallic-looking baits, heavily weighted. "Best have them in your kit, even though you can't use them with your light rod." With my boots I was also sold a hat, rainproof and warm, of tan whipcord with an elastic under the chin. I cannot say it became me; neither could he. "Let's face it," he remarked; "you will never win a beauty contest in that hat!"

So then to County Meath, to that hospitable house, Bective, standing on a high shoulder overlooking the river, with its windows facing towards the Mount of Tara. The river was up way over its banks, and as brown as consommé. Thence I was driven each morning, after my Irish bacon, to fish the pools at Slane — that lovely three-mile stretch of the river belonging to the Earl of Mount Castle. I don't think I've ever seen more beautiful pools on this side of the Atlantic, and there were fish in them which kept coming to the surface, but alas! they were all on the move, few holding in any pool. All the local boys were fishing with spinning rods and wooden or metal bait, plugs weighted down by sinkers which they arced in to a depth of nine or ten feet. A total of 5 fish, the largest 25 pounds, was taken along our stretch of river on Saturday and Sunday, compared with the 170 which were killed in February and the first half of March. I, with my flies, never had a follow! But, Lord! I didn't mind, for the Irish sky had opened its windows by Sunday afternoon. The sun was pouring out, and the river, the great beeches on the green banks, the white laurel and the clumps of daffodils everywhere,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PARK STREET
Book Counter

BY THE
Peripatetic Advertiser

Whatever this book is, it wields the immense-because unquestioned-authority of print. Whatever has assumed such permanent shape seems to her to be true and good and what it represents is becoming living tissue of the memory. It may mean her first trip into the lucidities of looking glass civilization or the dazzle of jousting trumpets or a ballroom full of gossipy flowers. Lovingly read and reread, it is the very stuff of nostalgia to come.

What books should be within this young constant reader's grasp? A great many from the ages but always a few new ones that fall in naturally with their good companions from the past. Hiawatha is already her imperishable friend, but she may come to feel strongly about an Indian, inseparable from his canoe, who travelled down the St. Lawrence from the Great Lakes to the sea. This Indian, known by those along his route as *Paddle-to-the-Sea* is the creation of a writer and artist, Holling C. Holling, who has produced these four books in more than twelve years. His readers are the richer for river-lore, and pirate treasure, they've moved along an old trail west, explored the Mississippi at turtle-level, and sailed the updrafts of warm wind with the birds of the eastern sea-coast. With the boldness of full page color and the precision of marginal drawings the artist in Holling paces the writer. His four books are *Paddle - to - the - Sea, Tree in the Trail, Seabird* and *Minn of the Mississippi,* and they may fairly be called magnificent.

Coming back to the constant reader, she would do well at her age to allow Black Beauty to graze for a bit while she moves into the woods for the care and feeding of the biggest bear in the north country. The power of this story stems from its roots in another childhood. Lynd Ward, who has contributed some of the best illustrations in children's books for the past twenty-five years finally wrote The Biggest Bear in nostalgic evocation of his own Canadian summers. In the days when wilderness land was given to settlers who would promise to clear it for farming and spend at least half each year on it, his father Reverend Ward, persuaded the government to sell him a hundred acres so remote and full of rocks as to be useless as a farm, in return for three months annual residence. However the elder Wards felt about existence in the forest, their children lived it to the hilt, and the abiding gusto of that time permeates *The Biggest Bear* — a winner, incidentally, of the Caldecott Award.

Another prize winner — of the Caldecott — is the sunny story of *The Little House,* a book that stands the patient test of countless rainy-day re-readings, a triumph of art presented artlessly, one of a half a dozen delightful books by Virginia Lee Burton, whose books reflect the products of her workshop in Folly Cove, New England center of modern design.

Our final choice is for books designated for children expressly so that their elders may find an excuse for reading them aloud. One is a book — first appearing in the Atlantic by Osbert Lancaster, the literary property of every age of reader. *The Saracen's Head* had quite a bit to say about the crusades — at the very least it deserves to be called definitive. The other is *The Hobbit* by J. R. Tolkien, the magical legend of a small folk who are content to leave alchemy to the wizard, great deeds to the elf and exploration to man, and who inevitably find themselves in the thick of all three activities and doing rather well.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made a scene that was mighty restful to the spirit.

I took my lunch with me each day and ate it with a little nip of John Jameson in a tiny boathouse on stilts at the water's edge. With my feet up on the opposite bench and my back resting against the wall, I could hear and see the river going about its business. There are gratifications in the art of not-catching: the sweet smell of salmon was in the air — indeed, it fairly exuded from the frayed jacket of my gillie — and I had had the sight if not the feel of his majesty.

In the afternoons I was less zealous and more in tune with the Irish leisure. I changed flies and experimented, with no results. Once I hooked into a small pike, and once I must have landed my bait on the very nose of what my host called "a stale fish" — a big salmon who had been loitering in the run, showing his red belly from time to time. He took up a new position ten yards downstream, and I could almost hear him mutter. Such was the sum of my achievement, but not of my happiness.

In country and back again in town I kept asking myself, Do the Irish show sign of the tension to which we have all been subjected by the demon bomb? Yes, I thought, in small ways: by a flurry of libel suits; by occasionally voicing their old-time grudge against the English; and by deploring in the public prints, as well they may, the almost unstoppable bleeding away of their young manhood. (How will Ireland find the work and the incentive to keep her young men from emigrating?) But for most of their hours, the Irish live in an unfretful sanctuary, leisurely in what they do, polite to strangers, hospitable to the guest — one's visit is never long enough, and throughout it one listens to the lilt and the rhythm of the Irish voice: the artificial imposition of Gaelic has not yet impaired their musical appropriation of the English language.

The moor and the stream

One of the best stories in **Paul Hyde Bonner's** sporty collection, ***The Glorious Mornings*** (Scribner's, $3.75), has to do with an Irish stream and with Joe, a most knowledgeable donkey who from his vantage point on the Rajah's Rock would indicate where the salmon were lying. Joe, a modern leprechaun, would be a find for Walt Disney, and had I had his braying assistance on the Boyne, things might have been different. There are twelve stories in *The Glorious Mornings*, all of them told with a zest for hunting and fishing, and with an understanding of fathers and sons in action, which I'm sure was drawn from Mr. Bonner's experience — indeed, the book is dedicated to "My sons — Good Sportsmen all."

The author does not exaggerate the killer's instinct; he sets the scene, be it a trout pool in Pennsylvania or a duck blind on the Eastern Shore, the low country of South Carolina or the Highlands of Scotland, with color and naturalness, and he brings out the companionship between angler and guide, husband and wife, father and son, which, more than the kill, makes such forays memorable. Proper sportsmen will savor these stories no more than two at a time, so that the book will last; and as an incentive I mark as my favorites "The Pump House Key," which has to do with an ancient woodchuck in Upper New York; "The Rajah's Rock" and "The Blue Charm," which have to do with salmon in Ireland; "Mollie," which has to do with a most winsome mule who loved the quail of South Carolina; and, for the father-and-son relationship — now competitive, now affectionate — "The Caddis Hatch" and "A Bitter Dawn."

A bleak quartet

Peter Matthiessen, whose story "Sadie" was a prize winner as an *Atlantic* "First," is one of the ablest young writers to emerge from New Haven since the war. He is by intention a tight writer: he begins with a situation of tension and screws it to a higher pitch. This is his device in his first novel, ***Race Rock*** (Harper, $3.50), and I'm sorry to report that the story will be disagreeable to many readers. It concerns four Americans, all in their twenties, who have been attracted to each other since childhood: Sam, who has proved a failure as a painter; Eve Murray, who was his wife; George McConville, a wealthy young broker who has made Eve his mistress and, as she thinks, pregnant; and Cady Shipman, the embittered veteran who in his rough way also attracts Eve.

This quartet, whose pecking order has long been established — Cady the bully, George the sycophant, Sam ("Sissypants") who tries to fight back, and Eve their common girl — are presented with all their debilities in the first few opening pages. In the story that follows, Mr. Matthiessen in his counterpoint of present and past seeks to tell you why they have become what they are. But his aims are in opposition: his first and most compelling is to show you the deterioration, no matter how repellent; his second, to recover the integrity of his quartet where he can. It is a losing battle.

The author is at his best in his scenes of direct action: Cady and the cat, the sea wind and the fishermen, the drunken Russian Roulette — here, we say, is a writer, observant and of power. He is beyond his depth when he depicts the elders at their Sunday dinner. And he is very, very unsure of himself in his similes and metaphors, which clutter up the story and make it self-conscious: "Indoor associations, careening forward like ancient odorous dogs"; "the snarling welts like carnivore's jaws"; "she wiped a fleck of his laughter from her cheek." These are but three of many instances where Mr. Matthiessen has been trying too hard. The novel arouses curiosity; I want to find out. But in the end, for lack of sympathy, I am left with the bleak question, "So what?"

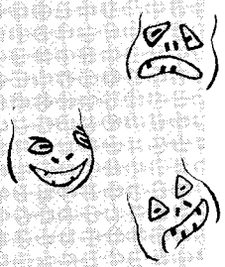
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A great and inspiring story of human courage that Americans will read with deep pride and emotion. With rare modesty, the most famous hero of the Korean War gives a hair-raising account of wartime adventure, desperate pursuit, and imprisonment by a ruthless enemy. In these pages the reader will meet a man of compassion and resource, hardy in mind and body — the kind of American whose bravery gives us confidence and hope for the future. His is a story of fortitude and survival against tremendous odds, and also a penetrating close-up of the true nature of Communism. *Illustrated with photographs* $5.00

General DEAN'S STORY

As told to William L. Worden by Major General William F. Dean

THE VIKING PRESS Publishers of The Columbia-VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA



An American family's exciting adventures exploring under the sea! This unusual family story is a happy chronicle of parents and children sharing the thrills of skin-diving for underwater treasure. A humorous and informative account of their ocean floor experiences, it will introduce other families to an intriguing and rewarding hobby.
Superb photographs $3.95

TREASURE-DIVING HOLIDAYS
by Jane and Barney Crile

George Platt-Lynes

The Pulitzer Prize-winning poet's long-awaited translation of an enchanting classic . . . All twelve books and all 241 fables of La Fontaine have been lovingly rendered in Miss Moore's scrupulous style and with her keen eye for the behavior of animals (and persons). *Regular edition,* $5.00
Autographed limited edition, boxed, $12.50

The Fables of La Fontaine translated by MARIANNE MOORE

THE VIKING PRESS 18 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Celebrating VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS for 1954...

Send for our 108-page free illustrated catalogue of all Viking Junior Books

Drawing by JAMES DAUGHERTY for The LOUDEST NOISE in the WORLD by Benjamin Elkin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS *The Editors Like*

Exotic History

POPE JOAN *by Lawrence Durrell.* (British Book Centre, $2.75.) Purportedly a biography of the legendary female pope, this anticlerical satire fairly crackles with impudence, irony, perverse scholarship, and mock solemnity.

THE SPLENDID CENTURY *by W. H. Lewis.* (Sloane, $5.00.) Out of simple liking for the Sun King and his ways, the author has assembled a wonderful hodgepodge of facts about seventeenth-century France. The book ranges from high politics to petty thefts, and all of it is delightful.

RAKE ROCHESTER *by Charles Norman.* (Crown, $3.00.) The Earl of Rochester, wit, poet, and most outrageous ornament of Charles the Second's court, deserves this entertaining biography, which is well peppered with quotations from his forthright contemporaries.

IN SARA'S TENTS *by Walter Starkie.* (Dutton, $6.00.) A veteran authority on Gypsies describes their own legends of their origins, with rewarding excursions into Gypsy music and Spanish scenery.

Fiction

PICTURES FROM AN INSTITUTION *by Randall Jarrell.* (Knopf, $3.50.) Resolutely plotless, Mr. Jarrell's novel makes superb ado out of faculty types at a progressive college where nothing ever happens. The writing is allusive, mischievous, an odd blend of subtle kindness and blunt malice, unique and irresistible fun.

DIPLOMATIC DIVERSIONS *by Roger Peyrefitte.* (Vanguard, $3.00.) It's not clear whether the author is demolishing the French diplomatic corps of the thirties or assaulting humanity in general, but his dreadful people and their scandalous doings make a fast, acid comedy.

CRY OUT OF THE DEPTHS *by Georges Duhamel.* (Little, Brown, $3.50.) Here is the apologia of Felix Tallemand — honest businessman, egoist, bully, hypocrite, swindler, and collaborator with the Nazis. A sad, witty novel which conceals real savagery behind a very suave manner.

MISSA SINE NOMINE *by Ernst Wiechert.* (British Book Centre, $3.50.) Set in post-war Germany, this religious novel tells how a man with no confidence in his own virtue contrives the spiritual regeneration of a number of other people.

THE WARS OF LOVE *by Mark Schorer.* (McGraw-Hill, $3.00.) The author explores spider-web relationships among wife, husband, friend, and extra man from their childhood to the final gaudy explosion.

TOMBOLO *by Nicholas Fersen.* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00.) Tombolo is a semi-accessible Tuscan forest where fugitives from both armies holed up after the last war. Concentrating on a group of American Negroes, Mr. Fersen has drawn a lively gallery of malcontents, honest men, and plain rogues.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

To AMATEURS of choice biography I warmly commend ***The Reason Why*** (McGraw-Hill, $5.00) by **Cecil Woodham-Smith,** whose distinguished life of Florence Nightingale was a Literary Guild selection in 1951; and ***A Rake and His Times*** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $4.00) by **John H. Wilson,** a professor at Ohio State University, whose scholarly *Nell Gwyn, Royal Mistress* negotiated the chasm between the academy and the best-seller list. Both of the current offerings have fresh and arresting subjects; both are written with telling selectivity rather than laborious inclusiveness; and both are works of serious scholarship which succeed in presenting history at its most vivid and most fascinating.

Every English schoolboy learns and remembers Tennyson's verses on the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava: —

> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die:
> Into the valley of Death
> Rode the six hundred.

More than two thirds of the Brigade were lost in that hopeless and glorious assault on the Russian batteries — "Some one had blunder'd." The full story of that famous blunder and of what lay behind it is now told for the first time in *The Reason Why.* The author has assembled the facts entirely from the original documents, for no biography has ever been written of any of the principal figures in this celebrated episode.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith unfolds an extraordinary narrative, whose central thread is the rivalry between two men of noble birth and great wealth, who were "possibly the handsomest men in Europe." One was James Thomas Lord Brudnell, later Earl of Cardigan; the other was his sister's husband, George Charles Lord Bingham, later Earl of Lucan. Both were obsessed by the dream of military glory, and the purchase system enabled them to buy their way rapidly to command of two of Britain's smartest regiments.

Lord Brudnell was a fierce-tempered, autocratic, and very stupid man, whose ruling passion was the unshakable conviction that he was at all times completely in the right. He governed his officers and men with a lunatic arrogance and brutality which precipitated a series of sensational scandals. His

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIALOGUES OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

as recorded by

LUCIEN PRICE

A revealing portrait and a clear presentation of the great philosopher's ideas, as shown in wide-ranging conversations that illumine some of the largest issues in Western civilization. $5.00

ISLANDS OF NEW ENGLAND

HAZEL YOUNG

"Practically a source book on every phase of island affairs — lobstering, summering, eating, scenery, history . . . with suggestions for a novel running about three to a page."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* *Illustrated by F. Wenderoth Saunders.* $3.95

THE CORIOLI AFFAIR

MARY DEASY

A love story of two who defied a hostile world, and a powerful study of violence in a small mid-South river town in the 1890's. By the author of CANNON HILL and DEVIL'S BRIDGE. $3.75

THE QUAKER BRIDE

JANET WHITNEY

The story of a Quaker dove who fell among Victorian birds of prey and found that her garb and faith were a "front" for crime. London of the 1850's is vividly re-created in this thrilling story of romance and mystery. $3.50

GOD'S COUNTRY AND MINE

JACQUES BARZUN

$5.00

THE NATURE OF LOVE

H. E. BATES

$3.50

At all bookstores

These are all ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY · BOSTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Memo from Dutton

✓ Lionized, criticized, anthologized, **GORE VIDAL** is one of the most talked-about novelists of our day. Every book he writes is different, daring and definitely good reading. In his new novel, **MESSIAH** ($3.50), he brilliantly creates a terrifying age when God appears on your TV screen . . . and the frenzied world hails a strange man as the new Messiah. This book will frighten you, enrage you, utterly absorb you—because it *could* happen.

✓ Pappy Duke came to the Jackson Purchase country of Kentucky in the early 1800's. He cleared himself a top notch tobacco farm, raised his family in the Caldwell tradition of guarding their womenfolk, and marrying them above themselves. Pappy Duke's stubborn pride and his family's equally stubborn fight for independence is the story of **DAN'L BOONE KISSED ME** ($3.00). It's a warm and wonderful novel of frontier life by **FELIX HOLT,** author of *The Gabriel Horn,* from which Burt Lancaster is making a top film.

✓ Today's tourist in the eastern states uses super-highways and stays at motels; 200 years ago Washington covered the same ground on twisting roads and stopped at friendly inns. **JOHN TEBBEL** has written an intimate, anecdotal record of the first president's wanderings in the thirteen original states in **GEORGE WASHINGTON'S AMERICA** ($5.00, indexed). In it, with the help of the map, you can follow where he stayed, and what he did in every town he visited.

✓ Like the weather, everybody talks about the Kinsey Reports — but **DONALD PORTER GEDDES** has done something about them. In **AN ANALYSIS OF THE KINSEY REPORTS** *on Sexual Behavior in the Human Male and Female* ($3.50), Mr. Geddes presents and analyzes 18 searching criticisms of Kinsey and his findings. Noted psychiatrists, ministers, educators, sociologists, doctors, discuss the various aspects of the Kinsey Reports—and reveal what they mean to *you.*

✓ What's it like to escape the city and discover the beauties of farm life? **MARION ROBERTS** found peace among the rugged hills of North Wales. In **FARMWIFE** ($3.00) she tells the trials and triumphs of her day-to-day life—changing a derelict house into a home, working beside her husband in the fields, caring for animals, raising her children. A book which restores your faith through sharing the experiences of a courageous and lovable woman.

✓ To the list of stirring sea adventures — *Mutiny on the Bounty, The Caine Mutiny, The Cruel Sea* — add **SALT IN OUR WOUNDS** ($3.00). This is the powerful story of 39 seamen cast adrift in a lifeboat and fighting desperately for survival. **JACK HARVEY,** the author, actually underwent such an experience in 1944 — and he recreates an almost unbearably real picture of men in a physical and psychological hell.

At all bookstores

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

New York 10

brother-in-law, though more intelligent, was of the same emotional stripe. Social and military rivalry deepened the two peers' mutual dislike, and it flared into the open when Lord Lucan cut the family tie by an official separation from his wife.

At the outbreak of the Crimean War, Brudnell, now Earl of Cardigan, was gazetted commander of the Light Brigade; the Earl of Lucan, as Commander of the Cavalry Division, was his immediate superior. To the ghastly mismanagement of the Crimean campaign, these two violent, vindictive enemies added their own relentless feuding. It was the decisive factor in the incredible chain of bungling and misunderstandings which sent the Light Brigade to its doom.

Memorably climaxed by a stirring description of the Charge, this narrative has sustained color and drama — romantic scandals, courts-martial, duels, intrigues that reach into the highest places, the lurid opening of the Crimean War. Mrs. Woodham-Smith brings to us a vivid and startling perspective of an era in which the British aristocracy enjoyed privileges almost impossible to picture today. *The Reason Why* is a superlative job every inch of the way.

An earlier member of the Brudnell family — Anna-Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury, one of the most sumptuous and notorious beauties of the Restoration — plays the leading feminine role in John Wilson's biography of George Villiers, 2nd Duke of Buckingham: *A Rake and His Times.* A handsome, merry fellow, famed for his mocking wit; an ambitious politician, a dashing man of action, and a man of intellect and talent — Buckingham was a multiple personality with prodigal gifts. He had a passion for chemistry; he played the violin with skill; he wrote satires, aphorisms, and a successful farce. In an era of religious bigotry, he courageously championed "perfect liberty of conscience." His other great dream was that England should achieve supremacy of the seas, then contested by Holland; and this caused him to play, unwittingly, a farcical role in the secret machinations between Charles II and Louis XIV.

Buckingham was called by Dryden a "Blest mad-man"; and by another contemporary "the glory of the age." The extravagant splendor with which he lived; his dramatic ups and downs as the King's favorite; his long scandalous love affair with the Countess of Shrewsbury; the devious intrigues, the plots, and the disheveled mores of the Restoration — all this makes a magnificent story for a biographer. And Mr. Wilson has done it up proud.

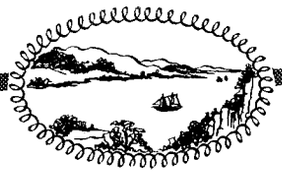
Old masters

Bouvard and Pécuchet (New Directions, $3.75), the novel on which **Gustave Flaubert** labored for eight years and left not quite finished at his death, is now offered to English-speaking readers in the first translation which comes close to capturing the flavor of the original. Its protagonists are a pair of earnest-minded simpletons who have reached middle age working as copying clerks in Paris. Bouvard, having unexpectedly inherited a fortune, retires with Pécuchet to a farm; and they zealously try out the theories prescribed in the agricultural textbooks — with ludicrously terrible results. (The melons get mixed up with the tomatoes and grow into abominable hybrids with the flavor of pumpkins.) Hell-bent on self-improvement, the two comics proceed to instruct themselves in chemistry, physiology, medicine, literature, religion, and so forth. Their attempts to gulp down knowledge and to regulate their lives by "received ideas" are a saga of frustration and disaster. In the ending planned by Flaubert, Bouvard and Pécuchet — disillusioned and impoverished — order a two-seated desk and go back to copying.

Bouvard and Pécuchet are not in themselves the target of Flaubert's satire — indeed he views them with a certain affection. His explicit intent was to pillory the entire culture of bourgeois democracy; he described the novel as "a kind of encyclopaedia made into farce." But in the writing of this complex, savage, in parts superbly comic masterpiece, Flaubert's pessimism assumed a larger application. As Lionel Trilling argues in his valuable Introduction, *Bouvard and Pécuchet* emerges as a despairing comment on man's life in culture — on the incompetence of the human mind.

Anton Chekhov makes a welcome reappearance with two volumes of hitherto untranslated material: ***The Woman in the Case*** (British Book Centre, $2.75) and ***The Unknown Chekhov*** (Noonday Press, $4.50). Each volume leaves one wondering why a number of the stories in it have not been translated before. For each

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"A delightful book . . ."
—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

Early IN THE Morning

By MARION EDEY

Childhood is a magical and boundaryless area. Although all of us have passed through it, very few of us can find our way back to it. Marion Edey is an exception. Now in her seventies, Mrs. Edey relives her childhood as if the long-ago yesterdays were still todays, vivid and excitingly uncertain in the wonders they offer. The past is still present to her and she makes it present to us.

Mrs. Edey's, to be sure, was a very special childhood. Not all children, even among the "country-living," have been given the run of a place so rich in its freedoms and delights as Danskammer, that farm some sixty-five miles from New York on the west bank of the Hudson. Not all children in 1890 were brought up in such joyous simplicity. Few had parents who were close friends of Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, and John La Farge. But Marion and Noel Armstrong were uncommonly lucky.

New York of the nineties is also recalled here—New York of the horsecars and stages, when Tiffany and Brentano were on Union Square; where kids could still climb onto the back of the Knickerbocker Ice Co.'s wagon to snatch a nice lump, or spend a blissful Saturday afternoon being terrified by the wax horrors of the Eden Musée.

Mrs. Edey recreates the past without sentimentality. EARLY IN THE MORNING is charming as a period piece and enchanting as a chronicle of childhood. (*Adapted from the Introduction by* JOHN MASON BROWN) $3.00

Harper Highspots

Edward Streeter

MR. HOBBS' VACATION

JOHN P. MARQUAND says: "The thousands of readers who have rejoiced in *Father of the Bride* will read with equal delight *Mr. Hobbs' Vacation* . . . an account of how Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs endeavor to spend a peaceful summer vacation on an island in Buzzards Bay, far from the cares of the city . . . This novel is tremendously amusing . . . and has a depth and perspective that raise it above the level of farce. It will certainly be on every seaside cottage table next Summer, from Virginia Beach to Mount Desert Island, and it is equally good reading inland or along the Pacific Coast."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

Illustrated by Dorothea Fox. $3.00

At all bookstores • **HARPER & BROTHERS**

Books that are worthy of the children you love

The Secret of the Two Feathers

By IVO DUKA and HELENA KOLDA

The story of the amazing adventures of Martin, a New York City boy who finds two seagull feathers with magical power. *Photographs by Helena Kolda.* Ages 7-11. $2.50

The Pool of Knowledge

HOW THE UNITED NATIONS SHARE THEIR SKILLS

By KATHERINE B. SHIPPEN

How the different countries of the United Nations, through the UN Technical Assistance Program, are helping each other. *Foreword by Benjamin Cohen,* Asst. Secretary-General of the UN for Public Information. *Photographs.* Ages 12 up. $2.50

The Magic Pictures

MORE ABOUT THE WONDERFUL FARM

By MARCEL AYMÉ

"More about Marinette and Delphine, those two beguiling heroines . . . and the pastoral innocence of their fable-like adventures on the farm." —VIRGINIA KIRKUS. *Pictures by Maurice Sendak.* Ages 6-10. $2.50

How to Make an Earthquake

By RUTH KRAUSS

The author of *A Very Special House* suggests a variety of delightful "activities" which will gratify both children and grown-ups. *Pictures by Crockett Johnson.* Ages 5-7. $1.75
Cloth binding. $2.25

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just published — New Edition!

THE
WRITER'S
HANDBOOK

Edited by A. S. Burack

- Lists 1,000 markets for manuscript sales
- 79 chapters of instruction

WIDELY used as the standard reference book for writers. Contains 79 chapters by famous authors and editors giving practical instruction in the writing of fiction, non-fiction, plays, verse, radio and TV scripts, juveniles, etc. The market lists have been carefully checked for accuracy. This book tells ***what to write about, how to write it,*** and ***where to sell it.***

628 pages; $5.00

also new

TELEVISION WRITING
and SELLING

by Edward Barry Roberts

A TV script editor describes the process of writing for television and answers every question a free-lance writer could ask about television production. Sample scripts reprinted and analyzed. ***Complete, up-to-date, and thoroughly documented.***

515 pages, illus.; $5.75

At your bookstore, or direct postpaid from

THE WRITER, Inc., PUBLISHERS
8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

The vivid and stirring saga of an American railroad family

TAYLOR
CALDWELL'S
new novel
Never Victorious
Never Defeated

THE author of *Dynasty of Death, This Side of Innocence,* etc., tells of the fortunes and misfortunes of five generations of the deWitt family and their struggle for control of the giant Interstate Railroad. A rich and colorful novel of American life from 1866 to 1935. Here is Taylor Caldwell writing in the vein of her greatest successes.

549 pages. $3.95

At all bookstores

McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO., Inc.
New York 36

contains some first-class examples of Chekhov's subtle and frustration-tinged impressionism — miniature journeys into the Russian soul. Along with the tales in Chekhov's most characteristic vein, there are some delightful pieces in which the comic spirit is dominant.

The Korean story

Syngman Rhee (Dodd, Mead, $5.00) by **Robert T. Oliver** is the fullest biography published to date of a major political figure whose life is little known to us; and as such, it has considerable interest. Unfortunately, as biography it is on the pedestrian side. As an appraisal of a controversial personality, it is not particularly helpful, since the author's perspective is entirely uncritical. Dr. Oliver has been closely associated with Rhee for more than a decade, and his book is the tribute of a zealous partisan.

A much more clear-eyed estimate of Rhee is contained in **General Mark Clark's *From the Danube to the Yalu*** (Harper, $5.00). The General expresses a liking for Rhee personally and a great admiration for his lifelong struggle for Korean independence; but he found Rhee "as exasperating an ally as anyone could have" — stiff-necked and self-righteous; given to "outlandish demands"; determined to go his own way; and (notably in the 1952 elections) undemocratic in his political methods. Says General Clark: "I consider Rhee a great leader *within the limits of his national aspirations. But these aspirations must not be permitted to hobble America's freedom of action.*"

Now retired from the Army, Mark Clark has written an outspoken account of his stewardship as UN Commander-in-Chief in Korea — a brisk, authoritative, and enlightening history of the last phase of the Korean War. It deals in detail with the Koje prison-camp rebellion; the amazing Communist "Sixth Column" organization among POWs; the controversy over U.S. manpower and ammunition shortages; the use of psychological warfare by both sides; the repatriation of prisoners and the issues it raised; the negotiations leading up to the Armistice.

General Clark is a telling critic of the "cautious" approach in fighting Communism; he shares MacArthur's belief that the United Nations should have gone all out for victory in Korea. He is not, however, of the school which glibly heaps blame on a pet set of scapegoats. At the outset, he reminds us that a major factor in opening the way to Communism's postwar expansion was the American people's desire to "bring the boys home" and to speed up disarmament. His book affirms a thesis which will be anathema to those neo-isolationists who claim to be the proponents of a really tough policy towards Communism. To be really tough with Communism, the United States — General Clark insists — must have available and be willing to deploy a vast pool of manpower *trained for combat.*

Major General William F. Dean's account of his three years' captivity is one of the rare "as told to" books in which there is no trace of ghost-writer's ectoplasm: the General's collaborator, **William L. Warden,** could not have served him better. ***General Dean's Story*** (Viking, $5.00) brings us an enormously interesting close-up of the North Korean Communists, and a modest record of how a man of steely fortitude and honor stood up to a terrible ordeal. On one occasion, the General was interrogated for sixty-eight hours, almost naked, in a freezing tent. For a period of many months, he was not allowed to *stand up,* read, or own a pencil. He held on to his sanity by such devices as memorizing the squares of numbers from one to a hundred or keeping count of the flies he swatted — 522 was his record daily kill; his grand total, 40,671.

Captivity seems to bring out in men of great spirit an ability to observe human experience with a heightened curiosity and precision — with the result that, out of the boredom and horror of the prisoner's life, there have come books whose every detail is fraught with interest. *General Dean's Story* is another such document.

New fiction

The Year of the Lion (Macmillan, $3.00) by **Gerald Hanley** is the story of a twenty-year-old Englishman who goes to East Africa to learn farming. The novel has three effectively integrated strands. It is a book about a young man's first tormenting love affair; an account of a long, terrible hunt for a man-eating lion; a thoughtful and sensitive picture of the drama of Race and change in the frontier land between the advancing civilization of the West and the vestiges of the age-old tribal Africa. While the handling of the love affair is not as impressive as the other com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ponents, the novel as a whole is a superbly effective performance. In the crisp, sharply individual characterizations; the vivid, enthralling hunting scenes; the projection of the mysteriousness, the instinctual need to kill, of primitive Africa, Mr. Hanley displays a masterly touch. This is the finest novel by a young author that has come my way this year.

The Bad Seed (Rinehart, $3.00) by **William March** centers on a little girl of eight who is as cute as a button and as deadly as a cobra. Rhoda Penmark is sweet-mannered, poised, a bundle of charm. But there is something very wrong with her — she is totally without moral sense or feeling for anyone. To get a pendant which she covets she pushes an old lady over a banister, and for the sake of a medal she drowns a small schoolmate. The realization that her child is an accomplished murderess confronts Mrs. Penmark with an agonizing moral dilemma, which is intensified by the discovery of a hideous secret about her own heredity. What follows keeps the reader in a state of horrified fascination all the way to the infinitely appalling conclusion. Mr. March unfolds this tale of pure evil in a cool, matter-of-fact tone that has a chilling impact. Granted certain improbabilities, *The Bad Seed* is an almost impeccable novel of suspense.

Potpourri

Either the Spring Lists have been unusually strong this year or else (which is less likely) my conscience has grown more sensitive: the fact is I'm troubled by the number of Spring titles still on my shelves which deserved attention and were denied it by that inexorable enemy — lack of space. To catch up with a few of these books as best I can, I'm going to wind up with a potpourri of capsule reports.

From the House of Knopf, two warmly recommended items: ***The Spanish Temper*** ($3.75) by that admirable writer, **V. S. Pritchett** — a knowledgeable, penetrating, and richly allusive travelogue; and ***The Heart of Africa*** ($5.00) by **Alexander Campbell,** the best up-to-date survey of Africa south of the Sahara that I've encountered. Mr. Campbell achieves a wonderfully readable and enlightening blend of solid factual reporting, vivid interviews, personal experience, and sharp, swiftly sketched profiles.

The Oxford University Press has

The University of Minnesota Press

THE TANGLED FIRE OF WILLIAM FAULKNER

By William Van O'Connor. A critical study of Faulkner's fiction that takes issue with accepted interpretations. "This book serves a distinct need both for the general reader and the student of the American novel. O'Connor is fully appreciative of Faulkner's genius and at the same time objective and detached in criticism." —*Joseph Warren Beach.* *$4.00*

EPICURUS AND HIS PHILOSOPHY

By Norman W. DeWitt. A noted classics scholar challenges the traditional theories and interpretations of Epicurean philosophy. A provocative study of the Greek philosopher, his life, his teachings, and his place in the history of thought. *$6.00*

HIGHLIGHTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PRESS

Edited by Edwin H. Ford and Edwin Emery. A collection of articles on the men and events that have shaped the development of American newspapers. "All students in the history of journalism, as well as general readers, will find these articles worth every minute given to them."—*Journalism Quarterly.* *$6.50*

MODERN CHINA'S FOREIGN POLICY

By Werner Levi. As the Western democracies look anxiously at Red China for clues to her possible future course and objectives in world affairs, an understanding of how and why China's foreign policy has developed to its present point is essential. This illuminating and carefully documented analysis of China's attitudes and actions toward the rest of the world clarifies many misconceptions about her behavior, past and present, and provides the background that is necessary for an intelligent appraisal of contemporary events. *$5.50*

At your bookstore, or from
THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS
Minneapolis 14, Minn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS FROM Chicago

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

The Poetry of Dylan Thomas

By ELDER OLSON. The author, a poet in his own right, presents an exciting key to the difficult works of one of the most brilliant poets of our age. Includes a glossary of important terms, prose paraphrases, and a complete Thomas bibliography. *$3.25*

The Structure of Literature

By PAUL GOODMAN. Enriches the reading of literature by creating in the reader an actual awareness of his immediate literary experience. *$5.00*

Sophocles: Three Tragedies

Continuing the Chicago series of Greek tragedies in brilliant modern translations. *Oedipus the King,* translated by DAVID GRENE; *Oedipus at Colonus,* translated by ROBERT FITZGERALD; *Antigone,* translated by ELIZABETH WYCKOFF. With an introduction by David Grene. *$3.00*

Past and Future

By WILLIAM H. McNEILL. An interpretation of the past as the basis for evaluating the future possibility of World War III and World government. *$3.75*

Capitalism and the Historians

Edited by F. A. HAYEK. A provocative set of essays which argue that capitalism, even in the days of the Manchester slums, was an immediate positive social good. *$3.00*

Civil Liberties & the Vinson Court

By C. HERMAN PRITCHETT. A reasoned and timely history of the Court's position at a time when civil liberties were by far the most important issue before it. *$5.00*

Toward Understanding Germany

By ROBERT LOWIE. A consideration and explanation of the German mind and society by a distinguished cultural anthropologist. *$6.00*

At your bookstore, or from
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

made a dashing sortie into the middlebrow market with ***The Relaxed Sell*** ($3.50) by **Thomas Whiteside** of the *New Yorker,* who has been investigating such phenomena as the Lucky Strike commercials, Elsie the Cow, Captain Video, and the pollsters who will "pre-test" anything from a gag to a novel. These dead-pan monographs on the antics and rites of the advertising jungle left me wondering whether Homo Huckster, circa *1950,* is much of an improvement on his ancestor, Australopithecus, the South African Ape-Man. Also from the Oxford University Press, there comes an impressive little book, ***Love, Power, and Justice*** ($2.50) by **Paul Tillich,** an outstanding religious thinker who is deeply sensitive to contemporary trends in philosophy and psychology. Dr. Tillich presents here seven challenging papers affirming the basic unity of love, power, and justice, and exploring the ethical implications of this viewpoint.

In ***The Seduction of the Innocent*** (Rinehart, $4.00), **Fredric Wertham,** a psychiatrist, turns in an encyclopedic report on the contents of the comic books (not to be confused with newspaper comic strips), which are now selling to the tune of 60 million copies *a month.* The author's thesis is that the comic books are peddling a diet of crime, sadism, and horror, cunningly laced with sexuality, and thereby making a handsome contribution to juvenile delinquency and the "moral disarmament" of the young. Wertham has assembled much interesting material and he makes a telling case for legal regulation of the so-called crime comics. His report, unfortunately, is rather clumsily written and highly repetitious.

Jordan County (Dial, $3.50) — the fifth book by a gifted young Southern writer, **Shelby Foote** — is described by the author as "a novel with Place for its hero and Time for its plot." It consists of seven separate narratives which have a common setting, Jordan County, Mississippi, and which lead back in time from 1950 to 1797. The narratives are uneven, and I don't feel that the book comes off as a cohesive portrait of Place — but parts of it are admirable.

The "Play for Voices" completed by **Dylan Thomas** shortly before his death — ***Under Milk Wood*** (New Directions, $3.00) — is an earthy, rollickingly humorous, and brilliantly original work. We shall return to it more fully next month.

A BORZOI BOOK

A lighthearted and glamorous autobiography

PRISON AND CHOCOLATE CAKE

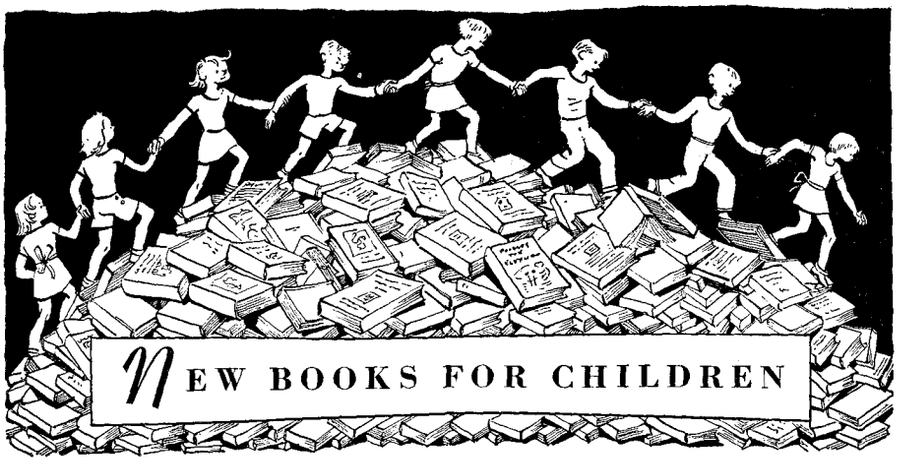
by NAYANTARA SAHGAL

The daughter of Madame Pandit and niece of Jawaharlal Nehru has enjoyed a life rich in color and varied in circumstance. In this book she tells her story lightly, wittily and well, with both serious and hilarious close-ups of people she has known in all walks of life — from Indian leaders to American department-store clerks. A delightful reading experience. *Illustrated*

$3.50 at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MARGARET FORD KIERAN

MARGARET FORD KIERAN *was Children's Page Editor of the Boston* Herald *for twenty-three years. She and her husband, John Kieran, have just completed* John James Audubon, *which Random House will publish as a Landmark Book this fall.*

GATHER around while the spring and summer crop of new juveniles is on display. As usual, I'll begin with what I liked best in the picture age group. And, as usual, I should like to point out that this age grouping has to be flexible. Your child, for example, is probably above the average mentally, but the publishers have to have some yardstick, so they separate the books into small, medium, and large — the last classification taking in twelve years and upwards; the middle, seven to ten or thereabouts; and the first, seven downward.

Don't be alarmed if your children roam from one group to another in their choices. And if they seem rigid about sticking to one level, it should not disturb you, either. Just remember the cartoon that pictured a frantic mother with a family counselor. The caption went something like this: —

"Don't worry, Mrs. Reynolds. It's perfectly normal for your seven-year-old to act like a seven-year-old."

In other words, almost anything goes.

I learned this from two of our grandchildren who flew in from the West Coast just after the postman had left scores of books at our Bronxville apartment. The living room was festooned with banners saying "Welcome to Anne and Michael." The children acknowledged this sentiment, asked if there was any candy around, and then, with almost jet-propelled speed, fell flat on their stomachs to appraise the new books.

Eight-year-old Michael flipped through a few in a cursory way before he got down to the really serious reading of ***Starship Through Space*** by **Lee Correy** (Holt). Of course it was much too old for him, but he didn't give up until he ran into a description of "tiny metallic thallium thyatrons and indestructible transistors."

His nine-year-old sister Anne selected ***The Piebald Princess*** by **Joan Balfour Payne** (Ariel) as her immediate gold-star choice, and I agreed with her.

"It's a make-up story but it's not silly," she said. "And the pictures are the prettiest I've ever seen, about."

So much for two reactions, one by a young man reaching recklessly beyond his age group and the other by a girl who seemed to gravitate to her own level.

Now comes the business of mentioning a few choices for younger readers.

Considering text, illustrations, and presentation, I liked ***What Is One?*** by **Nancy Dingman Watson** (Knopf) as well as any this spring. It's a charming method of teaching smallest children how to count. When they are old enough to use crayons *very* carefully, they might be allowed to fill in some of the exquisite line drawings done by Aldren Watson. They could try to copy the delicacy of the artist's tints.

Another picture book I selected was ***Boku and the Sound*** by **Lloyd Coe** (Crowell). In a very unfrightening way this story brings a child right into the heart of a jungle. The strange boom-boom the little "chimp" hears is a sound the youngster will like to imitate himself as he pretends that he too is stalking through the tangle of trees. Droll, clean-cut illustrations by the author.

Sound again is, obviously, the theme of ***The Loudest Noise in the World*** by **Benjamin Elkin** (Viking). The broad, sweeping illustrations by James

WHITTLESEY HOUSE BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

By **MILDRED MASTIN PACE,** author of *Clara Barton.* Brady Allen feared that the Marstons in their great, rambling house might not want her to live with them. But it was to Brady that they all turned — especially Bob. "A warm and full-bodied story of the Kentucky Mountains, well-plotted, with lifelike characters and situations."—*ALA Booklist.* "A book to 'pleasure' girls." —*Saturday Review Syndicate. Jacket and endpapers by Robert Henneberger.* 5½ x 8, 192 pages. Ages 12-16. $2.50

THE JUGGLER OF NOTRE DAME

Written and illustrated in two colors by MARY FIDELIS TODD. "One of the loveliest of all medieval tales . . . it will be read with delight and treasured." — ANNE THAXTER EATON. 6 x 9, 48 pages. All ages. $2.00

NOT ONLY FOR DUCKS

The Story of Rain. By GLENN O. BLOUGH, Specialist in Elementary Science in the U. S. Office of Education, Washington, D. C. *Pictures in three colors by Jeanne Bendick.* "Scientific facts in entertaining style."—*Library Journal.* By the author of *The Tree on the Road to Turntown.* 7⅛ x 9⅞, 48 pages. Ages 6-10. $2.25

THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS

Little Things that Make a Big Difference

By **JULIUS SCHWARTZ,** author of *It's Fun to Know Why. Illustrated by Jeanne Bendick.* This book and a magnifying glass will make the summer a richer one for your boys and girls whether they are at the seashore, in the country, or in the city. 5½ x 8, 144 pages. Ages 10 up. $2.50

DRIVING TODAY AND TOMORROW

By **MARGARET O. HYDE,** author of *Flight Today and Tomorrow. Pictures by Clifford Geary. Expert* driving means *safe* driving. With simple, lucid explanations and many graphic drawings, this book takes the reader right into the driver's seat to demonstrate how the automobile works, what it will do and what it cannot be expected to do. "Excellent." — VIRGINIA KIRKUS. 5½ x 8, 160 pages. Teen ages. $2.50

Write for free catalog

WHITTLESEY HOUSE

A division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., N.Y. 36

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DUTTON *children's books for vacation* FUN

The Young Traveler Series

Give your child a trip abroad with this new story series that shows young people visiting or living in other lands. Six titles have been published with more to come. They are **The Young Traveler in France, England and Wales, Holland, Sweden, Ireland** and **Switzerland.** Illus. with photos, maps, sketches. 11-16 *$3.00 each*

Cinda

Janet Lambert. The popular author of the **Penny** and **Tippy Parrish** books creates a wonderful new heroine that girls will love. 10-14 *$2.75*

Superjet

Lewis Zarem and **Ray Cantwell.** A spy-ring thriller of secret flights, sabotage, atomic fuel and latest jets—perfect rainy day reading for boys. 10-15 *$2.50*

The Zoo Comes to You

Burr W. Leyson and **Ruth Manecke.** Excellent photographs, easy-to-read text spotlight 21 fascinating animal friends — will absorb the younger child. 6-10 *$2.95*

At all bookstores

E. P. Dutton & Co.
New York 10

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND **BOOKS**
supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices. (*We also supply all current books at retail store prices* — **postpaid**, *as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of* **The Atlantic Monthly.**)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. A, New York 36, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines. Please list.

Give-

CP

UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY

Daugherty are striking. The plot, a familiar one, concerns a little prince who wants more than anything else to have everyone yell as loud as he can at the same moment. When this moment arrives, something unexpectedly pleasant happens, but I won't take the edge off your own enjoyment by telling you just how this author has worked it out.

Spring or summer, I can never leave the youngest group without mentioning a Golden Book or two, which Simon & Schuster publishes. Look at ***Animal ABC*** by **Garth Williams** this year. It's delightful. And going on to the seven to ten group, I want to recommend the latest **Golden Play Stamp Books:** American History, Indian, Wonders of the World, and Insect stamps. I feel sure you will agree that a subtitle for this series could well be "Education Is Fun."

I do not know **Herbert S. Zim,** the author of ***Dinosaurs*** (Morrow), but judging from the number of good books he turns out on a variety of subjects, there must be a touch of perpetual motion in his make-up. Every season another science-for-young-people appears. He has done forty in all. This latest is just as simple, as clear, and as exciting as James Gordon Irving's black and white illustrations for it.

Mary Fidelis Todd has told the tale of ***The Juggler of Notre Dame*** (Whittlesey House) and illustrated it very beautifully in soft sepia tones with an occasional accent of cobalt blue. The story, as perhaps most children know by this time, teaches the lesson of doing one's best no matter how insignificant that best may seem.

How the song "Yankee Doodle" originated is uncertain, but no one has presented a setting half as vigorous as **Erick Berry's** ***Hay-foot, Straw-foot*** (Viking). It's a vivid picture of army life around 1773, but shouldn't the second line of the song begin on B-flat instead of D as shown on the end paper?

If I have a favorite in the middle age group, it is ***Down the Mississippi,*** authored by **Clyde Robert Bulla** and illustrated by Peter Burchard (Crowell). Not a word is wasted in this story of young Eric who wants to leave his Minnesota farm to work on a Mississippi steamboat. The fine illustrations point up a tale that will certainly make young people *think* a little, a novel experience for many TV viewers.

Peterli and the Mountain by **Georgia Engelhard** (Lippincott) is rather unusual in that it is based on the true experience of a cat who climbed the Matterhorn and now, retired, is presumably telling younger cats that they should have felt his muscle in the *old* days.

There'll be many a chuckle when your child under twelve reads ***Alphonse, That Bearded One*** by **Natalie Savage Carlson** (Harcourt, Brace). It has a French Canadian folklore flavor with some extra ridiculous flourishes.

Two other books in this group that granddaughter Anne liked are ***Susie and the Dancing Cat*** by **Lee Wyndham** (Dodd, Mead) and ***Your Prayers and Mine*** compiled by **Elizabeth Yates** (Houghton Mifflin). The latter would make a fine gift as a starter for a child's own permanent library. Decorations by Nora S. Unwin have an exquisitely spiritual quality.

For the slightly older boys and girls I'd give a gold star to ***Trouble on the Trace*** by **Tom Person** (Ariel). It's a drama-packed tale of America in the early nineteenth century when bandits and Indians were a constant threat to anyone who headed toward New Orleans. Exceptionally fine illustrations by Joshua Tolford give the book a stunning impact. There's strong family feeling set down here, and a good sense of old-fashioned values.

Then from England (published in this country by Little, Brown) comes a fine semifactual yarn of the seventeenth century when skulduggery surrounded the establishment of the first lighthouse there. ***The House in the Sea*** it is called, by **W. H. Wood.**

Redcap Runs Away by **Rhoda Power** (Houghton Mifflin) provides one more look into the past. The author describes fourteenth-century wandering minstrels with such a good ear that I put the book down having the distinct impression that I could hear the sound of a harp in the background.

Don't think for an instant that all the books for older boys and girls went delving into history. It just happened that these last were grouped together before me as being among my favorites. On my desk too — and take a deep breath for a radioactive landing — is *Starship Through Space* by Lee Correy, which was the infatuated choice of grandson Michael. It will be greatly enjoyed by young men

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dorothy Canfield Fisher's

VERMONT TRADITION

The Biography of an Outlook on Life

"Grand and heart-warming."—*N. Y. Times*

"Eloquent . . . serenely impassioned."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

$5.00 at all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN • BOSTON

THE ATLANTIC
$5,000 PRIZE BOOK

THE WILD PLACE

By KATHRYN HULME

"Heart-breaking and heart-warming, the story carries you along with a dramatic tension achieved by few novels. It makes you laugh and gulp and, sometimes, want to cheer. It is altogether unlike any book I've read before about those millions of 'displaced persons.' "
LEWIS GANNETT,
New York Herald Tribune

$3.75 at all bookstores

AN ATLANTIC
MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY · BOSTON

of your acquaintance over twelve who may be, shall I say, space happy.

Curious Calamity in Ward 8 by **Dorothy Deming** (Dodd, Mead) will interest all those loyal readers of the Penny Marsh books. They know it will be fast and that the background will ring true. ***Jean Reade in Public Relations*** by **Pauline E. Mandigo** (Dodd, Mead) is another such book, except that in this case, instead of hospital talk, there is a mound of almost textbook-type information on the publicity field as a career for girls.

Now here is one that mothers and fathers will enjoy as much as their children, I feel sure. It is ***General Tom Thumb*** by **Alice Curtis Desmond** (Macmillan). Almost everyone has heard of the little fellow, but it takes Mrs. Desmond's sure hand to do a thorough, readable, and altogether satisfying biography, rich with anecdotes.

Last in the older group is ***Stand by for Danger*** by **E. D. Mygatt** (Longmans, Green), which stresses the important part "ham" radio operators can play in crime detection. The story itself is written in such a staccato style, and the dialogue is so surely in the "teen" idiom, that I'm positive your twelve-year-olds and up will stay with it until its exciting finish.

Under MISCELLANY I should like to mention a new edition of ***The Wind in the Willows*** (Scribner's); **Jack Schaefer's *Shane*** (Houghton Mifflin), beautifully illustrated by John McCormack; ***The Cowboy's Own Brand Book*** by **Duncan Emrich** (Crowell); ***The Animal Frolic*** by **Toba Sojo** (Putnam), and **Catharine Sellew's *Adventures with the Heroes*** (Little, Brown).

There you are, with a selection that ought to take care of long rainy summer days. I'm sure they will interest most children, and I'm just as sure that when you ask why the books were enjoyed you will not be numbed as was the parent of one TV viewer I heard about recently. His mother, trying to probe the boy's almost inordinate devotion to a certain bloodcurdling program, asked him exactly *why* he liked it.

His answer was stunning in its simplicity. "Because it gives me nightmares," he said.

No such guarantee accompanies the book choices I have just made, but I have a strong hunch that your children will be richer in many ways for having read them.

ALDOUS HUXLEY says:
"A clear contemporary statement of the fundamental human problem, together with an invitation to solve it . . ."

The

First and Last Freedom

By J. KRISHNAMURTI

This is the renowned spiritual teacher's first definitive work to be published. His philosophy has heretofore been transmitted verbally, or in transcriptions of questions and answers. It is rooted in the central conviction that true freedom emerges only from self-giving love.

Foreword by ALDOUS HUXLEY

$3.50 at your bookseller

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

The Spectacle
is a powerful story about an intelligent, charming man on trial for murder.

The Spectacle
is a shattering novel of suspense but it is not *just* a thriller. "...like Graham Greene's 'entertainments' and the best of Ambler's spy stories, (it) is also a serious novel that uses the thriller technique."—*The Saturday Review.*

The Spectacle
introduces for the first time to American readers an English novelist who has nearly all the gifts—*"force, personality, intellectual drive, human insight."*—Pamela Hansford Johnson.

THE SPECTACLE

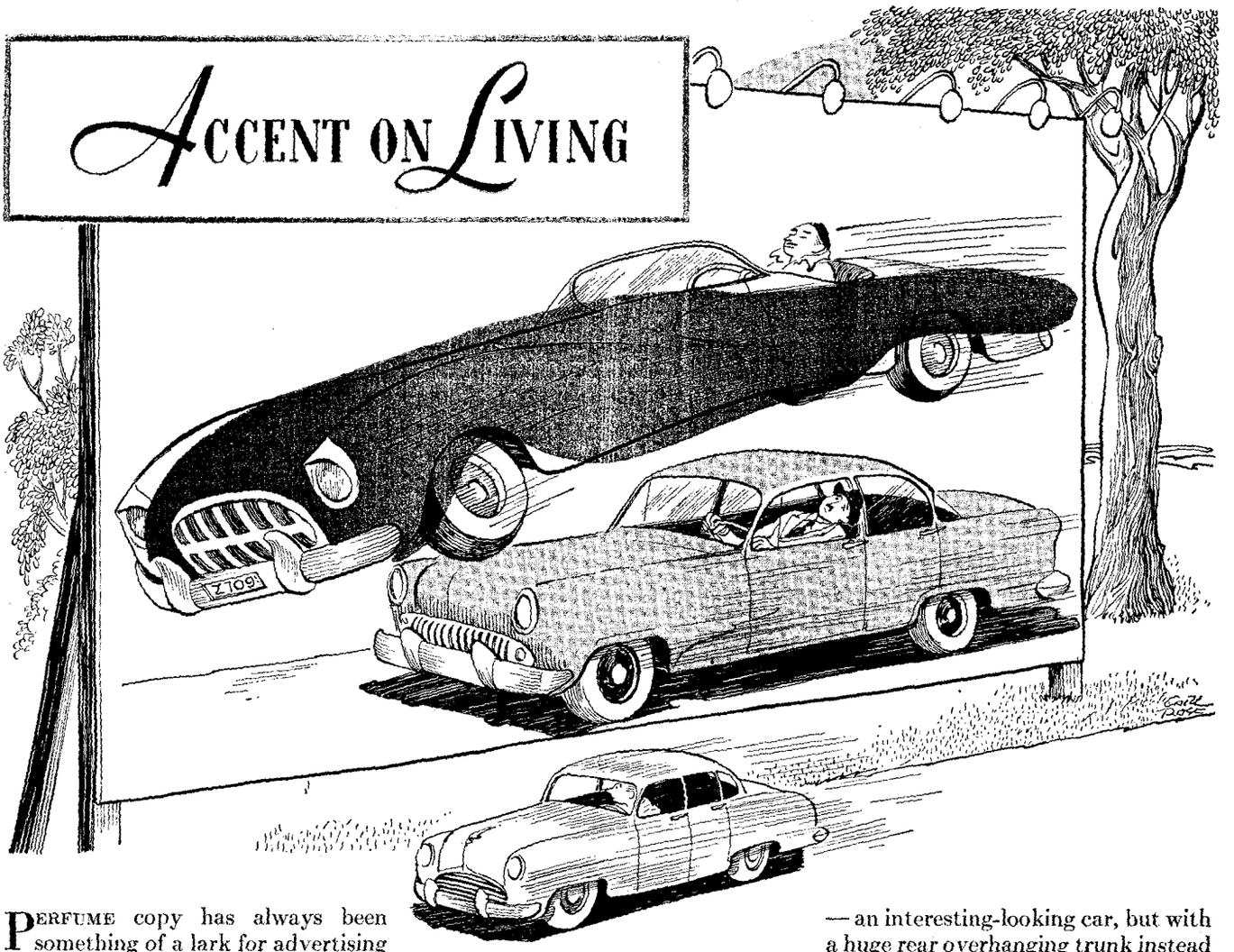
By RAYNE KRUGER

is on sale now wherever books are sold.
$3.00

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACCENT ON LIVING



PERFUME copy has always been something of a lark for advertising men. Relax. Have fun. And if you can strike off a nutty enough idea or a waggish bit of art, go right ahead. We in the perfume game don't take ourselves too seriously. We prefer the saucy, the spicy approach. We'll even take a flier in cold, naked lust on occasion. Get some heavy breathing into it. One whiff of "La Victime" — nice French angle there and any chump can pronounce it — and the man will start climbing the trellis. Okay, men — *you're on your own.*

The perfume industry solved its public relations problems lightheartedly, but Detroit is still trying to decide what to say and how to behave about its sports cars. The fact is that the recent revival of the sports car poses novel embarrassments to an industry that for the past twenty years has been more sedate in many ways than even the railroads, or the phone company, or the Post Office Department. Racing and performance competition have played no part for decades in Detroit's posture to its public. Not even a salesman could guess within a thousand pounds what a car weighed — not that anyone cared to ask him — and the beau ideal of all motorists was depicted as a hawk-faced, graying man in a Homburg and dinner jacket, gliding hydramatically away from a porticoed mansion, his queenly wife — a regular Mrs. Exeter — at his side (jewels by Harry Winston). Such a man in such a car, we were told, enjoys special credit at the bank, his opinions receive deference; rich and popular on the face of it, he becomes more so, just by sitting there at the wheel.

Into this idyl intrudes, raucously, the sports car. There is no need to define precisely what a sports car is, for the British, followed by the Italians and the Germans, have been offering them to us in lively variety for several years now. These cars are small, by our standards; their appeal is high performance with relative safety, and a refreshingly zippy appearance. Their sales were sufficient to stir the American producers, and the industry's reaction is not without its drolleries.

Studebaker went into production with what resembled a sports coupé — an interesting-looking car, but with a huge rear overhanging trunk instead of the Italian "fast back," and with few if any mechanical differences from its other models elsewhere in the car. The trunk was necessary, apparently, because the "sports coupé" used for a rear seat the space that could otherwise have been used for luggage, and the net of it was a compromise — a car big enough for five or six occupants *and* luggage.

Chevrolet is feeling its way with the "Corvette," a small, two-passenger convertible — and good-looking, barring its preoccupation with taillights. Chevrolet, which insists on an automatic transmission for the Corvette, has also displayed a handsome hard-top version. Chevrolet is actually in production with the Corvette; and Kaiser-Darrin is another reality, a sports car in production. Ford has announced that it will begin "this Fall" to turn out the "Thunderbird," a single-seater convertible weighing some 700–800 pounds less than the standard Ford, with hand shift or automatic shift optional, and a 160 horsepower engine.

Here are efforts, at least, to offer new designs to the motorist and to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recognize the market that exists for cars intended primarily for fun. But one of the overtones of the fun, where sports cars are concerned, is out-and-out performance competition. How will Ford, to put it bluntly, stack up against Chevrolet, and how will they both fare — from 0 to 50, for instance — in accelerating with the foreigners? Perhaps if one is a bit sluggish on the take-off, its maximum speed may nevertheless be superior, and it is quite possible that one manufacturer or another may find that he has created an all-around lemon — a dog, in the parlance of the fancy. But these are questions to which customers will demand precise answers.

It is hard to tell on the evidence to date whether the industry will be willing to advertise its new wares and on what theory it will expound them. The painful respectability of Mr. and Mrs. Exeter in their vast, air-conditioned salon-on-wheels is hardly the note to strike with customers in windbreakers and long-visored caps who want to know all about the power-to-weight ratio, exhaust manifolding, and aerodynamic underbody trays. Thus far the models actually offered for sale have received no fanfare whatever; their production is said to be "limited," and it seems that no one quite knows how to extol them without offending the more Exeter-like type of buyer. The majority of manufacturers have solved the dilemma by producing no sports cars at all and by displaying instead, at motor shows, a grotesque assortment of supposed sports models which they blandly describe as "experimental cars," or "style cars," or "idea cars" — that is, cars "for which we have no production plans." Some examples in this last category are now in their second year of nonproduction, and the new models are being hailed as a great improvement over their nonexistent predecessors.

What looks like the hottest of all the dream cars is being shown by Pontiac, whose standard models are celebrated for galumphing, family-surrey orthodoxy, but which has boldly titled its not-in-production sports car "The Bonneville Special." Buick, meanwhile, has displayed a not-for-sale-and-no-production-plans version of a snappy little speed car which it calls "The Wildcat."

These doings in general seem to suggest that Detroit is moving hopefully, if nervously, towards high-spirited endeavors. What remains is to call in the experts who think up the perfume copy and to get going.

CHARLES W. MORTON

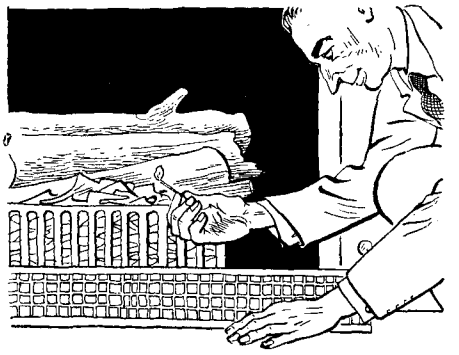
SUPREME TEST

by H. F. ELLIS

Former literary editor of Punch, H. F. ELLIS *is best known to American readers for his incomparably funny book,* The Vexations of A. J. Wentworth.

THERE is a popular notion, largely nurtured by press reports of accidents ("But for the coolness and quick-thinking of Driver Ferguson, who immediately applied his brakes . . ."), that it is a crisis that really tests a man, bringing out the best in him or exposing him as pitifully unequal to an emergency. I am inclined to dispute the truth of this. Almost anyone can do *something* in a crisis, and do it pretty quickly — even if it is only getting to hell out of it by the shortest route. It is the half-crisis, the potential, the may-or-may-not-come-to-something-if-somebody-doesn't-do-something-about-it emergency that backs a man right up into a corner and tests his irresolution to the uttermost.

Put it this way. If a stranger with staring eyes hacks his way through your bedroom window with a scimitar, it requires no great gifts of coolness and quick-thinking to slip out of the door, shouting "Help! Murder!" as you go. I could do it myself. But suppose an old friend asks you round for a drink and, right in the middle of a chat about your neuritis, whips a stiletto off the grand piano and advances on you with a gleam in his eye that might be insanity and might equally well be the natural pride of a man who wants to show you what the boys at the office gave him for a leaving present. What then? How does the cool quick-thinker handle himself at this juncture? Ease open



the window a trifle, as though for air, and kind of half shout "Don't help yet! But if anybody happens to be about, would he very kindly hang around for a bit in case I have occasion to shout 'Murder!'"?

I give this only by way of example. What actually happened to us, and started this train of thought in my mind, was a roaring noise in the chimney shortly after we had piled an exceptional amount of fuel on the sitting-room fire during a cold spell. Not a loud roar; more like the blanketed *whoosh* you get in those radio interplanetary serials, fifteen seconds after take-off. But it kept on.

"D'you think it's on fire?" my wife asked.

"Only an updraft," I said, and went outside to have a look. Volumes of thick black smoke were billowing up into the crisp morning air. Already an industrial haze hung over our small suburb.

Back in the sitting room the roar had undoubtedly increased. Lumps of burning matter were falling into the grate, and my wife had the look of one who expects immediate action.

"A pocket of soot must have caught," I said, so coolly that any competent newspaperman would have reached instantly for his notebook. "We had better reduce the updraft."

"How?"

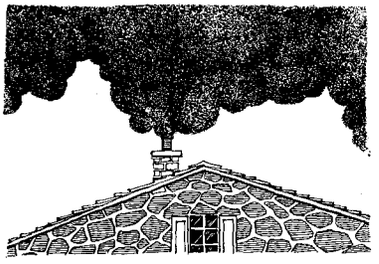
"By blocking up the fireplace opening," I explained.

"But that's how one draws it up."

"So it is," I said, and fell to pondering on the impossibility of getting a bucket of water up to the roof of this oddly constructed house. An unusually large ball of smoldering soot plopped into the grate. "You'll have to get help," my wife said.

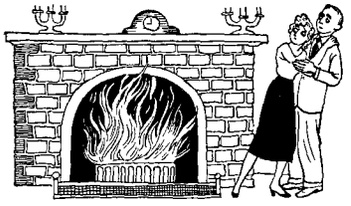
So there I was, face to face with a genuine half-crisis, the supreme test

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



(as I maintain) of a man's character. The last thing anybody wants to do is to make a lot of fuss about a little burning soot; but on the other hand, if I did nothing and the house burned to the ground, I knew I shouldn't hear the last of it for weeks. Obviously, one had to meet this half-crisis — if possible, with half-measures.

In London, where we live, it is



extraordinarily difficult to take half-measures. The instructions about what to do in case of fire, as given in the Telephone Directory, are quite straightforward. You simply dial 999 and shout "Fire!" Any fool with his roof well alight could do it on his head. But, though I leafed through the Directory for several minutes, I could find nothing whatever about what to do in case of what might or might not become a fire later on, depending on a number of factors unknown to the caller. There seemed to be nothing in the nature of a Fire Precautions Advisory Bureau, with whom I could have a brief chat, and I was halfway through the S's, looking for Soot, when my wife, who had gone upstairs in her interfering way, called down to say that her bedroom wall was dangerously hot and were they on the way. Reluctantly, and very slowly, as befits a man with a clear head and a sense of proportion, I dialed 999, and a brisk voice said, "Emergency."

"Hardly that," I said. "Hardly that. I only wanted —"

"Police, Fire, or Ambulance?"

"Er, well — fire," I said, trying to keep the capital letter out of it — and at once found myself talking to the Fire Brigade.

"There's nothing to be alarmed about," I told the man there. "The fact is that, as a result of an exceptionally big fire —"

"Address?" he snapped.

I gave him our address, with the utmost coolness, and was going on to talk about soot when I found that he had hung up on me. This was very disconcerting, because my plan had been to ask him to send somebody round — preferably an inconspicuous sort of man on a bicycle — who would just poke about a bit and then tell my wife there was nothing to worry about. I wanted no fuss, and I wanted it even less when I noticed that the roaring noise had ceased and my wife reported that the volume of smoke from the stack had now become a normal trickle. It seemed to me that, unless I acted quickly and curbed the Fire Brigade's impetuosity, there might be a considerable anti-climax in store for them.

I acted quickly, knowing the drill by this time. I dialed 999, shouted "Fire!" and in less than no time was through to the Fire Brigade again.

"Address?" said a voice.

It never occurred to me that this might be a different Brigade. We live, by ill luck, just about on the borders of the London Area and Surrey County, and the Emergency operator, I suppose, puts the call through to whichever Brigade happens to have least on its hands. My first call had stirred the London lot up, so now here I was talking to Surrey. But I couldn't be expected to know that. I was simply out to save trouble all round, and when I had repeated the address I went straight to business. "Listen," I said. "You'll have to be damn quick, but you may be just in time to save —"

There was a squeal of brakes outside, just then, and five huge firemen came running up the path. "Too late!" I cried into the phone and slammed the receiver back. My one idea now was to stop these men unrolling their hose.

I managed that. But I couldn't, of course, stop the second London fire engine that came racing up a moment later. And I'd hardly got the ten firemen into the sitting room and begun to explain about the pocket of soot when two Surrey tenders and an escape apparatus drew up. One way and another we had twenty-three firemen in the room at the peak, and not a thing for any of them to do. Our sitting room is nothing out of the way, and twenty-three firemen, helmeted, axed, and thigh-booted, just about fill it.

But I wasn't worrying about that. The half-crisis, with all its doubts and difficulties and indecisions, was over. I had done my best with it, and the reader can judge for himself whether he would have done any better. What we were up against now was a real, full-blown crisis — and, as I say, anybody can deal with one of those. One does the right thing instinctively.

"What about a drink?" I said coolly.

PENDANT LA SAISON

by FRANCIS W. HATCH

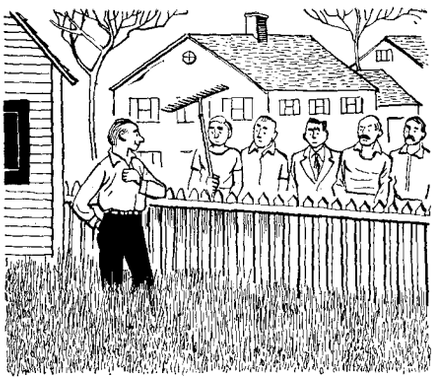
Monsieur A. P. Decantelle, Director of *La Pêche Indépendante*, the well-known Paris angling journal, has informed the Irish Tourist body that he will lead a group of French anglers to Ireland at the beginning of June. — *Weekly Bulletin of the Department of External Affairs, Dublin.*

MESSIEURS, the Irish trout in lough and stream
Bewitched become, and altogether fey,
Feeding in the frenzy of a dream
Pendant la saison de la mouche de mai.

Well-timed, Messieurs, the visit you have planned.
Souvenirs palpitants you'll bear away,
Of angling in a wild and lovely land,
Pendant la saison de la mouche de mai.

Messieurs, perhaps you'll feel a little pain
For those, with pole in hand, along the quai,
Seeking the humble gudgeon in the Seine,
Pendant la saison de la mouche de mai.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LAWN PARTY

by FRANK HERBERT

FRANK HERBERT *is a native New Yorker, a graduate of the University of Notre Dame, who has made his home in Massachusetts since returning from wartime service as an officer in the Navy. This is his first appearance in the* Atlantic.

IT ALL started as more or less of a joke, back in the summer of 1950. That was the summer when our suburban community — a part of Wellesley, Massachusetts — had just begun to build, and when all the new neighbors were neighbors only in the loosest sense of the word. We had all recently moved in from widely separated parts of the country, and we were closely following what seems to be a guiding rule of family behavior in the big new communities of today: Be polite to your neighbor — but keep to yourself.

If we were united at all, it was in the impersonal matters. For example, there was the great effort of Building a Front Lawn. All of us were trying desperately to do this, in spite of such obstacles as bicycles, birds, dogs, small boys, and a considerable lack of the good green thumb. We experimented recklessly with all kinds of seed, soil-builders, and fertilizers; it remained, however, for the Austins to come up with the strangest experiment of all. They planted *their* front lawn, not to grass, but to buckwheat!

Curiosity overcame reticence; questions were asked and the answer was brief and simple. "Just a starter," Bob Austin said. "It might condition the soil for a really good lawn later on. Anyway, we'll see how it turns out."

Came August, and if progress in the neighborly spirit was slow — for the invisible fences which surrounded each family remained standing: we were still the courteous strangers — at least progress with the buckwheat lawn was not. It was flourishing. It looked odd, but it was the showpiece of the community. One day a neighbor suggested to Bob Austin that it was a pity to let it all go to waste — that when harvest time came around he might very well invite the whole neighborhood over for a buckwheat cake breakfast.

And this was what started it all, for in the suggestion which had been offered so lightly, Austin saw interesting possibilities. For one thing, the idea of feeding an entire neighborhood — an idea which would leave the average householder limp and helpless — did not faze him; he was by training a hotel man, accustomed to dealing with large groups of hungry people. More positively, however, he felt that such a breakfast might be just what the neighborhood needed. He is a friendly man, and has always believed that people who live in the same community should at least know each other; our slow progress in this direction had troubled him. How better to introduce everyone, he thought, than at a community breakfast?

Accordingly, early the next spring each of the approximately fifty families in our part of Wellesley received an invitation to a Sunday morning pancake breakfast at the Austins'. "Bring your plates and your appetites," it read. "We do the rest."

Had everything been arranged smoothly, with no hitches? Not quite; it was not until after the breakfast that many of us learned what had gone on behind the scenes.

First of all, there had been the matter of the stove. How to cook hundreds of pancakes outdoors and in a hurry: that was the problem. An outdoor electric grill seemed fine in theory, but actually proved impractical because of the cost. Austin finally got around the difficulty by turning up an Army surplus griddle of heroic proportions, which he set up on building blocks over a charcoal fire.

Secondly, there had been the food itself. Maple syrup? This was easy: some of Austin's closest friends were Vermonters in the maple syrup business who readily agreed to supply all the syrup the pancakes could absorb. Butter? This was harder: there had to be lots of it, and butter costs were high. Shopping around in the market for a good price, Austin ran into one of his neighbors. As luck would have it, he was a wholesaler who dealt in dairy products; moreover, he was coming to the breakfast. Result: a donation of butter, enough and more for everyone.

Finally, there were the pancakes themselves — or rather, the buckwheat for the pancakes. For the famous buckwheat lawn, from which everything had started, turned out to be of no help at all. Buckwheat has to be milled into flour, and our community contained no resident millers; it did, however, have a vice-president of a supermarket chain, which proved to be even better. He talked with the Pillsbury people and told them of the problem; the next day there was a promise of all the flour we needed, gratis.

The big day came at last — and with it came a heavy fog. Still, in spite of the weather, at the appointed hour one hundred and fifty men, women, and children were gathered together in the Austins' yard, plates in hand and ready for breakfast. Two chefs kept the line moving rapidly: one poured the batter, the other flipped the cakes. In the interest of efficient serving, a rule was quickly established that no person could have more than two pancakes at a time — but there was no limit to the number of times.

The breakfast was a huge success. Even the sun finally came out, and by the time it did, everyone had eaten his fill and, most important of all, everyone had met everyone else. The fences were coming down at last.

That was in 1951. Now the pancake breakfast has become an annual fixture in our community; it gets bigger and better with every year. New families in the neighborhood have been known to inquire about it before they move in. And as a result of it, there are no strangers in our neighborhood today.

As for Bob Austin, he has a fine

new lawn; the buckwheat lawn has long since gone. But everyone agrees that as a "starter" it was a magnificent success.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the new HORIZON line in high fidelity

HORIZON 20 $84.50
HORIZON 10 $79.95
HORIZON CRITERION $169.95
HORIZON 5 $49.95

Now — National — world's most respected maker of professional radio receiving equipment — brings you a new concept in high fidelity — the new HORIZON line!

This new integrated system is so unique in design, so far ahead in performance and styling it obsoletes present equipment on the market.

tuned to tomorrow National

ASK TO HEAR IT AT YOUR HIGH-FIDELITY HEADQUARTERS — OR WRITE TODAY FOR COMPLETE SPECIFICATIONS TO DEPT. A-654, NATIONAL CO., INC., 61 SHERMAN ST., MALDEN 48, MASS.

by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Cantata No. 70, *Wachet, Betet* (Felix Prohaska conducting soloists, Bach Guild Choir, Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Vanguard: 12″ LP). Bach himself amplified this church cantata ("Watch, Pray, Be Ever Ready") to make the most of its Judgment Day dramatic flavor. It has plenty, fully exploited here. Try Norman Foster's bass aria, "*Ring out, O final trumpet!*" on side two. The recorded sound is good, too.

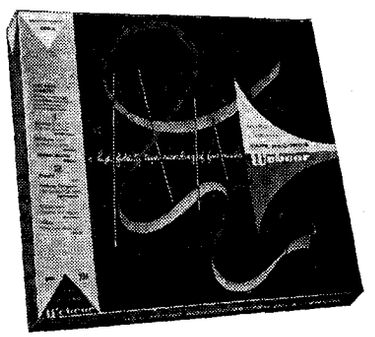
Berlioz: *L'Enfance du Christ* (Thomas Scherman conducting soloists, Little Orchestra Society, Choral Arts Society; Columbia: two 12″ LPs). This year is being observed as Berlioz's sesquicentennial (actually he was born in December, 1803), and Columbia has released this recording in honor of the newly formed Berlioz Society. It is sonically but not otherwise superior to an aging Vox version with André Cluytens. It has, quite unpardonably, the same fault as the elder release — no text. But the oratorio retains its charm and gentle drama.

Blow, John: *Venus and Adonis* (Margaret Ritchie, other soloists; Anthony Lewis conducting chamber ensemble; Oiseau-Lyre: 12″ LP). London now is distributing Oiseau-Lyre records here; this is from the first batch. The recording is only adequate, perhaps a reprint from 78s, but Blow's waggishly wicked Restoration fun-making doesn't suffer unduly. Miss Ritchie sounds delightful.

Britten: *A Ceremony of Carols* (Benjamin Britten conducting Copenhagen Boys Choir; Enid Simon, harpist; London: 10″ LP). Heretofore the London 78 r.p.m. album of Britten's delightful Yuletide suite has outpointed all LP comers. It is now dethroned by this beguiling, beautifully recorded rendition, which comes in cut-rate guise ($2.95) from the same company.

Delius: *A Mass of Life* (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting soloists, London

an important announcement to every tape recorder owner from **WEBCOR**



To the more than half a million tape recorder owners, Webcor proudly announces its first releases of recorded tapes for your high-fidelity musical enjoyment.

Recorded on specially constructed high-fidelity equipment, Webcor Tape Records bring you the finest selections on nonfading magnetic tape at 7½ ips. (Also available in binaural recordings.)

Webcor Tape Records are available in both 5 and 7-inch reels for up to one hour of uninterrupted listening pleasure, without needle scratch or annoying delay from usual *record changing*.

Your favorite music store, record counter, department and appliance shop carries the new Webcor Tape Records. Stop in to hear your favorite recording for the newest thrill in recorded music.

For a listing of current availabilities on Webcor Tape Records, write Webcor, Record Tape Division, Chicago 39, Ill. A free folder listing releases will be sent to you.

all music sounds better on a

WEBCOR

WEBCOR 40 YEARS OF BETTER SOUND

©WEBCOR, INC. 1954

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir; Columbia: two 12″ LPs in album with text). Little known, this is a movingly sincere setting of Nietzsche's *Also Sprach Zarathustra* — majestic, mystical, melodious in a massive Mahlerian way. Recording adequate.

Falla: *Nights in the Gardens of Spain* with **Grieg: Concerto in A Minor** (Guiomar Novaes, piano; Hans Swarowsky conducting Pro Musica Symphony of Vienna; Vox: 12″ LP). Neither of these works has been exactly neglected on records, but Falla's warm and glistening score has rarely been so well treated as here, and the Grieg, too, glows anew in sane, metrical playing and devoted engineering.

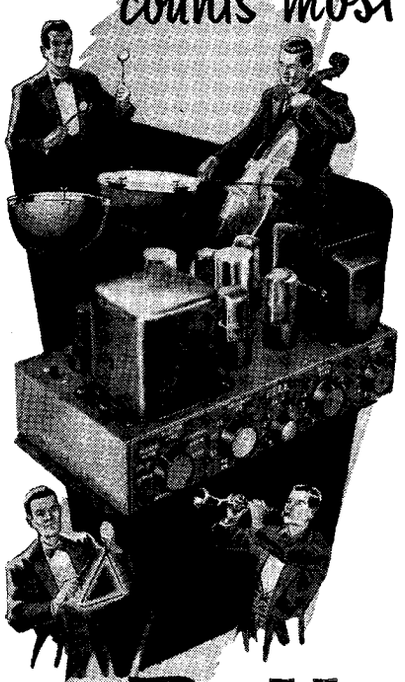
Geminiani: Six Concerti Grossi (Rolf Reinhardt conducting Helma Elsner, harpsichord, Barchet String Quartet, Pro Musica String Orchestra of Stuttgart; Vox: 12″ LP). Post-Corelli, pre-Handel, gayer and lighter than either, and worth investigation. The engineers have well conveyed chamber orchestra sound, big yet intimate.

Handel: *The Messiah* (Hermann Scherchen conducting Margaret Ritchie, Constance Shacklock, William Herbert, Richard Standen; London Symphony Orchestra and Philharmonic Choir; Westminster: three 12″ LPs in album with text). Much has been made of the fact that Dr. Scherchen here presents the "original Dublin version" of Handel's tremendous oratorio — a small orchestra and chorus; a vital, insistent harpsichord beat; solo violin accompaniments for certain arias. All of this cleanses and clarifies, heightens drama and adds intimacy. But there is something more, and more important: this is an inspired performance. In every moment, there is a blazing rightness and fervency, an exultant devotion and understanding. The singers and the instrumentalists are wonderful (notably trumpeter George Eskdale), and so are the engineers. But especially wonderful is Dr. Hermann Scherchen, in his finest offering on records and — to these ears — the outstanding recording of 1954 thus far.

Humperdinck: *Hansel and Gretel* (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Elisabeth Grümmer, Josef Metternich, Anny Felbermayer, other singers; Herbert von Karajan conducting Philharmonia Orchestra and English children's chorus; Angel: two 12″ LPs in album with libretto or in thrift pack). *Another* out-of-season gala

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when the FINEST counts most



Bell High Fidelity Amplifiers

Keep pace with the remarkable strides in the recording fields . . . hear ALL the beauties of today's masterpieces of recorded music.

BELL Model 2199B: 12 watt output at 1/2 of 1% distortion, 20 watt peak; 20 to 20,000 cps plus or minus 1/2 db; six inputs; five controls including bass and treble controls, seven-position equalization and selector switch; continuously variable loudness control and master gain control. See and hear the Bell 2199B at your high fidelity dealer today. *For complete details and specifications write today for Bell catalog 542.*

Bell A Subsidiary of Thompson Products, Inc.

Sound Systems, Inc.

558 Marion Rd., Columbus 7, Ohio

Export Office: 401 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Christmas package. Surely some of Oberon's kindlier minions must have had a hand in the making of this fairy-tale opera set, for the whole thing savors marvelously of benign magic. *Don Giovanni* and *Die Meistersinger*, woe is them, never have had it so good. Even the recorded sound is slightly supernatural.

McDonald, Harl: *Suite from Childhood* with **Caplet, André: *The Mask of the Red Death*** (Felix Slatkin conducting Concert Arts Orchestra; Ann Mason Stockton, harp; Capitol: 12″ LP). The French Poe-piece is pleasantly shivery. The McDonald suite's first appearance on LP has been awaited for five long years by veteran record fanciers, and it is a real pleasure to be able to report to them that this version has everything they hoped for — the glinting nostalgic melody, the rollicking sonority: a happily integrated performance in exemplary fidelity. Buy it.

Mozart: *Bastien und Bastienne* (Ilse Hollweg, Waldemar Kmentt, Walter Berry; John Pritchard conducting Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Columbia: 12″ LP with translated libretto.) A work to wonder at and delight in, from a 12-year-old composer, a child unmistakably a child and just as unmistakably a full-fledged, highly competent composer. It is sung and played with complete conviction here, and recorded with fine fidelity.

Mozart: Sonatas for Violin and Piano, K. 301, K. 304, K. 378, K. 379 (Nap de Klijn, violin; Alice Heksch, piano; Epic: 12″ LP). The instruments used in this are authentically Mozartian. The piano is a replica of the 1777 Stein piano, the violinist's bow is the small, light implement common in Mozart's day. The effect could be "quaint" and bloodless, but it isn't. Indeed, it is rather dramatic, quite possibly what Mozart had in mind. Try it.

Mozart: Symphonies 18, 19, 20, 21; Symphonies 22, 23, 24, 25 (Otto Ackermann conducting Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra; Concert Hall: two separate 12″ LPs). A suspicion is confirmed: Mozart did not suddenly become a first-order genius with the publication of K. 385 (the "Haffner" Symphony). He was just as good before. Here are eight genuine masterpieces, excellently played and very well recorded, issued almost as a secret. Two of the safest buys since recording began.

Stravinsky: *Le Sacre du Printemps* (two versions: Antal Dorati conducting Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; Mercury: 12″ LP; William Steinberg conducting Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; Capitol: 12″ LP). It is hard to believe these are recordings of the same work. The Mercury version makes an astounding hi-fi display of the voices of various individual instruments. The Capitol sets forth, in very impressive Row K fidelity, what seems to this reviewer the most compelling *Sacre* on records, very much like Stravinsky's own recording brought sonically up to date. Take your choice.

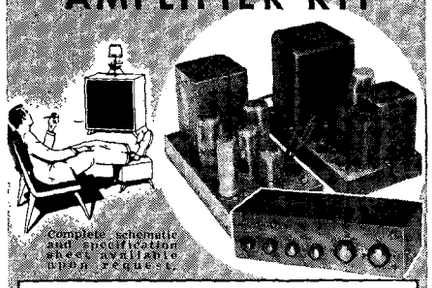
Josten, Werner: Songs (Sara Mae Endich, soprano; William McGrath, tenor; Werner Josten, piano; SPA: 12″ LP). A quarter-century's crop of Smith College graduates will stand up to testify to Mr. Josten's charm, and so will these songs, written in what may be called twentieth-century Romantic style, more reminiscent of Richard Strauss than anyone else; very good. The two fine, intelligent young singers have a wonderful time with them, and so will you.

Wagner: *Lohengrin* (Wolfgang Windgassen, Eleanor Steber, Astrid Varnay, Josef Greindl, other singers; Joseph Keilberth conducting Orchestra and Chorus of the 1953 Bayreuth Festival; London: five 12″ LPs in album with libretto). This was recorded at an actual performance; it has excitement, also some unplanned sonic effects. The orchestra, playing from Wagner's acoustic dungeon, sounds less subterranean than in the same company's Bayreuth *Parsifal*. The singers, while they scale no untrodden heights, show a fine, note-perfect competence and histrionic intelligence; the performance hangs together gratifyingly, and the engineers have contributed a very fitting sense of presence. Anyone who attended Bayreuth last year will want this, and other Wagnerians may have to wait a long time for a better *Lohengrin*.

Walton: *Belshazzar's Feast* (Sir Adrian Boult conducting London Philharmonic Choir and Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra, Denis Noble, baritone soloist; Westminster: 12″ LP). Such aural intimacy with such big, vital sound may not be exactly natural, but it is exciting and sounds proper to Walton's brilliant-hued setting of the Biblical lines on Babylon's fall, arranged by Sir Osbert Sitwell. Very lively listening.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW HEATHKIT WILLIAMSON TYPE HIGH FIDELITY
AMPLIFIER KIT



Complete schematic and specification sheets available upon request.

Here is the famous kit form Williamson type high fidelity amplifier that has deservedly earned highest praise from every strata of Hi-fi music lovers. Virtually distortionless, clean musical reproduction, full range frequency response and more than adequate power reserve.

Three fine output transformers available for your individual selection. Peerless, Acrosound and the new Chicago "super range" transformer. Available in combinations as listed below.

The exciting new WA-P2 preamplifier provides full control through its five individually controlled input circuits — 4 *position turnover and roll-off switches* — separate bass and treble tone controls. Attractively styled, beautiful appearance, baked gold enamel finish, functional in design.

Combined with brilliant performance of these units is the amazingly modest investment required and the fun of building it yourself. Detailed step-by-step construction manual complete with illustrations and pictorials insures success for even the most non-technical enthusiast.

AVAILABLE ONLY IN THESE KIT COMBINATIONS

W-2 with Peerless transformer or W-3 with Acrosound transformer (be sure to specify) includes Williamson type amplifier, separate power supply and WA-P2 preamplifier kit. Shipping weight 39 pounds. Shipped express only $69.50

W-2M with Peerless transformer or W-3M with Acrosound transformer (be sure to specify) includes Williamson type amplifier and separate power supply. Shipping weight 29 pounds. Express only. $49.75

W-4 with Chicago "super range" transformer includes single chassis, main amplifier and power supply with WA-P2 preamplifier kit. Shipping weight 39 pounds. Express only. $59.50

W-4M with Chicago "super range" transformer. Single chassis, main amplifier and power supply. Shipping weight 29 pounds. Express only. $39.75

WA-P2 preamplifier kit only. Shipping weight 8 pounds. Express or parcel post. $19.75

HEATH COMPANY BENTON HARBOR 6, MICHIGAN

CLARENCE B RANDALL'S
new book
FREEDOM'S FAITH

"The passion for the public interest that breathes through every page of this book promises well for the all-important responsibility thrust upon Mr. Randall as chairman of the new United States Commission on Foreign Economic Policy."
ELIOT JANEWAY,
New York Times Book Review

$3.00 *at all bookstores*

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY · BOSTON

SHOPPING À LA CART

by WEARE HOLBROOK

WEARE HOLBROOK *has written many light articles for news syndicates and magazines. A former Iowan, he now lives in Hartsdale, New York.*

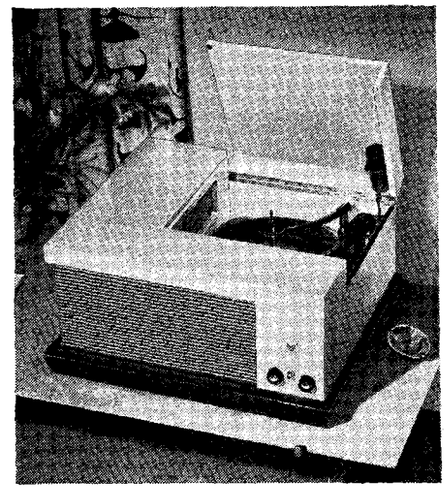
IT WAS my first time in the Helpy Selfy, and though it was crowded I seemed to be the only man in the place except for a few callow cashiers.

Just inside the entrance stood a waiting row of carts snugly telescoped together — so snugly that when I pulled out the nearest one, two more came with it. I found myself propelling a coffin-shaped caravan which looked as if it should be filled in triplicate like a government form. Rumbling impressively on its twelve wheels, it attracted considerable attention and made me feel vaguely polygamous. But it was too long to negotiate the first turn (into Meat and Poultry), so I abandoned it with relief and seized upon a single cart standing idle near Deposit Bottles.

The cart had been standing idle for a reason which became apparent as soon as we started down the aisle together. It was a maverick with an insurgent front wheel, and it persistently veered to the left of center. Even a firm grip on the handle bar, plus body-english, failed to check this subversive tendency. Again and again I had to stop, back up, and start in a new direction.

All this warping and woofing resulted in frequent collisions and, eventually, in a discovery. I had always assumed that the gleaming pyramids of canned goods in stores were empty dummies artfully fastened together for display purposes. But they are not. They are genuine cans built up one by one to a precari-

the Voice of Music



Fidelis®

thrilling authentic high fidelity from 40 to 15,000 cps

The elegant V-M *Fidelis* (Model 560) table model high fidelity phonograph is first to offer you the musical pleasures of an audio system that includes three extended range speakers, extra large, exclusive bass reflex tone chamber that provides superior quality low frequency performance equal to console size instruments, plus, full range angular tone dispersion. Exclusive V-M Tone-o-matic® loudness control affords equal *hearing* loudness at different frequencies over the entire audio spectrum to give you balanced "live performance" music reproduction at power levels suitable to your home. Hear, enjoy, all the music in your finest records. V-M Corporation, Benton Harbor, Michigan, is the world's largest manufacturer of phonographs and record changers.

UL Approved

**Slightly higher in the west.*

Your Choice — Blonde or Mahogany *Fidelis at same price!* (Black or brass legs *optional* at extra cost.) $149.95*

V-M Model 556 Portable *high fidelity* Phonograph, Tone-o-matic, exclusive speaker system. $119.95*

V-M CORPORATION,
BENTON HARBOR 3, MICHIGAN

Please send me illustrated folder, "Bring Concert Halls Within Your Walls."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ous pinnacle and held in place only by their own weight.

The pyramid I backed into had been erected to the glory of sauerkraut juice. Over my shoulder I saw it sway, topple, and then collapse with a thundering crash. Before you could say "Edwin Arlington Robinson," I was knee-deep in cans. Some of them rolled all the way from Fruits and Vegetables to Jellies and Jams.

To reassemble them in their monumental pattern would have required the patience of a pinhead prayer engraver; so I tried hastily filling my wagon with them, as if I were a sauerkraut juice addict who would go to any lengths to get the stuff. There had been a great demand for sauerkraut juice about twenty years ago, I recalled, just after the yeast fad and before the gelatine fad. It was supposed to prevent something, possibly the drinking of more sauerkraut juice. Whatever it was, I was ready for it.

By the time I had cleared enough floor space to trundle my cart through, there was barely room in it for the remaining items on my shopping list, which included Kinky Winx cereal, Whipsy Doodle salad dressing, Dreamboat soap, O-So-Lushus cake mix, Lover Boy lard, and Icky Poo pre-whipped cream.

But the point is, I got them — and without embarrassment. Though the shopping expedition took two hours, portal to portal, and the cash saving didn't cover my taxi fare home, I will concede that the supermarket has one advantage over its smaller competitors: it is impersonal.

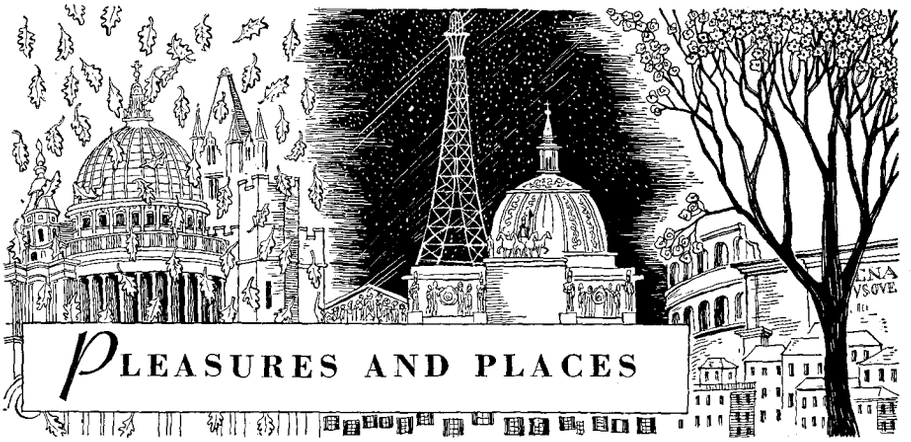
The average adult male cannot easily bring himself to ask his grocer for something called O-So-Lushus or Icky Poo, or even Lover Boy. But at the Helpy Selfy he doesn't have to ask. He simply takes his Icky Poo off the shelfy and hands the cashier his hard-earned pelfy. And all with no loss of self-respecky-weckums.

•

UNDERCURRENT

by MARTHA KELLER

DARK as the quicksand of the years,
The sound of water covers me.
The green and the incessant sea
Of love is like an undertow.
The halt, the hesitant, the slow
Insistent surf's receding sound
Is like the voices of the drowned.
You are a ringing in my ears.



EUROPE IN THE OFF SEASON

by MITCHELL GOODMAN

MITCHELL GOODMAN *is a New Yorker who has lived in France and Italy. After living in Vermont, he is once again in New York, where he is writing full time.*

IN THESE days of mass tourism Europe (as Europe) is not easy to find if one comes to it in what the tourist industry calls the "season" (June through September). It's there, all right, right out on display, stuffed with *events*, and with all the trimmings. (Prices to match.) Altogether it's about as lively and natural as an old-fashioned museum — with the result that too many travelers come home feeling they've seen the whole thing under glass. This is almost inevitable: Europe in the summer is a vast exhibition, ogled by millions of American and European tourists. The other eight months are called the "off season," with the implication that there is something second-best about them. The opposite is true. In those eight months the bunting is off and Europe is just Europe, and that is the time to see it if one wants the sense of having been "inside."

The European summer is loaded with pitfalls, side shows, and tourist traps. Under the smooth guidance of the well-oiled state tourist organizations, the Europeans try to give Americans what they think we're looking for. In many places it's a put-up job: illuminations, brass bands, false faces, and rigged celebrations, to say nothing of the leering emphasis on such national monuments as the Folies Bergères and the quaint clip joint with terrace on Montmartre. All at colorful "season" prices.

What's more, in summer Europe is really only half there. Many Europeans lower the green iron shutter on the shop and get out of town, running from the heat and from the tourist flood. All the great cities are at least half asleep. Even Paris seems like a provincial town shut tight against the heat. Theaters and operas and concert halls are closed; the general slowdown is much more thorough than anything known in America.

And then, hemmed in by hundreds of thousands of half-familiar faces and seersucker suits, there are times when you can't see the Europeans for the Americans. Anyone who has been in Florence in the past three summers can describe it: the feeling that perhaps you never left home. In midsummer even Paris seems semi-American, and the number of Americans in a Roman summer considerably dilutes the flavor of that ripe city.

There are other midsummer nightmares: the practical problems like finding a way through the crowd to the kind of hotel one wants, or watching the clock and the calendar from city to city, tied to a string of advance reservations. In this tight situation there is a better than even chance of coming face to face with that embarrassing lust for dollars that overcomes many European tourist traders in what might be called the hunting season. These sportsmen go into the field muttering "Americans have all the money"; and even the majority who are not professional tourist-trimmers can't see why the lucky exchange-favored Americans should pay the same prices they pay. But even if the trimmers are merciful, the summer is a lot more expensive than eight other perfectly good months of the year — simply because it is the time of a seller's market in what the tourist buys. It means, specifically, that many prices are up 25 to 40 per cent over "off season," including the prices on some everyday items.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From late September to the end of May there is more to be had, effortlessly, at lower prices. To start with, the unharried travel agent will be more likely to find the less expensive

way, and his fee and/or commissions (some of which the client pays, whether he knows it or not) will be proportionately less. Then there is a saving in transatlantic fares. From the first of August to mid-April by boat the round-trip cost is off by $40 to $50 in tourist and cabin class, and by as much as $300 in first class. By plane (November through March) the saving is about $100 in first class and $70 tourist. Here, as elsewhere, there is a hidden gain in the more relaxed atmosphere and the better service. (More: it is often possible to get cabin class accommodations at tourist class rates.) The same applies to hotels — wider choice and better rooms are to be had for less, and no worry about where to sleep in the next town. In restaurants, again the prices are lower, the plate is piled higher, and the waiter is more affable. In hiring a car (or for garage, laundry, and other services) the off-season traveler gets the same good break, and the roads, most of them narrow, are less crowded. There is much more room in the trains and buses, and none of the summer turmoil of timetables and crowded stations. All in all, the off-season sensations are less those of a customer and more those of a guest.

But even the out-and-out customer — the shopper — is better off: whether for *haute couture* or for souvenirs in the market place the off season is, to say the least, advantageous. For example, in the well-known basket and lace market near the Ponte Vecchio in Florence they will admit in a candid moment that between April 15 and midsummer their prices climb until they have just about doubled. The same goes for most of the shops on the tourist circuit.

Putting aside dollars and cents, Europe from the fall to the spring is a much more friendly, casual, and substantial place. Take as an example the Paris most Americans never see, Paris in the fall. It is a very different thing to come to it then as an individual than to be washed in on the tourist tide in July or August. One finds oneself alone, as it were, with the Parisians, absorbed into the life of the city (even if only for a few days) at that exhilarating moment when it is reawakening from the long summer doldrums. The Parisians are more themselves after four months of sharing an overcrowded tourist city (one finds them strolling again, gazing reverently at the Seine and its bordering trees), and they are readier to accept the foreigner as an individual, not as one of a million sightseers.

This reawakening after the fallow summer is a kind of revival we hardly know in sleepless big-city America. There is a sudden return to life: the theaters, galleries, opera, concert halls are reopening, refreshed, and everywhere there is an atmosphere of people going eagerly back to work. Thousands of billboards announce the season's events, from boxing to marionettes to political rallies. The movement in the streets is of a different quality — the bustling headlong zest that makes the *ambiance* of Paris street life. The heat is off — in more than one sense — and one is tempted to go for those long walks that bestow the sense of discovery and of something like participation in the life of the city. One begins to know the way, to feel at ease in the reasonable, coherent pattern of this city, so unlike the impersonal disorder of the other great cities. It is there now, totally actual, in all its dense detail — the cries of the street vendors, the smell of roasting chestnuts in sidewalk ovens along the Boulevard St. Michel, the spirited movement of students and painters on the Left Bank, the long relaxed conversations in the cafés, the stylish Parisienne browsing in the shops of the Faubourg St. Honoré; French faces and gestures and sounds everywhere replacing the tourist parade — the undiluted reality of Paris.

Walking along the Seine and through the contrasting *quartiers* (that are like a dozen or more separate villages) one comes to feel completely at home. Discoveries are made: the leaves falling in the Bois, the faint melancholy gray of the late afternoon streets telling their long history, the lively book and print shops near the Sorbonne, the autumn sunset over the Seine bridges. The traveler with a talent for walking comes into possession of odd streets with small out-of-the-way squares and churches the summer tourist never sees, the brisk gamy life of the markets, the easygoing local café that makes one feel like a native. It is Paris in depth; it absorbs the senses and the emotions, it becomes everyman's second city.

And if he stayed long enough, a traveler might stand at a high window (of a well-heated hotel room) and watch the snow falling over the angled roofs and chimney pots to make an unexpected vision of Paris, strange under the street lights, muted, and as if thrown back to an earlier time. But the snow does not last, and though it may be damp and cold at times, it is not nearly as cold as New York or Boston. The life of the cafés goes inside, at least as lively over *vin chaud* as over *pernod* when the tables were out on the sidewalk. Or for another kind of warmth there are the Left Bank cellars for Le Jazz Hot with cognac (free of the craning, tittering busloads of American Express sightseers). If one cares to go deeper, to get an impression of the facts of life in Europe today, to see the living details of the *boucherie* and the *boulangerie* that make the political headlines, this is the time for it. The easy summer, when fruits and vegetables at least were cheap, is over; in some parts of the city the bite of cold and inflation is felt; at that point Paris becomes more than an entertainment. To balance these hard facts there is the Paris Christmas: the midnight Mass in Notre Dame, and afterwards the celebrations called *réveillon* when the resilient gaiety of the Parisians

overflows into cafés and restaurants full of oysters and white wine.

For those who come a little later, or stay a little longer, there is Paris in the spring — which is one reason few Parisians ever live anywhere else.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

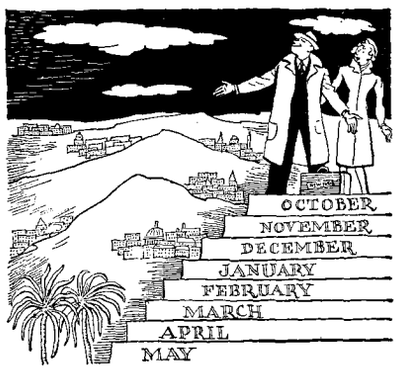
For Paris, read London, Amsterdam, Geneva, Madrid, Milan, Florence, Rome, Naples. They are all dormant and tourist-catching in the summer, wide-awake and going their own ways in the off season.

London, too, opens up in the fall, to expose, in sharp detail, all the rich and intricate life that is blurred by the soft edges of summer. The Londoners are back from Blackpool or their cottages up the Thames, or they come out from behind their hedges, and it begins to be clear why Henry James thought this the most interesting society in Europe. With no heat to buck and no crowd to follow, a man can walk; and walking is the only way to get the full impact of this metropolis — the long unplanned walk on a clear October morning, to find the little-known corners like old Mitre Tavern in Mitre Court, or the concealed surprises of Soho and Chelsea and Hampstead, that quiet village within the city with its hilly heath in autumn colors. Or Shepherd's Market, or Fish Street Hill, or any of a thousand small streets that are missed in the summer rush — all the mixed and dusty facets of London that make their deepest impression in the somber lights of fall and winter.

A long day's pottering through day-to-day London will evoke Dickens even for the man who has seen him only in the movies. And at the end of it he will come back through the misty lighted streets, past old red brick, as if he lived in them, to an open fire (still so prevalent) and *tea*, with the satisfaction of having immersed himself in the dense life of a great city. It is, he realizes, another of those old cities that are more themselves in fall and winter, more in character, like some old houses full of odd corners that are at their best in the light of a winter afternoon.

And here again there are pageants: the Lord Mayor's Show early in November, the English Christmas, the London crowd in Piccadilly on New Year's Eve. And then, from January to the end of March, perhaps it is a good idea to get out of London before the dust-heavy fog settles down and the chill gets to one even in bed. But who knows? Some may not want to leave even then: English is spoken, and in its theaters and music halls and lecture halls and shops and pubs London will provide an American with more indoor entertainment than any place on the continent.

If the craving is for springtime in January, Sicily is only overnight from Rome, that subtropical island rich with almond blossom and orange harvest, flowering cactus and long white beaches — or (until May) skiing in the sun on Mount Etna, the smoking volcano above and the wine-dark sea below. This is one example of the variety that off-season Europe offers. Another is the variety of springtimes. In March the traveler



can go north from Sicily to the Neapolitan spring, and then north again in April for the coming of violets in Florence, and then again north to catch the first buds in Paris.

But it hardly matters where the unimpeded off-season wanderer goes: he has avoided the terrible heat of the Florentine summer, seen the Loire Valley in autumn brilliance (far more appealing than the flat heavy green of summer), absorbed Holland's miles of art gallery without heat or noise; he has had the Mediterranean beaches without the crowds. He can travel in well-heated trains to the sparkling Swiss winter or into Italy where Milan, Florence, Rome, Naples, Bologna, and five or six other beautiful towns are resounding with music and theater and opera. Or he can escape from these wintry cities to the sheltered gardens of the Italian Riviera — Bordighera, San Remo, Rapallo — two or three hours away. The juxtapositions are marvelous: from the vigorous life of Milan and its La Scala (the most challenging city in Europe today, seeking new ways of living and working) it is possible to go in one hour to some of the best ski slopes in Europe, or, in the other direction, in two hours to the sun and flowers of the sheltered Riviera.

The Christmas festivals of Italy with their strong pagan undertones are worth remarking. There are the torchlight processions in the Alpine villages; there is *Ceppo*, the Father Christmas of Tuscany; there are the primitive reed pipes and bagpipes of rustic musicians around the altars of Calabria, the Matese, and the Abruzzi in the mountainous south; there are the best of the big-city celebrations in and around Naples. In Italy (as in Holland) there is what amounts to a double Christmas; first on the twenty-fifth and then two weeks later in the Festa Befana (Epiphany), a festival of candy and toys for the children. This reaches its high point in Rome's Piazza Navona in a passionate surge of rejoicing, amidst the marvelous figures made by the woodcarvers for the Christmas cribs.

Some miscellaneous tips for off-season travelers: 1) Unless one is a winter-sports fanatic or wants to taste the arctic winter, stay away from Scandinavia before June and after September. Outside of Copenhagen (which some say is as gay as any city in Europe) there is not enough indoor recreation to compensate for conditions outside. 2) If warmth and recreation are first considerations, stick close to the big towns in winter, where there is usually plenty of steam heat. 3) The Mediterranean, serene in summer, can be very rough at other times, especially in the spring and fall, so that a Mediterranean cruise might fall short of expectations. 4) It is widely believed that Florence, with all its charm and treasure, is a good place to beat the winter. It is not — from January to mid-March it is stone-cold. 5) For the best break on the weather an itinerary should take account of gradations in climate from north to south. If the plan is to cover the ground from Italy or Spain up to Scandinavia between, say, May 1 and June 30, start in the warmer countries and work north with the sun. If the trip extends from September 1 to October 30, start in the north and travel south. With planning and some luck it is possible to get the best of all worlds: England in September and October; Paris in October — ripe and clear; southern France and the top half of Italy for good mellow days in late October and November (and often into December); warm sun and flowers in December and January in the sheltered Riviera towns like Nice, Menton, Bordighera; and the Sicilian springtime in February.

In the end it comes back to this: in the summer the traveler can be no more than another tourist; in the other eight months he becomes the uncommon foreigner, who can be an observer and a witness, and who may even join the party as a guest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"then the dragon came..."

Nobody tells a story like Daddy. The everyday world fades away as his words lead you into a new and shining land.

And what if the Dragon is a bit scary? You need only climb into Daddy's arms to be safe and secure again before it's time to sleep.

To make those we love safe and secure is the very core of homemaking. It is a privilege known only in a country such as ours, where men and women are free to work for it.

And taking care of our own is also the way we best take care of our country. For the strength of America is simply the strength of one secure home touching that of another.

Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now!

If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U.S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30.

United States Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish, giving you a return of 80% on your original investment!

Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? If you are self-employed, ask your banker about the Bond-A-Month Plan.

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you love life—
you'll love
FRANCE

C'est si bon—in France! The chestnut trees in bloom on the Champs Élysées . . . the muted beauty of castles dreaming by the tranquil Loire . . . the rugged cliffs of mystic Brittany . . . the tang of a "pastis" in languorous Provence. C'est si bon—reveling in the elegance of French couture . . . finding "just-right" gifts in little boutiques. Thrilling to your first sight of the Louvre's Venus de Milo—to moonlight on the blue Mediterranean . . . and everywhere you go you'll find fun and incomparable foods and wines. Make this your year in France. For details, see your Travel Agent. And for booklets and maps, write: Dept. Q-10, Box 221, New York 10, N. Y.
FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • NEW ORLEANS • MONTREAL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Atlantic

May 1954, 50 cents

ELMER DAVIS: His Enemies and Friends

HOW [illegible] CATCH [illegible]

THE STORY OF

Madame de Pompadour

•

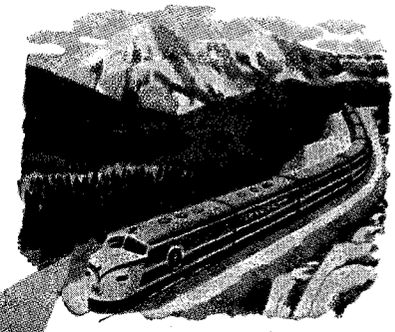
by NANCY MITFORD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canadian National makes **RECORD PURCHASE** of new passenger equipment!

To make your vacation in Canada even more wonderful!

Every day more and more beautiful new passenger cars with modern accommodations tailored to meet every budget, are joining Canadian National's fleet of famous trains serving popular and picturesque vacation areas from coast to coast in Canada.



Travel the scenic route across Canada; see mighty Mt. Robson, highest peak in the Canadian Rockies; stopover at Jasper Park Lodge; visit Minaki; sightsee in Canada's New and Old World cities.

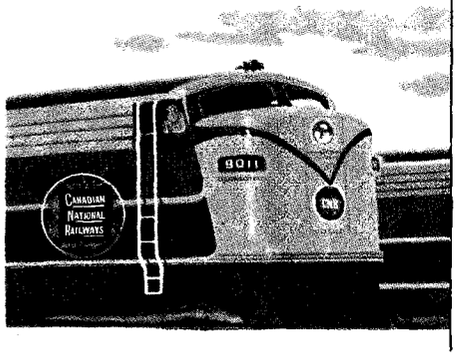
Aboard Canadian National's beautiful new dining cars, you'll select from menus offering a tempting variety of delicacies . . . will be impressed by the efficient, courteous service . . . will enjoy the restful decor and soft lighting.

Touring French Canada's Gaspé Peninsula in a private sedan with chauffeur-guide, you'll shop for handicrafts, visit the bird sanctuary and picturesque fishing villages.

In these spacious new coaches you'll admire the magnificent scenery through big picture windows . . . and stretch out and relax in the deep-cushioned comfort of your reclining seat.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

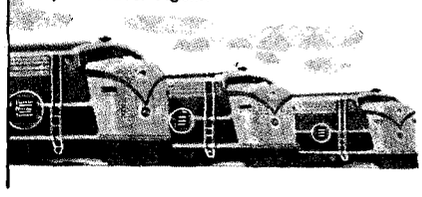
THE ONLY RAILWAY SERVING ALL 10 PROVINCES OF CANADA



Choose one of Canada's 10 Top Maple Leaf Vacations

1. The Scenic Route Across Canada
2. Alaska Cruise via the Inside Passage
3. Provinces-by-the-Sea
4. Eastern Cities and the Laurentians
5. Sub-Arctic Hudson Bay Tour
6. Romantic French Canada
7. Minaki (Lake of the Woods)
8. Highlands of Ontario
9. British Columbia "Triangle Tour"
10. Jasper in the Canadian Rockies

Ask about Canada's Top Maple Leaf Vacations or let CANADIAN NATIONAL package a tour for you to include side trips, stopovers, visits with friends. *Canadian National offices in principal U.S. cities. In Canada, Passenger Department, 360 McGill St., Montreal. Or see your Travel Agent.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

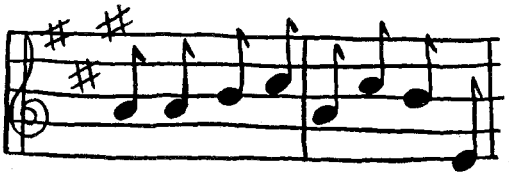
Telephones are very useful

Alexander Graham Bell - inventor

User of the telephone -

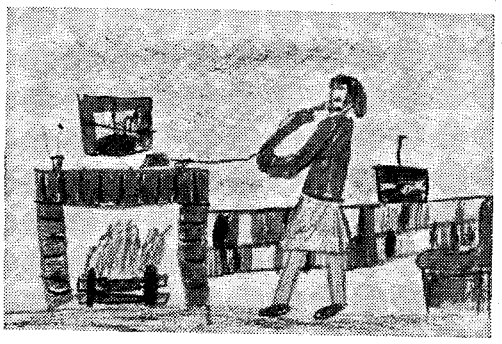
A Business calls 1. Groceries
B. Friendly calls 2. Medicines
C. Ordering calls 3 Meats

Others, including military calls



(Tune - Yankee Doodle)

Telephones are very useful,
Of that we're aware.
So when you use the telephone
Just handle it with care.



When some one is in trouble you can call up people to help you. If some one is sick you can call the doctor. And if your house is on fire you call the fire department.

Some of the most interesting illustrations of the value of the telephone come from children. Here are a few, selected from many hundreds by grade-school pupils. They show imagination and a characteristic way of telling a story in a few words. Take, for instance, the words "Telephones are very useful."

We couldn't sum it up better than that in a hundred years.

Bell Telephone System

LOCAL *to serve the community.* NATIONWIDE *to serve the nation.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAY

ATLANTIC

Ninety-six years of continuous publication

VOLUME 193 1954 NUMBER 5

Atlantic Reports: Burma — Western Germany — Iran

How to Catch a King. *Madame de Pompadour*	NANCY MITFORD	25
The Shortage in Education	WALTER LIPPMANN	35
Ernest Hemingway: The Paris Years *The Atlantic Serial*	CHARLES A. FENTON	39
May Morning	JOSEPHINE JOHNSON	45
The Challenge. *A Poem*	WALTER DE LA MARE	47
Susanna at the Beach. *A Story*	HERBERT GOLD	48
X-ray. *A Poem*	LEONORA SPEYER	51
Visit and Search. *Dialogues of Whitehead*	LUCIEN PRICE	52
Shaft and Wings of the Way It Was Once *A Poem*	ROLFE HUMPHRIES	59
When Typing Was in Flower	BRUCE BLIVEN, JR.	60
BOOKS AND MEN		
McCarthy: His Enemies and His Friends	ELMER DAVIS	63
ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF		
The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	70
Books the Editors Like		74
Reader's Choice	CHARLES J. ROLO	74
ACCENT ON LIVING		
Charles W. Morton — Alex Faulkner — John V. Kelleher — Dorothy Baker — Frederic Laros		85
Literature on LPs *They Shall Have Music*	JOHN M. CONLY	90

Cover design by Erné de Sauvé
Photograph of Nancy Mitford by Dorothy Wilding

1 YEAR $6.00 2 YEARS $11.00 3 YEARS $16.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, May, 1954, Vol. 193, No. 5. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A., by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1954, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

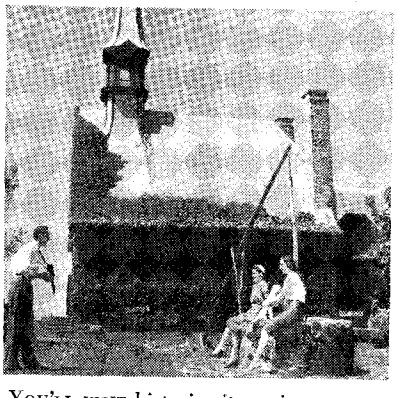
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU'LL RELAX ON SUNNY BEACHES ALONG CANADA'S TANGY COASTS...LINGER IN COLOURFUL, CENTURIES-OLD FISHING VILLAGES...SAIL, SWIM, CRUISE

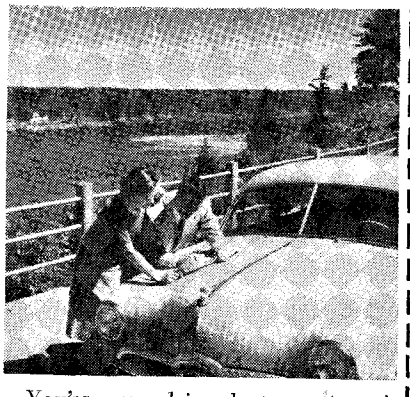
This year: Canada!

VACATIONS UNLIMITED

Know the fascination of a "foreign" vacation —without elaborate planning or preparation— just by crossing the border into Canada. It's a holidayland of infinite variety that's close to home and exciting to roam. Pick *your* preferred playground from rugged wilds, mountain splendour, smart cities, world-famous resorts . . . all delightfully new — and near — in friendly Canada. See your travel or transportation agent soon; send the coupon now.



YOU'LL VISIT historic sites, picturesque places . . . find peace in ancient towns.



YOU'LL TAKE leisurely tours through lakelands and vast National Parks.

01-1-19-54-02

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU, OTTAWA, CANADA

Please send your 48-page, full-colour book on vacation attractions in all parts of Canada . . . . . ☐

Tell me where 16 mm sound films on Canadian travel subjects are available in the U.S.A. . . . . ☐

Check ✓ as required

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT

Address _____

Town _____ *State* _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC REPORT
on the World today

Burma

OF ALL the confused situations in the tangled affairs of Southeast Asia, the confusion in Burma looks from the outside like the worst. Of the country's 127 identifiable racial, tribal, and ethnic groups, nearly half are engaging to some degree in rebellions. Three separate Communist parties — one Stalinist, one Trotskyite, and one without international affiliations — are in open revolt. Aside from the racial and political rebels, a sizable number of discontented citizens have taken up the ancient sport of banditry for a living.

With the sudden deterioration of the world rice market, the Burmese economic outlook has changed from good to bad, with worse ahead. Economic planners, most of them Americans under contract to the Burmese government, have made ambitious blueprints for the country's future. At the moment, however, they can't do much to translate plans into action. Engineers suspect, for instance, that a canyon near Mandalay would make an excellent site for a dam to supply that city with electric power it badly needs. Unfortunately, one of the varieties of insurgents has its jungle stronghold in the hills above the site. The engineers don't dare venture near enough to make a survey.

The "KMT question"

Despite the country's appearance of coming apart at the seams, the Burmese government today would be in an excellent position if it weren't for the so-called "KMT question." KMT refers to Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang. Burmese invariably use the term to mean the Nationalist Chinese occupying part of their country.

The Chinese in Burma are basically composed of Nationalist troops who fled from their homeland in 1949 when the Communists took over. Their original number of about 2000 has been augmented in two ways. Since 1949 some thousands of other refugees from the Reds, soldiers and civilians, have crossed the border from Yunnan, southwestern province of China. The Chinese in Burma have also recruited into their forces an unknown number of Shan tribesmen.

The total number of the Chinese forces by now, even allowing for those evacuated during the winter, may be as many as 10,000. How many of these consider themselves under the discipline of General Li Mi, Nationalist commander of the forces in Burma, is a point of dispute.

The situation is complicated by the terrain, the ethnology, and the economy of the region in question. The northeastern section of Burma — on a map the bulge eastward lying between the 20th parallel and the Tropic of Cancer — is known as the Shan States. It is a mountainous region which has traditionally been controlled by the rulers of Burma, but administered separately from Burma proper. It grows barely enough food to support its population.

In the largest, the hilliest, and the most remote of the Shan States, Kengtung, the Chinese refugees have made their hide-out. To the west is the deep gorge of the Salween River, a natural defense line against an attack from Burma. To the southeast lie Thailand and Laos. To the northeast is Yunnan. Neither the ethnology nor the geography of the region changes at the frontiers. The mountains remain just as wild beyond the borders, and the people are interrelated. It is a region no section of which has been under the complete control of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

recommends these books for thoughtful readers

NOTE: These are all recent Selections or Alternates, and they illustrate the wide range of choice members have every month.

SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET *by Heinrich Harrer*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
The true story of a young European who crossed the Himalayas into Tibet where he became the tutor and confidant of the 14-year-old Dalai Lama. "Like the voyage of the Kon-Tiki, deserves to take its place among the few great travel stories of our own times." Illustrated.

CRESS DELAHANTY *by Jessamyn West* **$3.75**
A story of an adolescent girl. "Those still capable of feeling the sadness, the absurdity and the beauty of the business of growing up," said Clifton Fadiman, "will find it a book worth treasuring in that library of libraries, the heart."

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST *by Sir John Hunt*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $4.95
The leader of the British Expedition tells the heroic story of how the summit of Mount Everest was reached. "A classic," says Justice William O. Douglas. "It will lift the hearts of men as long as there are mountains." Photographs and maps.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS *by Ewen Montagu* **$2.75**
"Not a Poe or a Conan Doyle could have imagined a more breathtaking tale" than this true account of an incredible hoax carried out by British Intelligence officers—one that completely fooled Hitler and his High Command, undoubtedly shortened the war and saved countless American lives.

THE GREAT IRON SHIP *by James Dugan* **$3.50**
The fantastic but true story of the *Great Eastern*, launched in 1858 and the unluckiest ocean liner of all time. "A monstrous but true episode of the high Victorian days . . . mightily entertaining and sometimes hilariously funny."

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS *by Charles A. Lindbergh*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
Twenty-six years after his flight to Paris, Charles Lindbergh has written the full story of those thirty-three hours. "A magnificent literary achievement," reported John Marquand.

THE CAINE MUTINY *by Herman Wouk* **$3.95**
The 1952 Pulitzer Prize novel, this suspenseful story continues to be a national best-seller.

VERMONT TRADITION *by Dorothy Canfield Fisher*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
This proud story of Vermonters, written by one of America's most beloved writers, has received high critical praise. It celebrates "the worth of a free people who have stamped the American nation as a whole with something of their character."

FIRE IN THE ASHES *by Theodore H. White*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
The Club's judges were unanimous in regarding *Fire in the Ashes* as both the most important and the most enlightening book about Europe—and how it affects the future of America—that has been written in the past decade.

TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE *by Alan Paton* **$3.50**
By the author of *Cry, the Beloved Country*, this is another remarkable novel of present-day South Africa, told with great power. The book deals primarily with a young man's transgression against the rigid Afrikaner code of racial segregation.

SAYONARA *by James A. Michener* **$3.50**
"Not so much a love story as a story about love . . . a beautiful and profound book," wrote Pearl Buck. The hero is an American officer in Japan, the heroine a Japanese actress.

THE AGE OF THE MOGULS *by Stewart H. Holbrook*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
Vanderbilt, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Ford, Morgan, Gould—these and some 50 others are the moguls with whom Mr. Holbrook deals. "The most wonderful, gaudy and appalling chapter in America's history."

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY *by Ernest K. Gann* **$3.50**
A novel about the air, with the same unusual quality of excitement that made *The Caine Mutiny* so popular. It begins with the routine details of a flight and ends in crisis that touches disaster.

THE SILENT WORLD *by Captain J. Y. Cousteau, with Frédéric Dumas* **SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95**
An account of undersea discovery and adventure by the first men to swim with the freedom of fish at record depths. This book complements Maurice Herzog's *Annapurna*. "Both are chronicles of the courage and resourcefulness of Frenchmen in conflict with nature"—*The New York Times*. 103 photographs; 20 in full color.

ANNAPURNA *by Maurice Herzog*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
The heroic story of the conquest, by a French expedition to the Nepalese Himalayas, of one of the highest mountains ever climbed. "The most beautiful chapter in mountain literature that I know"—Justice William O. Douglas. Photographs by Marcel Ichac.

THE SILVER CHALICE *by Thomas B. Costain* **$3.85**
Special de luxe edition designed by Fritz Kredel. This story of the Cup of the Last Supper has been on best-seller lists for months and more than 2,000,000 copies have been sold.

A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX *by Bruce Catton*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
A winner of the 1954 National Book Award, this account of the last heartbreaking year of the Civil War has received the highest critical acclaim. "One of the great achievements in the historical literature of our time."—Henry Steele Commager.

THE ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH *by Saul Bellow*
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $3.95
Fiction winner of the 1954 National Book Award. "Here is a block-buster of a novel," reported Clifton Fadiman. "There has been nothing like it since the debut of Thomas Wolfe."

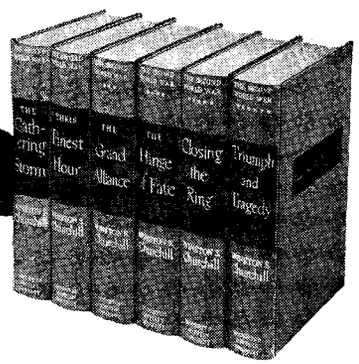
THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM (2 Vols.)
SPECIAL PRICE TO MEMBERS $5.95
This handsome new set contains all the short stories he has written, among them *The Letter, The Kite, The Book-Bag, The Alien Corn, A Woman of Fifty* and *Rain*. The author has provided specially written prefaces for this edition. Two volumes, boxed. 91 stories. 1600 pages.

THE SEA AROUND US *by Rachel L. Carson* **$3.50**
"A magnificent achievement which will give every reader the thrill of discovery," said Admiral Byrd. "It introduces the human race to its true ancestral cradle, the ocean," reported Clifton Fadiman.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA
by Ernest Hemingway **$3.00**
The 1953 Pulitzer Prize novel and "one of the best stories Hemingway ever wrote." It seems destined to rank among the classics of our lifetime.

© Karsh, Ottawa

BUY ANY ONE OF THE ABOVE BOOKS as a new member and you will receive **FREE,** immediately, the six volumes of *The Second World War* by Winston Churchill—if you agree to buy as few as five additional books during the year. . . . This offer is made as a demonstration of the Club's remarkable Book-Dividend system explained below.



NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you want these six volumes as regular BOOK-DIVIDENDS, write for information as to how this may be arranged.

CONDITIONS OF THIS SPECIAL OFFER

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership from among the Club's Selections and Special Members' Editions. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say: "Send me nothing."

★ **BOOK-DIVIDENDS... WHAT THEY ARE:** After buying six books you will receive a Book-Dividend* with every second book you buy—a beautiful or useful library volume. This member profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund. This is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, the Book-Dividends sent *free* to members. The six Churchill volumes may be considered "advanced Book-Dividends" for the six books you engage to buy.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. **A45**
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, THE SECOND WORLD WAR by Winston Churchill, in six volumes, with the purchase of my first selection. I agree to purchase at least six monthly Selections—or Special Members' Editions—during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

_____
(Choose one of the books listed above)

Name.....
(Please PRINT Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) ..... *State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

**Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and in Canada.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country nominally owning it. Roads and communications are almost nonexistent. It is, in short, an ideal area for a refugee group like the Chinese to occupy without interference from the outside.

The opium traffic

For a livelihood they have had two main sources — opium and banditry. Opium poppies are the most common crop in the Shan hills east of the Salween. Opium smoking is legal and the opium traffic is licensed throughout the Shan States. The poppy growers are the hill tribesmen. Even before the refugees appeared on the scene, Chinese had handled the opium trade, mostly by smuggling. The refugee forces promptly took over a trade monopoly. When necessary they used force on the hill people to get control of their opium crops.

The regular smuggling route has been across the border into Thailand, through the northern Thai communications center of Chiengmai, and down the Menam River system to Bangkok, where opium brings a good price on the illegal world market.

There is no doubt that many of the Chinese refugees have turned to a vicious sort of terrorism to keep themselves alive. With their arms it has been easy for them to raid a village, steal food and money, and kidnap women to keep or prosperous villagers for ransom. They haven't stopped with robbery. The cases of murder and rape are too well documented to admit denial.

Last fall a group of newspapermen traveling from Rangoon to the Thai border to cover the first evacuation of Chinese troops stopped in a village in which the headman was missing. His assistant apologized for his absence. He said a band of Chinese had appeared a few days before, demanding money. The headman had pleaded poverty. The Chinese laid him on the floor and pounded a tenpenny nail into his skull until he confessed where some money was hidden.

Supplies from Formosa

One source of supplies has undoubtedly been Formosa. It is difficult to say just how great a factor this has been. The Chinese on Formosa grudgingly admit that a plane or so a month "used to" visit the airstrip at Mawchi, Li Mi's headquarters in Kengtung. To listen to a Burmese, one would think that a steady parade of Chinese planes was flying over Burmese territory.

Burmese observers have reported actually seeing planes marked with the star of the Chinese Republic and with the "CAT" of Civil Air Transport. CAT is the airline of General Claire Chennault, operating out of Taipeh. It got its start after World War II, flying charter flights for the Chinese government. It was CAT that evacuated Chinese soldiers from cities about to fall to the Reds in 1948–49.

CAT pilots are Americans, many of them veterans of those hectic early days. There is no reason to doubt that they have often performed the daring feat of flying supplies all the way from Formosa to the Shan States, possibly returning to Bangkok to refuel. Most neutral observers, however, believe that the number of flights has been cut down to practically none in recent months.

The Chinese strengthen their lines

Despite the presence of the refugees in the Kengtung area, and despite their terrorism, there has been an armed truce between the Chinese and the Burmese army. The Burmese were busy with their own insurgents right in the neighborhood of Rangoon and the "rice bowl" of the Irrawaddy delta.

Late in 1952 the Chinese forces turned more aggressive and attacked army posts. The Burmese responded in two ways. They launched an assault against the Kengtung hide-out, and they appealed to the United Nations for help. Their armed attack was a failure; the Chinese threw back their army with heavy losses. Their appeal to the UN had more success.

The United States, Burma, Nationalist China, and Thailand formed a committee which met last summer in Bangkok. Even after Burma walked out of the conference in a huff, the other three nations worked out a scheme to evacuate 2000 soldiers of the "foreign forces" in Burma. Beyond that figure the Chinese representatives would not assume responsibility for the refugees. They said even in order to get out 2000 they would have to use persuasion rather than direct orders.

After backing and filling, Burma agreed to a truce to permit the evacuation to take place. It began on November 8, with CAT planes flying the evacuees from northern Thailand direct to Formosa. In five weeks nearly 2400 Chinese were removed from Burma. About 200 of them were women. Twice that many were boys between 12 and 16, although these were classed by the Chinese as fighting men. The 2000-odd soldiers deposited at the border a total of only 150 weapons, most of them old and unserviceable.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

launched: *an idea*

Austin of England introduced the idea of the British light car to the American market. They did this in 1948. They did this initially through the advertising pages of The New Yorker. Very first year in the market Austin sold more than 8,500 automobiles.
They have been selling automobiles ever since.
They have been advertising in The New Yorker ever since. So, too, have many other makers of imported cars—an advertising classification in which The New Yorker leads handily as this new motoring fancy has taken hold in this country. Afoot, on horseback, or in a motorcar, New Yorker readers are the people other people follow. Have you an idea to launch?

sells the people other people follow

THE
NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK 36, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the present stage of events, Burma feels cheated. The official Burmese view is that the KMT took advantage both of the evacuation itself and of the truce that went along with it. According to this theory, the Chinese were merely stripping the decks for action by sending home the sick, the old, the women, and the children. The children are to be trained in Formosa and then brought back. The Burmese were especially incensed when the Chinese produced Shan tribesmen, born in Burma, for evacuation. The truce team agreed with Burmese protests, and the Shans were sent back to their hills.

While the truce was going on, as the Burmese see it, the KMT were consolidating new positions. Not only did they strengthen themselves in Kengtung; they also sent fresh troops down the Salween to take up positions along the Thai border in the Tenasserim peninsula, which stretches south toward Malaya.

This move reached directly into the heart of Burmese internal affairs, because it affected the Karen and Mon rebels. The most serious rebellion against the government is that of the Karens. They are a prosperous race who occupy a large part of Burma east of Rangoon, including the rich delta lands in the lower reaches of the Salween. Many of them are Christians, converted by American Baptist missionaries. The Karen National Defense Organization, fighting for a separate Karen state, has complete control over a large territory south of the Shan States.

The Chinese detachments avoid direct contact with the Burmese army. Evidence indicates that they are supplying the Karens and other rebel groups with arms in exchange for food. The Burmese charge that the arms being traded are those that the evacuees failed so conspicuously to produce at the border.

The basic Burmese theory, held in varying degrees by the government, the newspapers, and the man in the street, is that the wicked Chinese on Formosa are planning every outrage committed by their representatives in Burma. The Burmese believe that the Chinese not only hope to use Burma as a base for an attack against Red China, but are also plotting to take over Burma.

Burmese spokesmen delve into history to cite Chinese invaders of their country through the years who have claimed Burma as a tribute-paying part of the old Chinese empire. They accuse Chiang Kai-shek, in particular, of having wanted Burma as an outlet on the Indian Ocean when he sent his troops to the aid of the British against the Japanese in 1942. They go on to relate the difficulty which the British and the Americans had in 1945 in persuading the Chinese forces occupying northern Burma to return to their own country. The present outrages, they say, are merely a continuation of a trend.

Flaws in the Burmese theory

The Burmese point of view toward the KMT question wouldn't be so important for Americans to understand if it didn't directly influence Burma's outlook on the United States. Most Burmese with any awareness of foreign affairs are convinced that the American government could, if it chose, "call off its dogs." They believe that Chiang Kai-shek is nothing more than an agent of Washington. They believe that the presence of the Nationalist Chinese in Burma is part of American global strategy to preserve a base on the mainland. They are certain that American arms sent to Formosa are, with the connivance of the United States, reshipped to the Chinese forces in Burma.

There are two chief weaknesses in the Burmese theory. First, as any American who follows the Washington political scene knows, the United States does not call the tune for Chiang Kai-shek to play. Washington can suggest to him, urge him, and even press him to cease and desist from sending arms to the Chinese in Burma. It cannot order him.

Secondly, there is a grave question just how much control the Nationalist government exerts over the Chinese still left in Burma, and how much contact there is between Kengtung and Formosa. Many neutral observers in Burma and in northern Thailand believe that Chiang Kai-shek's control over his forces in Burma is only nominal, and that he has sent in prac-

Stubborn about Your Stocks?

In our business you naturally meet all kinds of investors—and some of them can be pretty stubborn about their stocks.

They're sure the stocks they own are the best ones they can buy. They don't seem to realize that investment values do change with the passage of time—that what was a good buy five or ten years ago might make an even better sale today.

To us, it only seems like good sense for an investor to check on his holdings from time-to-time . . . get an unbiased, up-to-date review of the stocks he owns in the light of today's conditions.

Where can you get such a review?

That's easy.

If you're *not* stubborn about the stocks you own, just list them for us with the prices you paid, tell us something about your over-all situation and investment objectives—and mail your letter to the address below.

I'll see that you get the most realistic report we can send you on your investment program.

There's no charge either, whether you're a customer or not, whether you own one stock or a hundred. Just address—

WALTER A. SCHOLL, *Department SR-40*

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 106 Cities

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tically no supplies since the end of the evacuation in December.

Two-front war

Whether they are dastardly international agents or simply a new type of bandit, the Chinese Nationalists are having a tremendous impact on life in Burma. Before the KMT became aggressive a year ago, the well-trained 60,000-man Burmese army was winning its battle against the multifarious insurgents. The future looked bright.

But now the army is fighting a two-front war and it cannot win a decisive victory over both the insurgents and the Chinese. If Formosa should offer to evacuate more troops, the Burmese might not be willing to grant them a truce. On the other hand, the Burmese army isn't eager to try another attack into Kengtung. At the moment the situation is in an extremely unstable balance.

As far as foreign policy is concerned, the key men in the government are aware of the effort made by American diplomats to arrange a genuine evacuation. But the anti-American pressure from the newspapers, the parties of the left, and the semi-informed public is powerful.

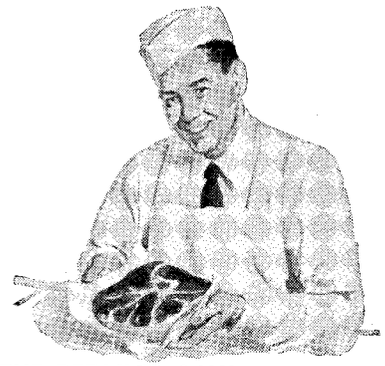
It was largely because of this pressure that Burma withdrew from the Point Four plan last spring. The pressure groups kept insisting that America was an enemy, and officials finally felt they could not force their complaint in the UN while accepting American aid. It was with great sadness that they cut off the flow of goods, for they are aware of the crying need of their country for technical assistance, and they recognize the American good will behind the TCA aid they were renouncing.

Some members of the cabinet have been significantly impressed by Soviet accomplishments in industrialization and in mechanization of agriculture. But there is little danger of their being seduced into Communism. Despite the irritation of the Burmese with Formosa, no voices except those of the Communists have suggested calling on Red China for aid. With its fight against the Communist insurgents on the one hand and against the KMT on the other, Burma isn't likely to stray far in foreign policy from the neutralist path.

Do YOU Set Meat Prices?

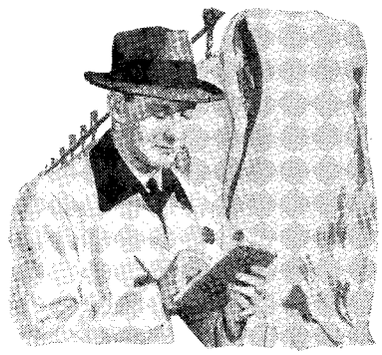
THE HOUSEWIFE SAYS . . .

"We set meat prices? That's ridiculous! When I want meat I have to pay whatever the price tags say. True, I do shop around to make sure I get the most for my meat money, but if I don't like the prices I just don't serve meat as often."



THE RETAILER SAYS . . .

"Don't forget I shop the wholesale market for best buys, too. But regardless of what it costs, I've got to price my meat so it will move. Otherwise it would spoil. And I've got to offer good values or my customers will go to some other store."



THE MEAT PACKER SAYS . . .

"We're buying livestock and selling meat in competition with many other packers. If I bid lower than the market I don't get any livestock. And if I price my meat higher than the dealer can get it from some other packer, I don't get his meat business."

THE FARMER SAYS . . .

"When my meat animals are ready to sell, I either take what the market brings or keep on feeding the critters —and feed costs money. If the price makes raising livestock pay, I raise more animals. If it's so low that I lose money, I've got to cut back."

All these people are right. No *one* person or group can set meat prices.

But *40 million* housewives, deciding for themselves which cut is a good value and which isn't, help to determine what the price will be. Their *collective* decisions establish the *demand* for meat.

And *5 million* farmers and ranchers, who decide for themselves how many meat animals to raise and when to sell them, have an effect on prices. Their *collective* decisions determine the *supply* of meat.

Demand, matched against supply, determines price. When there is less of any kind of meat than people want, the price goes up (if it didn't retailers would run out of meat.) When there is more than people want, the price goes down (if it didn't some of the meat would spoil.)

It's an economic law, and competition among retailers and meat packers helps to enforce it.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE • ***Headquarters, Chicago*** • ***Members throughout the U. S.***

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Western Germany

In the highly disordered world which followed the surrender in 1945, with the almost total loss of its markets in eastern and southeastern Europe, Germany has pulled off a social and industrial miracle in the past five years.

From 1945 to 1948, the occupation authorities made rigorous application of strict measures of control. The destruction wrought by our massed bombings and bombardments was appalling; the industrial structure of the country had been demolished; hordes of wandering refugees sought shelter in cellars, in sheds, and in the wrecks of buildings; crowding reached the dangerous level of 2.5 persons per room throughout the land. Commodities and food were unobtainable, largely because manufacturers, producers, and merchants refused to accept the worthless paper money offered in exchange.

The currency reform of 1948 was the magician's wand which changed this situation overnight, and Germany has now emerged from chaos and again challenges the free industrial world.

Hard-money Erhard

One of the leaders in the new Germany, and an enormous asset to Dr. Adenauer's government, is the Minister for Economic Affairs, Dr. Ludwig Erhard. A firm believer in a free enterprise system with a minimum of state control, he is also a stanch supporter of European economic union. He recently declared: "Europe's problems can only be solved by orderly agreement. Germany will not try to go it alone."

The essential element, he believes, in such an orderly European agreement is the free convertibility of currencies, which all forward-looking German economists and businessmen consider the next and most important step. But they also believe with a growing number of American economists and businessmen that the United States must be a full member of any free world economy.

One suggestion to accomplish free convertibility would be through a stabilization fund, a broad expansion of the basic ideas on which the World Bank in Basle was founded in 1920, and which fathered the Bretton Woods agreement of 1946. But this plan could hardly operate without the free movement of goods, money, and probably labor throughout the free-money area, as in the United States.

Minister Erhard believes that only in a free trading area for all of Europe, which with the United Kingdom would comprise 250 million people, can efficient production, lower costs, greater individual purchasing power, and a higher standard of living be attained. Such an "orderly agreement" would certainly revolutionize the fragmented economy which has stifled Europe for decades; and if it could be realized, the effect on the Atlantic Community would be electric.

How such a miracle can be brought out of theory into actual practice, Dr. Erhard does not attempt to predict. However, he believes that by building on the Schuman Plan and on NATO as a foundation, it should ultimately be made possible by the process of economic evolution.

He further feels that the problem of American tariffs will tend to disappear and fear of cheap foreign labor will fade as the European mass-market for American goods absorbs our surplus products. Eventually "the two areas will deal with each other on a mutually profitable basis," he declares.

Dr. Erhard's plea for such an economic union, with all its various moneys hard and freely convertible, is most laudable. But until those independent lions, the pound sterling and the dollar, are willing to lie down with the European currency lambs and share their risks with them, the economic Utopia of tomorrow will remain a dream.

Resettling the uprooted

The restless shifting of the people, in search of a roof and a job, was such a distressing factor in 1945 and 1946 that every community set up a dwelling and an employment bureau, which with methodical efficiency surveyed and listed every available living space and every opportunity for employment.

In 1945 there were about 40 million persons in the three western zones, and about 20 million in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Russian zone. Since then 8 million expellees from annexed and satellite territories and 2 million refugees from the Soviet-dominated eastern zone have poured into Western Germany, raising the population to 50 million, an increase of 25 per cent in less than ten years.

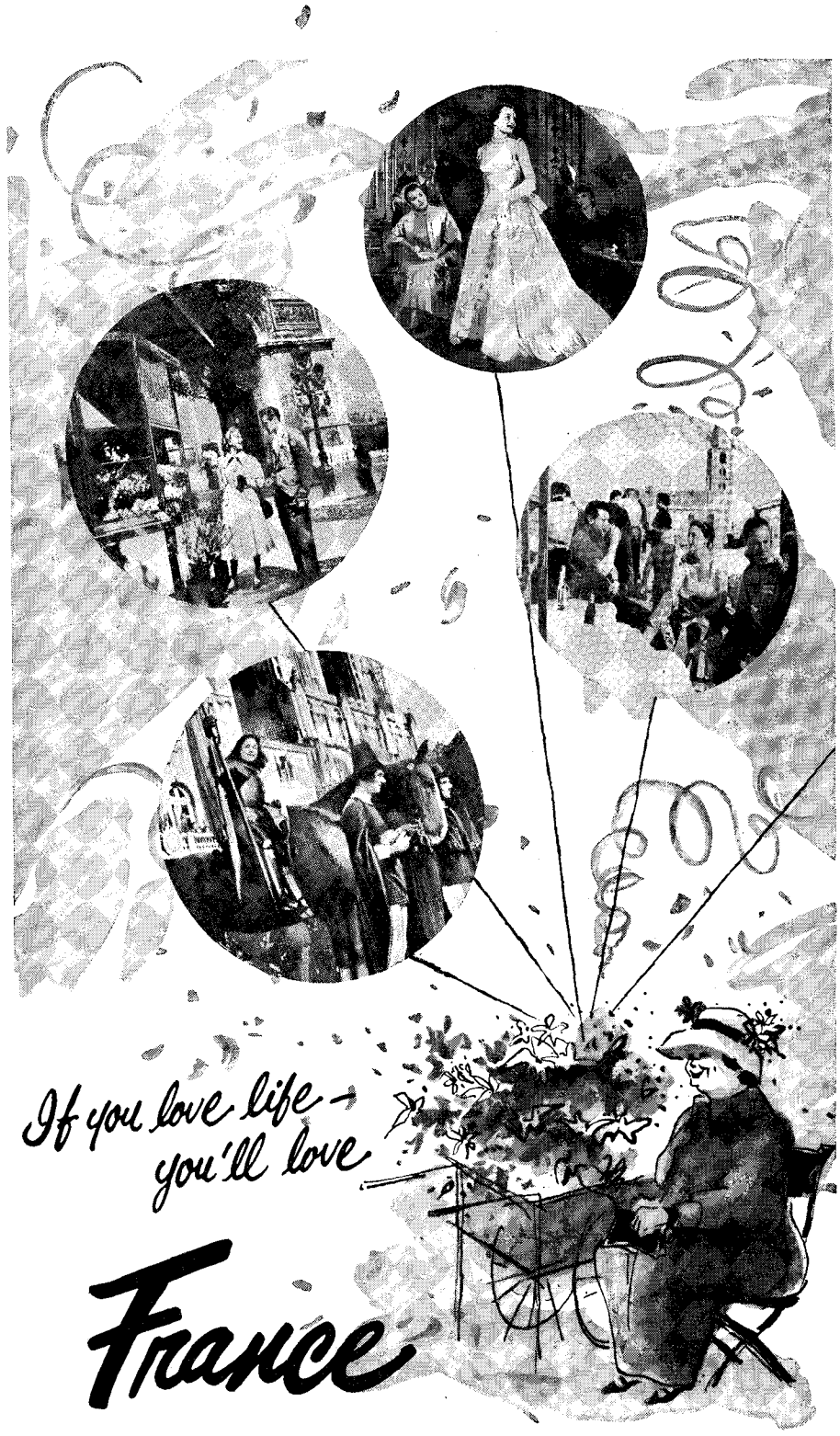
There are also about 450,000 foreigners living mainly in the Rhineland, Bavaria, and Württemberg-Baden — chiefly Poles, Dutch, Austrians, Italians, and Yugoslavs. In 1939, population density in Western Germany was 160 persons per square kilometer; today it stands at 200. One of the most difficult problems for the west zone is handling the 10 million refugees from the east.

About 7.5 million of these either were uprooted in the fierce fighting of 1944–45 on the eastern front, or escaped from or were expelled by the Russian Communists after they swallowed up the satellite states. They swarmed into those parts of Germany which had not suffered greatly from the bombing. Six million settled in Schleswig-Holstein and Lower Saxony in the north, and in Bavaria in the south. Since 1949, new arrivals have been distributed more evenly among the eleven states of the Federal Republic.

Schleswig-Holstein, which absorbed over 35 per cent of these unfortunate people, was frightfully congested, while its southern neighbors in the Rhineland and Palatinate had only 2.7 per cent, although in these latter states some of the worst destruction is still to be found. As jobs were scarce in the already crowded areas where they first settled, the government set up a special section, the Ministry for Expellees, to study the problem and relocate those who would volunteer to move to other parts of the country.

Planned migration wins out

Early in 1950 the first big move was made when about 300,000 persons — 150,000 from Schleswig-Holstein, 75,000 from Lower Saxony, and 75,000 from Bavaria — were moved into prepared dwellings and jobs. North Rhine-Westphalia, including Düsseldorf and the Ruhr, and Rhineland-Palatinate, including Köln, Koblenz, the Mosel Valley, and Trier, took 90,000 each; Baden took 48,000; Württemberg took 49,000; the remaining 23,000 went to other sections.

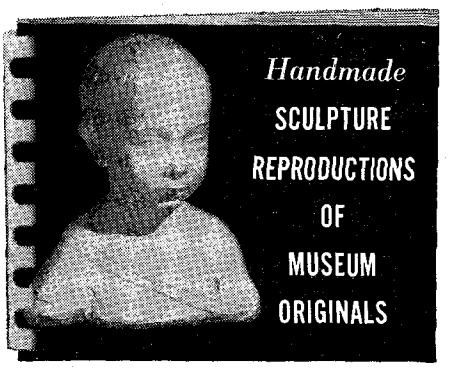


France is absolutely different! No other place on earth offers you such rich and varied travel experience: the gaiety and fun of French theatres, night clubs and resorts — the pageantry of the Provinces — the inspiring grandeur of castles and cathedrals. French cuisine is unsurpassable — French wines, incomparable — a trip to France, unforgettable. Let your travel agent plan your trip today. For booklets and maps, write: Dept. K-9, Box 221, New York 10, N.Y.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • NEW ORLEANS • MONTREAL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NEW—112 page catalog 25¢

World's Largest Collection of Full Size, Exact Shape Sculpture Replicas from the Originals

at Metropolitan Museum of Art
Museum of Modern Art
Philadelphia Museum of Art
National Gallery of Art
Corcoran Gallery of Art
Detroit Institute of Arts
Albright Art Gallery
The Oriental Institute
of The University of Chicago
Walters Art Gallery
Whitney Museum
of American Art
Worcester Art Museum
American Museum
of Natural History
The Louvre, Paris
The Berlin Museum

Including Masterpieces by
Rodin, Maillol, Lehmbruck, Borglum, deCreeft, Flannagan, Woodhouse, Salerno, Carpenko.

ANCIENT
Etruscan, Sumerian, Egyptian, Chinese, Greek, Roman, Mexican, Indian.

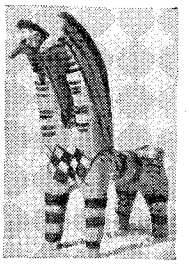
RENAISSANCE
French and Italian.

English Wedgwood.

Each piece is ***Hand-cast*** in molds made from the original, then ***Hand-finished*** to duplicate as closely as possible the original bronze, marble, alabaster, jade or terracotta.

Send for Catalog Today

Complete sculpture collection, over 100 different pieces. Prices from $2. to $75. Each illustrated and described with source and history of original. Your satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded. For your copy send 25c in coin only.


Two Headed Horse, Cyprus 1000–600 B.C. 5¾" high. Original in Metropolitan Museum of Art. $4.50. Mailing 60¢.

Wedgwood Vase, 1875. 7¾" high. Original in Philadelphia Museum of Art. $20. Mailing $1.50.

Dancer, Gutzon Borglum. 13½" high. Original in Corcoran Gallery of Art. $37.50. Mailing $3.00.

Mexican Figure, 15th Cent. 3" high. Original in American Museum of Natural History. $3.50. Mailing 50¢.

MUSEUM PIECES
114 East 32nd St., Dept. A-1, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

When this first task was completed in 1951, a second plan for 300,000 more was undertaken, which was finished late in 1953, and a third has recently been launched which should be accomplished by the end of 1954. Although the refugees were at first hostile to the idea of moving again, the success of the plan is amply attested by a poll recently taken in North Rhine-Westphalia, where 84 per cent stated that they were perfectly satisfied, 15 per cent partly pleased, and only 1 per cent frankly dissatisfied — an excellent result.

Aside from the physical difficulty of providing adequate housing and finding jobs, there has sometimes been a psychological block. All of the Germans who settled in the east — in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Romania, Hungary, Bulgaria, the Ukraine, and along the Volga — lived in closely knit groups holding tight to their traditions and with a very strong sense of their racial solidarity. In the forced migration to the west they moved much as their tribal ancestors moved and often willingly accepted hardships in order to stick together and re-create a settlement similar to the one they had been obliged to abandon.

As it was not always possible for the resettlement ministry to keep these groups together, a "trekking" movement started. Roaming bands frequently invaded territories without the approval of the ministry and upset its plans. However, as the success of the organized movements became known, the "trekking associations" slowly disintegrated, thus facilitating orderly planning.

Low labor costs

According to the figures of the employment exchanges the number of persons in gainful occupations, including civil servants, is now 16,046,256 — over the 16-million mark for the first time. This represents 32.7 per cent of the entire population of the Republic and compares very favorably with the United States, where approximately 38 per cent of the total population is employed. Of the total, 68.5 per cent are men and 31.5 per cent are women, although the number of women employed is at present rising at faster rate than the number of men. During the past year, only 54.5 per cent of the new jobs went to men.

this spring . . .
make friends with wild song birds

AUDUBON BIRD CALL

Duplicate their calls and really attract them—as thousands of others are doing! Simple to use. Just twist the pewter key in the birchwood cylinder. Then hear the variety of birds that answer!

It's made by hand, patterned on bird calls used in Europe for centuries. Fascinating and educational for young and old. A perfect companion on outdoor walks, acclaimed by all Audubon Societies. Instructions included. At leading pet, book, gift and garden shops . . . or send $1.50 to

Roger Eddy, Newington 4, Conn.

SUMMER FESTIVAL

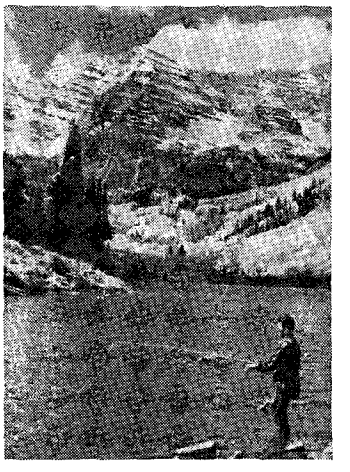
ASPEN

Enjoy a cool Colorado Vacation...

swimming, fishing, riding, tennis, dancing, pack trips, mountain grandeur

and concerts, forums and discussion groups led by world famous artists and scholars.

Summer Festival, June 28 — Sept. 5, 1954.



Write for full details, Department 21, Aspen, Colorado

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the most important factors in Germany's competitive position in world markets is the high productivity of the German worker and the comparatively low wages paid. In the present work-week of 49 hours, the industrial worker averages only 39 cents per hour, although special social security and other taxes increase labor cost to the employer by another 14 cents. Thus, with wages around 55 cents per hour, even if productivity were only half of what it is in the United States, the labor cost per unit in Germany would be definitely lower than ours.

As the cost of living has been practically unchanged since 1951, the 5.7 per cent increase in wages in 1953 has resulted in more available cash to spend for consumer items, which should be a stimulus to business.

Financing the government

The Federal Statistical Office reports that since 1950 the total national income has risen over 50 per cent, to reach almost 100 billion Deutsche marks (25 billion dollars). As Germany has only one third of our population, far less natural resources, and is only six years along the road from economic chaos, this showing is highly commendable.

From the published figures, the government took only 6 per cent of total national income for the fiscal year of 1952–53, which is far lower than in most of the western countries, where the cost of government is nearer 20 per cent of the national income. Sales or turnover taxes account for 40 per cent of revenue, and corporation and individual income taxes contribute about 22 per cent. Excise duties, customs taxes, and taxes on coffee, tea, tobacco, and liquor account for another 27 per cent of government income.

Contrary to the popular belief that German prices compete unfairly in world markets because Germany is spending nothing for defense, it is interesting to note that 40 per cent of Federal expenditure is for defense and occupation costs, which cancels out the entire revenue from the sales tax. Thus Germany, notwithstanding the political mess due to its truncated condition, has given a startling proof of its energy, discipline, and determination to survive in what was only ten years ago a terribly hostile world.

For All the World to See

Here is Inspiration Through the Years

In the Finest Homes . . . on the Concert Stage

***It's* BALDWIN**

To see, hear, play and to own the Baldwin Grand is to be inspired. Its quick response and superb tone have established Baldwin as the pre-eminent piano of the concert world. Give your family the true inspiration of music that only Baldwin can provide.

Among the many distinguished concert artists who use the Baldwin exclusively are: Arrau, Beecham, Bernstein, Ciccolini, Fiedler, Flagstad, Francescatti, Iturbi, Moiseiwitsch, Monteux, Piatigorsky, Sanroma, Stravinsky, Tourel, Whittemore and Lowe.

THE BALDWIN PIANO CO., Dept. A-54
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Please send me full information about the Baldwin Grand Pianos.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*Zone*....*State*.....

MAIL TODAY

Baldwin

THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

BUILDERS OF: BALDWIN GRAND PIANOS • ACROSONIC SPINET PIANOS
HAMILTON VERTICAL PIANOS • BALDWIN AND ORGA-SONIC ELECTRONIC ORGANS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Iran

Less than 500 yards from the Palaces of the Shah in Teheran there stands the ruined shell of a house behind a gate bearing the number 109. For some of the city's inhabitants this spot is still a shrine of pilgrimage; but to all of them 109 Khiaban Kakh (Palace Avenue) is as well known as 10 Downing Street is to the citizens of London. For this desolate ruin, which now so aptly symbolizes the twenty-eight months of his rule, was once the residence of Dr. Mohammed Mossadegh and the administrative center of Iran.

Things have changed a lot since the memorable evening of August 19 when this house was pillaged from top to bottom by a frenzied pro-Shah mob, and not the least significant of these changes has been the shift of the Prime Minister's quarters back to their traditional place on the second floor of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Here, in an office conveniently situated less than 200 yards from the Headquarters of the Police, the Ministry of War, and the Officers' Club (where he lives), General Fazlollah Zahedi today presides over the destinies of Iran. This deliberate geographic concentration of administrative power is symbolic of the new regime's determination to restore the authority of the state.

Since General Zahedi took over last August, street demonstrations have been dealt with roughly by the soldiers who, with rifles and fixed bayonets, patrol the main avenues and streets and maintain order in the Bazaar. The walls and sidewalks of the city which last summer were plastered with signs like "Down with the Dynasty!" and "Yankee, Go Home!" have been carefully washed clean. Professional sign-painters are now difficult to find, for they know that if caught they face the prospect of being shipped to some prison-fortress in the country or to the godforsaken island of Kharg in the Persian Gulf.

The only people who are still permitted to get away with a little murder are the enthusiastic supporters of the Shah — for example, the muscular youths of the Nazi-style Sumka party, who sport khaki shirts and black armbands and tour Teheran in jeep "commando units" looking for Communists to beat up; or the even more fanatically royalist supporters of "Bimokh" (The Brainless) Shaban Jafari, the black-bearded giant, once the wrestling champion of Iran, who distinguished himself during the recent elections in Teheran by leading a gang of toughs from one polling booth to the next, beating up people who were about to vote the wrong way.

Getting rid of the Communists

By and large, the imposition of martial law (including a five-hour curfew at night) and the arrest of hundreds of proven or suspected adversaries of the regime have had the desired effect. Public order, which virtually ceased to exist last summer, has been restored, and the Communist Tudeh party has been dealt a heavy blow.

The police, like every other department of government, was thoroughly infiltrated by the Communists during the two and a half anarchical years of Mossadegh's rule. One or two prominent Communists have been arrested, but no one seems to know who the real leaders of the movement are and whether they are still at large.

So too with the press. Though a systematic effort has been made to close down all left-wing publications, the veteran Tudeh party organ, *Mardom* (Mankind), still manages to bring out a clandestine edition about once a week.

But the most eloquent comment on the extent and limitations of police control in Iran is provided by the simple fact that Hossein Fatemi, Mossadegh's Foreign Minister, has so far eluded his pursuers. Without doubt the most detested man in all Iran, he is one person that almost any Persian would gladly hand over to the police. Yet he remains at large, and people have been left to speculate whether he has escaped to Baku or found refuge with the Kashgai tribes, who were pro-Mossadegh.

Along with this systematic drive to shatter the Communist party in Iran, General Zahedi has made a determined effort to rebuild the army. Many officers who were thrown out for opposing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mossadegh have been reinstated. A number of Communists have been removed — close to 150 in the Air Force alone, the most heavily infiltrated of the three services. Soldiers and officers who last August had gone unpaid for three or four months have since been paid up all arrears, and a special bonus has been introduced to increase army salaries and to keep them abreast of the steadily rising cost of living.

Several months ago a program of cheap housing was launched, with the coöperation of the American Point Four Mission, to improve the miserable accommodations of sergeants and lieutenants, many of whom have to live in shacks and mud huts. The results, in a short period of time, have been remarkable.

The efforts to raise the morale of the fighting forces by economic measures form part of a general plan to raise the people's standard of living, which General Zahedi cited as one of his major objectives in his first improvised radio speech to the nation last August.

In the long run both he and his economic advisers know that little can be accomplished in this line until the Persian government once again disposes of oil revenue to finance the construction of the dams, canals, wells, and sugar-beet factories that will give work to hundreds, and later thousands, of those impoverished, half-starved, and semi-employed masses who inhabit the great slum areas of Teheran and other Persian cities. Hundreds of people have been put to work paving roads and improving public facilities in cities all over the country.

Too many bureaucrats

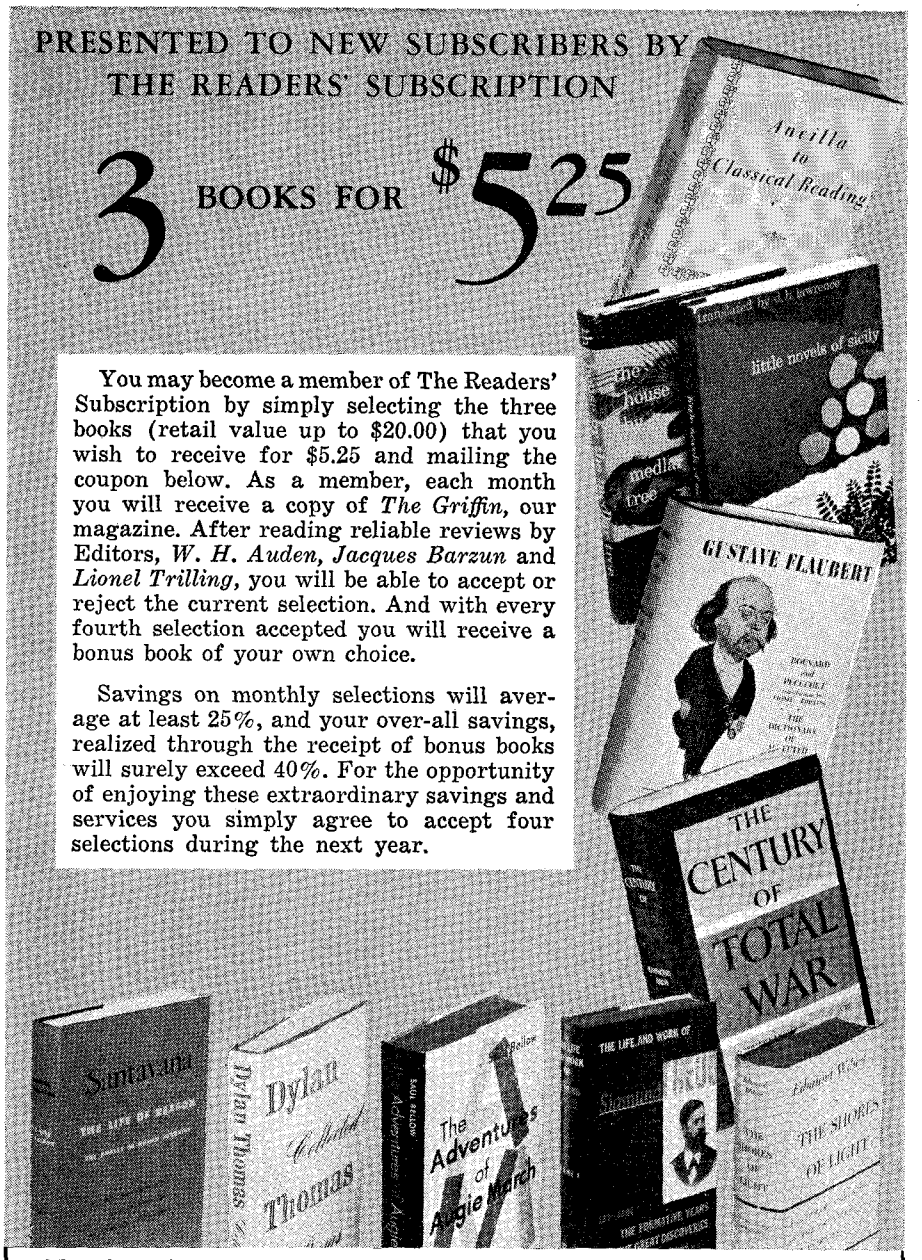
Eager as General Zahedi and his ministers have shown themselves to do something about the country's desperate economic condition, the fact remains that they are faced with formidable, long-range ills which cannot be cured overnight. Perhaps the most serious of these is the fantastic over-inflation of the administrative bureaucracy that has taken place in the last ten years. In the days of Reza Shah (the father of the present king) there were about 30,000 employees in the administration. Today there are over 120,000. Experts in the UN Mission in Iran have estimated that

PRESENTED TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS BY THE READERS' SUBSCRIPTION

3 BOOKS FOR $5.25

You may become a member of The Readers' Subscription by simply selecting the three books (retail value up to $20.00) that you wish to receive for $5.25 and mailing the coupon below. As a member, each month you will receive a copy of *The Griffin*, our magazine. After reading reliable reviews by Editors, *W. H. Auden, Jacques Barzun* and *Lionel Trilling*, you will be able to accept or reject the current selection. And with every fourth selection accepted you will receive a bonus book of your own choice.

Savings on monthly selections will average at least 25%, and your over-all savings, realized through the receipt of bonus books will surely exceed 40%. For the opportunity of enjoying these extraordinary savings and services you simply agree to accept four selections during the next year.



The Readers' Subscription, Inc.
35 West 53rd Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Send me at once the three titles I have checked below, two as my enrollment gifts and one as my first selection, and bill me only $5.25 plus a few cents for postage and handling. I agree to accept three more selections during the coming year. GUARANTEE: If I am not completely satisfied. I may return my first shipment within 7 days and my membership will be cancelled.

☐ ***The Adventures of Augie March*** by Saul Bellow—Winner of the National Book Award as the best work of fiction published in 1953. List Price $4.50

☐ ***The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*** (Vol. 1) by Ernest Jones—"One of the outstanding biographies of the age." List Price $6.75 —N. Y. Times

☐ ***The Life of Reason*** (One Volume Edition) by George Santayana—"The most adequate contribution America has yet made, always excepting Emerson, to moral philosophy." List Price $6.50 —John Dewey

☐ ***The Century of Total War*** by Raymond Aron—"A book which repays the closest attention . . . and introduces to America one of the distinguished minds of our time." List Price $5.00 —Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

☐ ***Ancilla to Classical Reading*** by Moses Hadas—". . . light in tone and agreeable to browse in as the Ancilla is, it is never trivial and is always forcing one to think." List Price $4.75 —W. H. Auden

☐ ***The Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas***—"They contain the most absolute poetry that has been written in our time."—Herbert Read List Price $3.75

☐ ***The Shores of Light*** by Edmund Wilson—"These short and occasional pieces display all the qualities that have made Wilson one of our most respected critics."—William Phillips

☐ ***The House by the Medlar Tree*** and ***Little Novels of Sicily*** by Giovanni Verga—"Verga is one of the masters of modern literature . . . the father of the Italian novels of our century." List Price $6.00 —Paolo Milano

☐ ***Bouvard and Pecuchet*** and ***The Dictionary of Accepted Ideas*** by Gustave Flaubert—"The book *(Bouvard)* into which Flaubert emptied his voluminous notes on human gullibility, groundless learning, *opinions chic*, contradictory authorities, ridiculous enthusiasms, the swill of the 19th century."—Hugh Kenner List Price $5.75

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the government could perfectly well function today with 40,000 civil servants.

But what is to be done with the excess? Throw them out onto the streets, where they would turn overnight into an army of disgruntled Communists? Rather than risk this, all Iranian governments in recent years have preferred to go on paying those scores of humble functionaries that one meets everywhere in the corridors and antechambers of the ministries in Teheran sitting around and gossiping and waiting to be told to carry messages.

Even though few of Iran's civil servants are paid anything like a living wage and have to make ends meet by doing odd jobs on the side (with the result that they often spend far more time out of the office than in it), the drain imposed on the Treasury by such an army of administrative parasites is terrible. Furthermore, it has been aggravated by the additional burden of maintaining full-time payments to the 60,000 employees of the now idle Iranian oil industry.

Prior to the close-down of the Abadan refinery and the imposition of the British blockade in the summer of 1951, oil royalties used to supply 40 per cent of government revenue and cover from 30 to 50 per cent of Iran's imports. One of Mossadegh's few genuine achievements was to balance his country's trade for the first time in its modern history. From 1951 to 1953 imports were cut drastically by 30 per cent, while exports were raised by 65 per cent.

But Mossadegh failed to score the same success when it came to balancing the budget. Though he made a few, halting steps in the direction of more rigorous tax-collecting methods (in a country which is a tax-dodger's paradise), he was never able to fill the huge hole created by the loss of oil revenue. In the end he had to resort to that classic inflationary device, the printing press.

Washington offers help

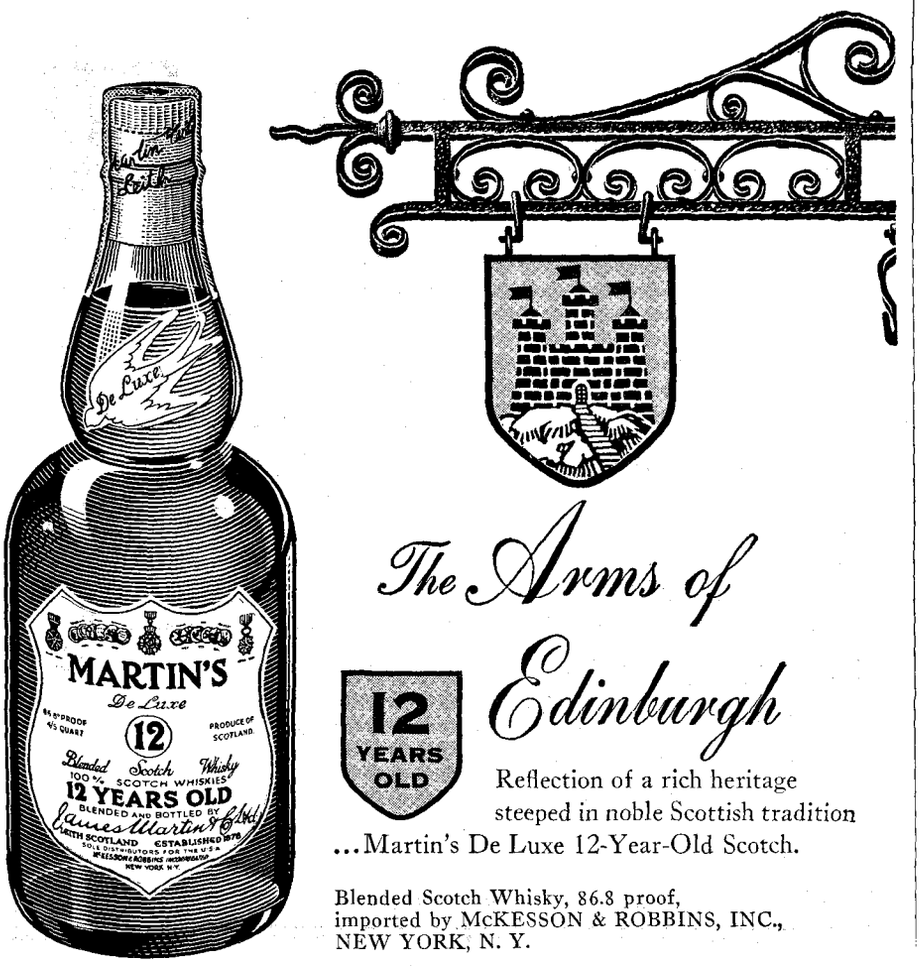
When General Zahedi came into office last August, the government was running a monthly deficit of some 500 million rials (or about $6 million). To bail him out, Washington agreed to grant an emergency loan of $45 million — which, it was calculated, should tide him over until April 1, by which time it was expected that Iranian oil would once again be flowing onto the markets of the world. It is clear today that this was a fond hope entertained by politicians who had not taken the trouble to have a serious look at the formidable problems involved in dealing with a nationalized oil industry, particularly in an explosive area like the Middle East.

One of the most ticklish issues involved, but about which almost nothing has been said in public, is the price at which Iranian oil is going to be sold in the future. If it is sold at the prevailing Persian Gulf price for unrefined petroleum of $14 a ton, the National Iranian Oil Company can expect to get, after deducting pumping costs and 25 per cent for compensation to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, something like $9 a ton in profits which it will not have to share with anyone.

But the neighboring Iraqi government, which has to share all profits made on a 50-50 basis with the Iraq Petroleum Company (a joint British, French, and Dutch concern with headquarters in London), at present gets only $6 a ton. The new contract which Baghdad negotiated with the Iraq Petroleum Company in February, 1952, further specifies that if any neighboring country manages to get better terms than Iraq, the agreement with I.P.C. must be revised.

If Iranian oil were to be sold at the present Persian Gulf price, it would precipitate a general demand in neighboring countries for the nationalization of oil. The international petroleum corporations know this well, and have therefore not been particularly enthusiastic about reactivating the Iranian oil industry.

The only way of getting around this difficulty will be by selling Iranian oil at a price considerably below the one prevailing in the Persian Gulf. This is something that the envisaged International Consortium can easily do, inasmuch as its function will be to buy as well as to sell Iranian oil. The solution will not be unlike that once proposed by Mossadegh in a moment of desperation. To be salable on the international market, Iranian oil will



The Arms of Edinburgh

Reflection of a rich heritage steeped in noble Scottish tradition

...Martin's De Luxe 12-Year-Old Scotch.

Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 proof, imported by McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have to be sold at much less than the current world price.

While this solution may limit the outbreak of unrest in neighboring Middle Eastern countries, it cannot fail to cause acute embarrassment to the government of General Zahedi. For he will have to defend this solution against the charge that the opposition will certainly bring — that once again Iran is being exploited by the insatiable greed of the international petroleum barons. It may be the only way of getting Iran out of its present financial difficulties, but it will probably do little to increase General Zahedi's popularity.

The General's greatest asset

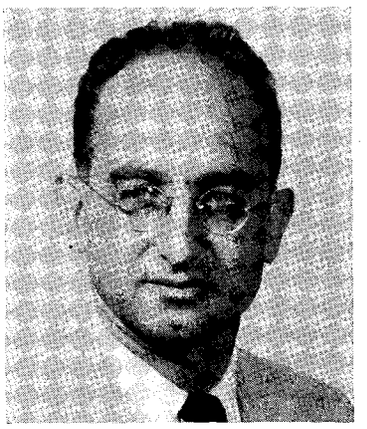
The General, well known in Teheran society for having a way with the ladies, has yet to acquire a winning way with the general public. Unlike Mossadegh, he is no orator. Nor does he have the popular appeal that another soldier, General Naguib, enjoys with the Egyptian masses. He is a military man with a fairly distinguished record and with valuable experience gained from having twice been Chief of Police for Teheran and once Minister of the Interior. But he has yet to show himself a statesman.

To date his greatest asset has been his close association with the Shah, who, as the events of August 19 proved, is still the object of a veritable mystic cult in Iran. In hundreds of shops and cafés all over Teheran one can see the familiar photograph of the bemedaled General in full dress uniform joking with the Shah, who is similarly attired. Yet how much longer can this official myth be maintained?

Rumor flies fast in Teheran, and it is no secret any more that the General's relations with his sovereign leave something to be desired. The 33-year-old Shah, who hesitated all last summer to appoint another general as Premier, remembering his sharp conflict in 1950 with General Razmara, is once again at odds with his Prime Minister — over that perennially thorny issue, the control of the Iranian army. But one thing is certain. It will not be easy at the present juncture to find another man who can give the turbulent country of Iran the peace, order, and prosperity which its people have hoped for for years, and hoped for in vain.

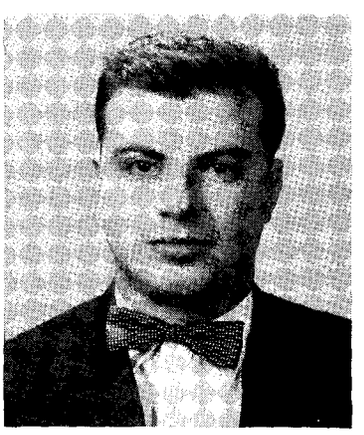
LET THE EDITORS WHO BUY MANUSCRIPTS *teach you how to write them!*

Yes! **If you enroll for a course in writing you have a right to expect instruction from the editors whose daily job it is to BUY stories, articles and books! As an NYS student you receive the benefit of personal instruction from two active editors . . . as well as active writers.**



SAMUEL MINES

Author of 3 books and over 200 stories, editor of 6 magazines, Sam Mines has discovered and developed many promising writers. He is Science Fiction Editor for *Pines Publications,* and edits also *Giant Western, Triple Detective* and *Five Detective Novels.* His latest book is his anthology THE BEST FROM STARTLING STORIES published by *Henry Holt.* He is one of the nation's top authorities in the vast and expanding science fiction field.



EDWIN FADIMAN, JR.

Author, editor, book reviewer, TV editor and writer. Associate Editor of *Popular Library;* author of THE VOICE AND THE LIGHT, published by *Crown.*

SUCCESSFUL AUTHORS AND EDITORS ARE YOUR TEACHERS!

WE TEACH YOU TO WRITE STORIES AND THEN WE HELP YOU SELL THEM!

As you read these words NYS students are receiving personal collaboration under qualified instructors currently active in publishing as writers or editors or both. Since 1934 we have taught people to WRITE and SELL and MAKE MONEY through these famous assignments based on the best known of all books for writers (highly praised by Louis Bromfield, Arnold Gingrich, Burton Rascoe and many other authorities).

A. L. FIERST

Editorial Director of the New York School of Writing, has been training writers for 20 years.

Mr. Fierst is also a nationally known literary agent, who will handle the sale of YOUR stories. He has recently placed such sensational successes as THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON — now a current Broadway smash hit; full length serial ($15,000) which ran a few months ago in the SATURDAY EVENING POST; a $5,000 series still running in the LADIES HOME JOURNAL; many others.

VALUABLE INSTRUCTION BOOK FREE

The free booklet WRITING FOR A PROFITABLE CAREER will be of much value to you. It will be sent to you without any obligation on your part by this long established and successful course which sells for less than three figures. An investment in tomorrow's values at yesterday's prices.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

MA
THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF WRITING
2 East 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

FREE

Send me, at no obligation, your FREE booklet WRITING FOR A WELL-PAYING CAREER.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Licensed by the State of New York
(This inquiry is confidential. No salesman will call.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Young Hemingway

SIR:

All of us here at Julia Richman High School have been thrilled and delighted to read the references to our Fannie Biggs in Charles A. Fenton's first article in his series, "Ernest Hemingway: The Young Years" (March *Atlantic*).

Miss Biggs has been teaching at Julia Richman High School — one of New York's largest high schools for girls — since she came East in September, 1921. We know she has inspired thousands of our girls as much as she influenced Mr. Hemingway in his youth.

For purposes of the record, I thought that you, Mr. Fenton — and possibly Mr. Hemingway in due course of time — might be interested to know that Fannie Biggs is still very busy with the job of teaching the young idea how to shoot.

CHRISTINE MCCORMACK
Julia Richman High School
New York City

SIR:

I have been reading Mr. Fenton's interpretation of Hemingway, and cannot help wondering how it strikes Hemingway (bottle of gin in one hand, bunch of bananas in the other) to read that "the emotional variety [of his adolescence] contributed to the growing opaqueness of his vision." Or to have one of his contributions to the high school paper pronounced "an invaluable opening exercise in some of the technicalities of idiomatic prose." The obituaries were good reading, but this is really rough going.

LORNA SLOCOMBE
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

"Use short sentences" (Kansas City *Star* style sheet).

That's right. Short sentences sell. Write right. Verbs, not verbosity. Farewell to adjectives. The sum (that editors pay) also rises.

On further consideration, however, I must admit that it is rather confining to be restricted to sentences that are short for the sake of being short, much though I respect the cult of brevity, and wouldn't for the world cast disapprobation on any dictum adhered to by such a celebrated writer as Ernest Hemingway — although, it should be pointed out, he was a very young man when he first encountered the injunction to keep his sentences short, crisp, concise, and to the point.

PHILIP MOSS
Memphis, Tenn.

SIR:

For many years, I lived a short distance from the old Hemingway home in Oak Park; attended Oak Park High School when Ernest was a student there, and studied under the teachers mentioned in "Ernest Hemingway: The Young Years." These facts naturally make me somewhat prejudiced and more than deeply interested.

What impresses me most, however, is the author's remarkable insight into the true spirit of Oak Park and its people. To me, reading the first excerpt from Mr. Fenton's book was like reliving those years in Oak Park — like renewing the acquaintance and friendship of those people I knew so long ago. In this installment, the boy Hemingway truly lives.

EVELYN G. WADSWORTH
Summit, Ill.

SIR:

I am sure that a large number of veteran newspapermen were pleased with the space given in the first installment of the Hemingway story to Lionel Calhoun Moise. Maybe someone will want to write a Moise story someday. Here is a bit of Moisiana: —

Along about 1934, as I recall it, Lionel was a kind of city editor without portfolio. The city desk at the Los Angeles *Express* had been sold out from under him to the Los Angeles *Herald*. He was thus free to spend a great deal of his time with a group of wastrels who were then frequenting my room at the University Club. Lionel was jealous of me because I had my telephone number listed in the directory under the name of A. A. Aab, and thus had the first listing. He brooded over this matter for a day or so and then had himself listed as Xenophon Zwyck by a last-minute listing in the directory then about to go to press. He explained to the telephone company that he was a translator of Greek manuscripts.

It is doubtful that Lionel ever saw that listing, which did turn out to be the last in the book. By the time the directory had come out, he had gone on to Milwaukee to enliven the *Journal*.

R. E. ALLEN
Los Angeles, Cal.

"College Athletics"

SIR:

"College Athletics" by Harold W. Stoke (March *Atlantic*) brought us understanding and, too late, regrets. High school athletics, also, has become public entertainment, requiring so much of our son's time that he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

failed to make the grades necessary for college entrance.

We, as parents, deluded ourselves into believing basketball had educational as well as character-building values. Our boy is well liked, but should basketball get all the credit? His health has been below par because of sinus trouble. Still, since he is six feet four he plays on the B team and is eleventh man on the varsity. He is a junior and had high hopes of making the first five next year. Recently the coach bluntly told him, "Your reflexes are too slow. You will never make the team." He came home completely demoralized and bewildered. Has he lost or gained?

Our county newspapers carry the basketball scores every week, but no mention was made of our son's winning the Charles Palmer Davis Medal for his school. We as parents are proud of his interest in current events, and we hope it isn't too late for him to make the grades necessary for college entrance.

MARY HILL
Sigel, Ill.

SIR:

Two cheers for Harold W. Stoke's article. He tackles college athletics equipped with an immense knowledge of his subject and an original point of view, and reels off one devastating comment after another. It is only when he plunges toward his final paragraphs that you realize he isn't going to put the ball across the goal line after all.

Mr. Stoke's "realistic" solution for the evils of big-time college athletics is a good deal like the "realistic" solution for prostitution — license it. Big-time athletics resembles prostitution in more ways than one, but even the realistic French have abandoned this solution.

Mr. Stoke is right, of course, in emphasizing that college sports are show business, not education. But, he says, since the public craves this entertainment and has come to expect it of our colleges, the colleges should continue to provide it. Why, he does not explain. He admits, however, that schools like Oberlin, Swarthmore, Haverford, and Bowdoin "make little attempt to supply public entertainment." These happen to be our leading small colleges — in the old-fashioned academic sense. With equal relevance he might have mentioned our leading universities, like Harvard and the University of Chicago.

Learn The Truth About THE CATHOLIC CHURCH By Mail...At No Cost!

You can easily investigate Catholic faith and worship in the privacy of your home.

Just send us your name and address and advise that you want to know what the Catholic Church really teaches... what Catholics really believe. We will send you an interesting course of instruction which is short, yet complete.

We will send you a book explaining Catholic faith and worship... written in an easy-to-understand form. There are six test sheets which you can mark and we will check and return to you. This will enable you to determine how well you understand the book. It will give you quick and authentic answers on any point you do not immediately understand.

There is no writing to do... and nobody calls on you unless you request it. Nobody knows, in fact, that you are inquiring into Catholic teaching. Thousands of people are taking the course, and learning for the first time wonderful truths about the Church established by Christ Himself.

We know that many people would like to learn all about the Catholic Church — but hesitate to make personal inquiries. This offer is made for the benefit and convenience of such people, so they may get authentic Catholic information and study it in the privacy of their own homes.

You will find in this course of instruction answers to the questions which confuse non-Catholics. You will discover that Catholic belief and practice are not what they are so often misrepresented to be.

And if it is true that the Catholic Church is Christ's Church... as we maintain... you owe it to yourself to get the facts. This you can readily do through this short course of instruction... without cost or obligation... and in the privacy of your own home.

As Catholic laymen, who treasure our Faith, we invite you to understand it and, we hope, to share it.

Write today, giving your name and address and stating that you want the course of Catholic instruction by mail. The book and simple test sheets will be mailed to you, in a plain wrapper, without any cost or obligation to you. Nobody will call on you or urge you to join the Catholic Church. Send a postcard or letter now—TODAY! ASK FOR INSTRUCTION COURSE—B. But—please — apply only for yourself.

FREE

MAIL COUPON TODAY

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo.

Please send me Free INSTRUCTION COURSE-B.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

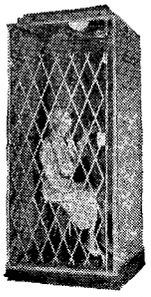
SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Climb Stairs Sitting Down

You can add energy to your days and years to your normal life span by saving yourself the strain of stair climbing. People who have been told to "take it easy" by their doctors can enjoy the convenience of one-story living in any type house. The cost is no more than a low-priced car.

INCLIN-ATOR is a low-cost installation for straight stairways. Operates on house-lighting circuit. Folds against wall when not in use.



"Elevette" can be installed in stairwell, closet or corner and operates on house-lighting circuit. Custom-built to fit space. Completely safe for all ages.

Write for full information and name of nearest dealer.

INCLINATOR COMPANY OF AMERICA

Originators of the simplified home passenger lifts.

2205 Paxton Blvd. Harrisburg, Pa.

AGNES E. MEYER'S *autobiography* OUT OF THESE ROOTS

"This is truly the 'autobiography of an American woman,' an American who considers it an honor to be a woman who is clearly and intelligently proud to be an American . . But it is more than the story of one person."

MILDRED McAFEE HORTON, *The Nation*

$4.00 at all bookstores

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY · BOSTON

Logic as well as decency demands that we shed the hypocrisy of our academic double standard and face the facts of big-time athletics. By all means, let us cease harassing our college faculties by asking them to police their athletic departments, and then boiling them in oil when they do. By all means set up independent, self-regulating, frankly professional athletic departments.

But, having done this, why not take the final logical step? Why not sever all connections between these ball clubs and our colleges? The professors could then go about their duty of encouraging young people to think and the athletes could go after the big money. Tied together, education and big-time athletics only hamper and embarrass each other. A complete separation would be a blessing for both of them.

DAVID L. GRAHAM
Freeport, Maine

SIR:

At last someone has hit the nail on the head and called major college athletics by its right name: "big league" entertainment. For years now, college athletics has grown so in importance, in relation to education itself, that the tail is wagging the dog. Educators have had to adjust their policies to suit athletic departments.

Mr. Stoke might have shown — what he well knows, of course — that the ardent desire of large colleges to provide entertainment for the public is due to the fact that this is what fills the college treasury. Toward this end, I would go even further than he. I have long thought that our major schools might just as well have professional teams while they are about it. Instead of being semi-pro as some are now, let the athletes be full-fledged, paid performers with no scholastic ties whatsoever.

I lay a great deal of blame on alumni groups. The old grads are only interested in their alma mater where the Team is concerned.

EDWARD W. LONERGAN
Wynnewood, Pa.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, *8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.*

SUMMER SCHOOLS and CAMPS

CO-ED CAMPS

ALOHA MANOR
Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont *(30th season)*
Camping for all ages, for short or long vacations.
Boys and girls or family groups.
One counselor for every 3 children.
Camp program appropriate for 4 separate units:
2, 3 and 4 years — 7 to 12 years
5 and 6 years — 12 to 16 years
Water sports, pony-riding, crafts, nature lore, tennis, canoe and mountain trips. Golf & saddle horses near.
Mrs. Harriet Gulick Pierce
531 East 20th St., N. Y. 10, N. Y. [GRamercy 3-0222]

BOYS' CAMPS

VALLEY FORGE CAMPS
An unforgettable summer vacation for Boys at America's National Shrine.
CAVALRY CAMP (14-18); expert riding instruction; mounted hikes.
PIONEER CAMP (7-13); woodcraft, trips.
BAND CAMP (13-18); expert musical training, swimming.
For Catalog, write: Adam Hall, Wayne, Pennsylvania

THE TOLTECS
Charlestown, N. H. Outpost on Lake Winnipesaukee. For fifty boys 6-16. Est. 1920. Fee $350. Program of unusual merit. Folder on request.
Wallace Greene Arnold, 342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. MU-2-2357.

CAMP WRIGHT
Lake Dean, Oakham, Mass. A real boy's set-up. Ages 6-16. Congenial, wholesome, and educational. Land & water sports. Riding, Riflery, Farming, Forestry, Tutoring, Auto Mechanics, Driving, Dances. Careful supervision. Fee $375.
A. L. Briggs, 509 West 122 St., New York 27, N. Y.

NAMEQUOIT
The Nautical Camp for Boys 7-17. Orleans, Cape Cod, Mass. Salt & Fresh Water. All Camp activities. 3 age groups. Northern-Southern limited enrollment.
C. J. Thayer, Cloverdale Ave., Baton Rouge, La. L. V. Willey, 96 Jason, Arlington, Mass.

GIRLS' CAMPS

ECOLE CHAMPLAIN — FRENCH CAMP
Girls 6-18. On Lake Champlain. Conversational French with European counselors. Tuition includes daily riding, sailing, water sports, tennis, dramatics, music, art, dancing. 31st year. Sunday services. Three age groups.
Mrs. E. F. Chase, 50 S. Willard St., Burlington, Vt.

SILVER LAKE CAMP
Hawkeye, N. Y. In Lake Placid region. Est. 1911. Guided, informal program stresses swimming, sailing, riding, tennis. All activities. Experienced staff. Junior Lodge. Inclusive fee.
Betty Hicks, Hazel L. Kinzly, Dirs., Box M, Latham, N. Y.

CAMP AREWA
Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania. Girls 5 to 16. Distinctive camp with trained leaders. Riding, music, swimming, all sports. Nurse. We welcome beginners. Inclusive Fee $150.00 per month.
Mrs. A. M. Wagner, 1227 65th Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

CAMP WATERVLIET
Girls 6-17. Riding featured. 20th Season. Private Lake. 200 acres. Experienced guidance in: Land & Water Sports, Canoeing, Sailing, Trips, Music, Dramatics, Dancing, Arts, Crafts, Nature. Trail Riding. Horse Show. 8 Weeks. Bklt.
Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Tatter, Watervliet, Michigan

TIMBERLINE RANCH
20 girls, 13-18. Western Ranch Life on operating cattle ranch. Round-ups, rodeos, pack trips to Indian reservations. Trout fishing, mountain trips, unlimited riding. Informal Catalog. 25th year.
Emily Marsh Michener, Vernon, via Holbrook, Arizona

SPECIAL CAMP

BANCROFT SCHOOL AND CAMP
Individual training for exceptional children who need special understanding. Year round. School season in Haddonfield, N. J. Summer months at Owl's Head, Maine. Medical and psychiatric supervision. Established 1883. Catalog.
Jenzia C. Cooley, Principal, Box 375, Haddonfield, N. J.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF MUSIC

BERKSHIRE MUSIC CENTER
TANGLEWOOD, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, conducted by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in connection with the Berkshire Festival Concerts. Coeducational. Two, four or six week enrollment, July 5 — Aug. 15th. Catalog.
Dir. of Admissions, Symphony Hall, Boston 15, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schools—Camps

BOYS' SCHOOLS

EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN—EACH STUDENT A CLASS

For boys with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. **Our tests discover causes of difficulties** and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.

Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 48 years' experience
Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY
Box B-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

MANLIUS
Founded 1869. Accredited. Grades 7-12. Complete college preparation includes Officer Training. Graduates eligible for advanced standing college R.O.T.C. Remedial reading. Sports. Band. Summer Session. Tutorial assistance. Catalog:
Robert F. Weekes, The Manlius School, Manlius, N. Y.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY
Fully accredited college preparatory. Toms River, N. J.; St. Petersburg, Fla. Naval training. Separate Jr. schools. Testing, guidance for college and career, remedial reading. Sports, bands. Summer camp and school. Catalog.
Adm. Farragut Academy, Box AM, Toms River, N. J.

PEDDIE
College preparatory. Grades 5-12. Endowed; fully accredited. Guidance; remedial reading; public speaking required. All sports, golf, swimming. Jr. School — separate dorm. 240 acres. Summer session. 89th yr. Catalog on request.
Dr. C. O. Morong, Headm., Box 5-R, Hightstown, N. J.

CROYDON HALL
For boys, Grades 1 through 12. Sound college preparation. Small classes. Strong remedial education program. Individual guidance and testing. Team sports. Riding, tennis, golf. Field trips. 45 acres. 40 miles from N.Y.C. **Catalog.**
Dr. John D. Carr, Pres., Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY
Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of Study has increased Honor Roll 50%. Fully accredited. ROTC highest rating. 16 modern bldgs., 2 gyms. UPPER SCHOOL, Grades 8-12; Separate JUNIOR SCHOOL 1-7. For Bklt. & catalog, write
Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 235, Fork Union, Va.

SPECIAL SCHOOL

ALGONQUIN SCHOOL
For retarded boys and girls. Homelike atmosphere. Security and affection. Mental and physical health. Individual care and training. Expense deductible as medical care in opinion of our counsel.
W. Lee Knight, Director, Saranac Lake 4, New York

SUMMER SCHOOLS cont.

BANFF SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS
22nd Annual Summer Session
June 21st — September 11th, 1954. Music, Theatre, Ballet, Handicrafts, Oral French, Photography, Short Story, Playwriting, Radio Acting and Production, Painting. Apply:
Director, Banff, Alberta, Canada

ELLIS SUMMER SCHOOL & CAMP
Girls. Grades 8-12. Full credit new review H.S. courses. Prep. for Regents and College Boards. Remedial reading. Guidance. Music. School campus suburban Phila. Pool, riding, dances. 23rd year. Camp Ellis, ages 6-16. Catalog.
Arnold E. Look, Ph.D., Newtown Square 54, Pa.

MILFORD SUMMER SCHOOL
College Preparatory School for boys. Accelerated summer session begins July 5. Enroll for one subject up to full ½ year's school work. Grades 8-12. Very small classes. Famous faculty. Vacation activities and sports. 38th year.
William D. Pearson, Headmaster, Milford 17, Connecticut

CROSSROADS TUTORING CAMP
On Spectacle Lake, Groton, N. H. Coed 6-16. Clinically trained staff. Tutoring in all subjects. Emphasis on improvement of Reading, Math, Study Skills. All land and water sports. Dancing, hiking, cook-outs. Fun while learning.
Miss M. C. Brennan, M.A., 1142 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 28.

THE ANDERSON SCHOOL
Summer session for advanced studies, make-up work. Coed. Regents accredited. College preparation. Grades 2-12. All sports. Swimming pool. 235 acres. Dramatics. Resident psychiatrist and psychologist. 29th year.
L. A. Gage, M.A., Headmaster, Staatsburg-on-Hudson, N.Y.

NICHOLS JUNIOR COLLEGE
FOR MEN
Dudley, Mass.
James L. Conrad, Pres.

Business Administration and Executive Training
Personalized Individual Analysis Plan. An investment in Education. Degree granting. International clientele. Small classes. Unexcelled location. 200-acre campus. Modern dormitories. All sports.
Opportunity for Military Training with E.R.C. unit on campus.

HATCH PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Timesaving program since 1926. Classes of 1 to 4 boys enable the individual to overcome the inertia of mass education. Progress geared to individual abilities and ambition. College candidates save a year. Summer session.
Lloyd Harvey Hatch, Headmaster Newport, R. I.

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL
For boys. Specialized preparation for M.I.T. and other engineering schools and for colleges of liberal arts. Individual attention through unique "checking" system. Past enrollment 46 states, 48 countries. Catalog.
R. D. Farnsworth, Prin., 558 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.

WORCESTER ACADEMY
Est. 1834. One of New England's traditional prep. schools. Grades 8-12. National enrollment. Graduates enter leading colleges and universities. Boys utilize all cultural resources of progressive city. Teams in all sports. Gym, pool, track.
Registrar, 99 Providence St., Worcester, Mass.

MOSES BROWN
An endowed Friends school. Help for each boy a century-old tradition. Successful college preparation. Arts and crafts hobbies. Secluded 30-acre campus. Moderate tuition. BELMONT—Separate residence for younger boys.
L. R. Thomas, Headmaster, 310 Hope St., Providence, R. I.

SHATTUCK SCHOOL
Accredited grades 9-12. Balanced educational, religious, military program. Preparatory or general. Small classes. ROTC. Sports for all: gym, pool, armory, golf. Many activities. Episcopal. Est. 1858. Summer School-Camp. Catalog.
Dir. of Admissions, 541 Shumway Hall, Faribault, Minn.

NEW MEXICO MILITARY INSTITUTE
Accredited 4-year College, A.B., B.S.; Sr. H.S. Balanced program of academic, military, physical training; year-round outdoor sports; dry climate — 3700 ft. alt. Armor ROTC. Distinguished Military School. Catalog.
Box A, Roswell, New Mexico

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

KENT PLACE SCHOOL
Notable college preparation since 1894. Excellent dramatics and arts. Separate music building. All sports and activities. Exceptional riding. Spacious fireproof residence for grades 6-12. Beautiful country campus 20 miles from N.Y.C.
Florence Wolfe, 4 Norwood Avenue, Summit, N. J.

NORTHAMPTON SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Thirty years' experience in preparing girls for leading colleges. Beautiful 12-acre campus overlooking the Conn. River Valley. Outdoor life. Riding. Winter Sports. Summer School of French.
Dorothy M. Bement, Sarah B. Whitaker, Principals, Box A, Northampton, Mass.

GREEN MOUNTAIN
Accredited Jr. College offering A.A. degree in Liberal Arts, sciences, home ec., med. sec., exec. sec., music, drama, art, radio, journalism, retailing, pre-nursing. 17 bldgs. 50-acre campus. Riding, tennis, skiing, hockey.
Howard C. Ackley, Pres., 32 College St., Poultney, Vt.

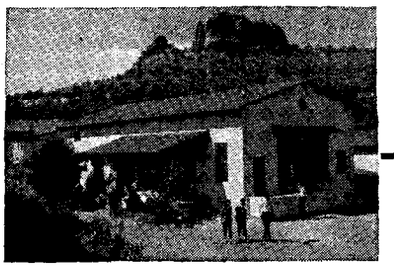
STONELEIGH-PROSPECT HILL
85th yr. Thorough college preparatory; 7th-12th grades. General courses. Small classes. Art, music, dramatics. All sports. Professional instruction in riding. Skiing. Mensendieck for posture. 150 acres. Modern fireproof bldg.
Mrs. George Waldo Emerson, Box E, Greenfield, Mass.

LINCOLN SCHOOL OF PROVIDENCE
Advantageous location. Small residence unit. Exceptional record of college preparation. Modern equipment and recreational facilities. Conservative costs. Auspices of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends.
Marion S. Cole, Headmistress, Box A, Providence, R. I.

ROGERS HALL
62 years of New England traditions. Near Boston. Thorough college preparation. One year intensive review for college. General course; secretarial training. Excellent music & art. All sports, riding. Swimming pool. Catalog.
Mrs. Katherine W. MacGay, Box A, Lowell, Mass.

ALMA COLLEGE
St. Thomas, Ontario. Est. 1877. Outstanding girls' residential school. 100 mi. from Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo. Excellent equipment. Jr. College, H. S., Elementary School. Dramatics, Art, Music, Crafts, Home Ec., Sect'l. Catalog:
Mrs. S. L. Sifton, B.Ed., Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.

CO-ED SCHOOLS



Verde Valley School

Offers integrated college preparatory program of the highest academic standards, designed to give boys and girls understanding of human relations problems at the local, national and world level.

On annual field trips to Mexico and Indian reservations, students get first-hand insight into intercultural and international problems, make supervised, on-the-spot studies, and write reports on their research projects.

College Entrance Board exams given. All graduates have been accepted by leading colleges. Verde Valley is accredited.

165 acres of wooded campus in Arizona's beautiful, red-rock country, near Grand Canyon and other natural wonders. High altitude, dry, sunny climate. Riding, skiing, basketball, baseball, archery; sports and activities for every student. Grades 9-12. For catalogue, write:
Box 103, Sedona, Arizona; or 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

BUXTON SCHOOL
Four year college preparatory school where boys and girls learn to know themselves and understand others. Emphasis on creative arts with work projects, community government and sports develops creative people who can live socially.
Ellen Geer Sangster, Dir., Box 970-T, Williamstown, Mass.

CUSHING ACADEMY
Endowed. Moderate rates. Excellent equipment. Small classes. High standards of preparation for college and life. Special opportunities in secretarial studies, science, music, art, dramatics. 250 students, 29 teachers.
Clarence M. Quimby, Head, Box 37, Ashburnham, Mass.

SOLEBURY SCHOOL
College preparatory school in Bucks Co. for boys and girls, grades 6-12. Separate campus for girls. Small classes. Strong faculty. Broad curriculum. Interscholastic sports. Art, music, drama. Country campus near N. Y. C., Phila.
William P. Orrick, Headmaster, Box A, New Hope, Pa.

SANFORD & SUNNY HILLS SCHOOLS
Coeducational 3-18. Year-round. Accredited college preparation. 170-acre campus near Wilmington. All sports, riding. Music and art. Summer school, junior camp: 23 buildings. Friendly, homelike atmosphere. **Ellen Q. Sawin, Pres. Robt. Rittenhouse & Nancy Sawin, Dirs., Hockessin, 14, Del.**

WEST NOTTINGHAM ACADEMY
Coed. Concentrated (one subject) plan of study. College preparatory. Grades 7-12. Post-grad. Remedial work. Music, drama, art, sports, golf, hobbies. 80-acre campus. Midway Phila.-Baltimore. Est. 1744. Catalog.
Chas. W. Blaker, Th.M., Hdm., Box 34, Colora, Md.

ARIZONA SUNSHINE SCHOOL
For children ages 3 to 13 in mild sunny Arizona. Ideal for asthma & sinusitis. Boarding dept. limited to 25. Outdoor classes. Bus service. Open all year. Summer program includes riding, trips, swimming. 27th year. Catalog.
Mr. & Mrs. C. A. Hughes, Directors, Tucson, Arizona

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

better books!

fine prints!

* **marboro**

brings you savings averaging more than 50%!

save ***mail this coupon today!***

marboro books Dept. A43, 222 Fourth Ave, New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me, postage prepaid, the bargains circled below:

☐ Enclosed find $_____ ☐ Send C. O. D.* ☐ Charge my account

1	11	15	17	30	33	38	47	48	49	94	126	148	191
269	307	342	343	344	398	404	421	434	439	448	453	454	459
471	479	480	481	482	483	484	485	486	487	488	489	490	491
492	493	494	495	496	497	498	499	500	501	502	503	504	
A16	A68	A70											

Name_____

Address_____

City_____Zone____State_____

New York City residents add 3% city sales tax.
*A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 25¢ per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions.

GUARANTEE: If not satisfied for any reason, return books within 10 days and money will be refunded.

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY — VISIT THE CONVENIENTLY LOCATED MARBORO BOOK SHOPS

47 West 42nd Street (near Stern's) | 8 East 59th Street (off Fifth Avenue) | 144 West 57th Street (near Carnegie Hall)

421 — Naked Hollywood

Photos by Weegee. Weegee, the fabulous photographer, has turned his camera on that most incredible of all places. Here is *NAKED HOLLYWOOD*—shocking, outrageously funny, and artistically brilliant. 8" x 11". *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

488 — Out of My Later Years

By Albert Einstein. A new collection of essays by Einstein as a philosopher, as a scientist, and as a man. Explains his theory of relativity in easily understood terms. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

482 — From Copernicus to Einstein

By Hans Reichenbach. A simple but scientific history of ideas and discoveries that have led to the formulation of the theory of relativity. *Pub. at $3.00.* *Only* **1.49**

502 — Existential Psychoanalysis

By Jean-Paul Sartre. Sartre here blends philosophy and psychology in presenting a new psychoanalysis based on the principles of existentialism. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **2.98**

484 — Encyclopedia of Superstitions

By E. and M. A. Radford. Superstitions in existence throughout the world presented in a single encyclopedia for the first time. Any superstitions related to any subject can be found easily. There are 2,300 superstitions listed—230,000 words. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.98**

459 — The Hebrew Impact on Western Civilization

Edited by Dagobert D. Runes. Dealing with creative and cultural influences in all the fields of modern civilization, this work is a sociological and historical contribution of the first magnitude. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **1.98**

479 — The Works of Charles Dickens

Handsome 8-volume set containing David Copperfield, Pickwick Papers, Tale of Two Cities, Oliver Twist, Christmas Carol, etc. 2,830 pages. De Luxe library cloth binding, gilt stamped. *Orig. $20.00.* *Eight-volume set, only* **5.88**

480 — Children's Classics

Gilt-decorated 8-volume set. Robin Hood, Black Beauty, Andersen's Fairy Tales, Pinocchio, Alice in Wonderland, Hans Brinker, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Arabian Nights. 2,000 pages. Sturdy library cloth binding. *Pub. at $20.00.* *Eight-volume set, only* **5.88**

94 — The Diary of a Writer

By F. M. Dostoievsky. More than 1,100 pages, fully indexed and annotated. Dostoievsky's famous Diary, here translated into English for the first time, is one of the major works of the 19th century. It is the intimate self-revelation of a man of genius, a treasure house of anecdote, reminiscence, criticism, short stories, and sketches by a master. **4.88**

439 — Solving the High Cost of Eating

A New Kind of Cookbook. By Ida Bailey Allen. Glamour foods at budget cost for everyone. 1,300 taste-tested recipes, 545 pages. *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.00**

434 — The Melville Log

Edited by John Leyda. Documentary life of Herman Melville told with excerpts from his letters and writings. Large 900-page two-volume boxed set. Illustrated with photographs of the celebrated writer and his friends and family. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **3.88**

483 — Rilke: His Last Friendship

Ed. by Marcel Raval. In this memorial to his friends, the author recounts the story of Rainer Maria Rilke's friendship with Nimet Eloui Bey, one of the most engaging personalities of the period between the two World Wars. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Only* **1.49**

486 — Logic for the Millions

By A. E. Mander. Clearly and expertly shows how you can train yourself to think more accurately and effectively, analyze complicated problems, etc. *Pub. at $3.00.* *Only* **1.98**

503 — International Business Dictionary

By Frank Gaynor. The only business dictionary in 5 languages which gives words, terms, and phrases essential for foreign business correspondence. Cross-indexed in English, Spanish, French, German, Italian. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

504 — Buddhism and Zen

By Ruth S. McCandless and Nyogen Senzaki. A comprehensive approach for the reader who desires a knowledge not only of the theory but also of the practice of Zen Buddhism. Contains instructions for the beginner in meditation. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.98**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

498 — 20th Century Economic Thought

Ed. by Glenn E. Hoover. Twenty of the most perplexing economic problems of our time are analyzed by expert economists in a manner which makes the work invaluable to students and teachers alike. *Pub. at $12.00.* Over 800 pages. *Only* **2.98**

490 — Encyclopedia of Atomic Energy

By Frank Gaynor. Over 2,000 entries with numerous charts, tables, and illustrated biographical sketches of outstanding nuclear physicists and chemists. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **1.98**

499 — Johannes Kepler: Life and Letters

By Carola Baumgardt. Introd. by Albert Einstein. This is the first biography of the father of modern astronomy to employ the voluminous correspondence which Kepler conducted with the royalty of Europe and the leading scholars and laymen of his time. Illustrated. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.98**

496 — Whitehead—Essays in Science and Philosophy

By Alfred North Whitehead. This, his last book, gives a cross-section of Whitehead's personal, scientific, and educational writings. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **2.98**

494 — Encyclopedia of the Arts

Ed. by D. D. Runes and H. G. Schrickel. 1,100-page compendium of all the arts of all times and places, presented by more than 100 leading authorities. Thousands of definitions of terms and techniques, plus richly informative biographical and historical summaries. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **4.88**

497 — The Rise of Words and their Meanings

By Samuel Reiss. A fresh and stimulating approach to the study of words and language which uses a new "phoneto-semantic" approach. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.98**

493 — Einstein—The World as I See it

No other book is so complete a key to the understanding of Albert Einstein's personality. Charming, witty comments and intimate revelations bring Einstein's great heart and mind to life. Here are Professor Einstein's own views on the world around him, and on his scientific labors. New abridged edition. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Only* **1.00**

485 — Encyclopedia of Literature

Edited by Joseph T. Shipley. First overall survey of the literature of every culture and country in the world! African, Aramaic, French, German, Chinese, Romanian, English, American, and all the rest! Written by hundreds of experts. Special 133-page section containing biographies of all the world's great writers. 1,188 pages. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **4.88**

487 — Of God, The Devil and the Jews

By Dagobert D. Runes. A powerful and profound ethical indictment of the Western world and the lies and contradictions which corrode and must in time crumble the foundations of its culture. *Pub. at $3.00.* *Only* **1.00**

495 — Encyclopedia of Criminology

Ed. by Vernon C. Branham, M.D., and Samuel B. Kutash, Ph.D. Nearly 600 pages. A compendium of existing facts on criminology by 61 outstanding specialists. *Pub. at $12.00.* *Only* **2.98**

500 — Encyclopedia of Religion

"Embraces tens of thousands of articles on all the significant religions of the world . . . a truly great achievement."—*N. Y. Times.* Ed. by Vergilius Ferm with 190 collaborators. 844 pages. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **4.88**

481 — Ancient and Forgotten Religions

Ed. by Vergilius Ferm. Illustrated. 18 eminent authorities describe the religions of Sumeria, Ancient Egypt, Syria and Babylonia, prehistoric Greece and the later Greek mysteries, the Australian Aborigines, Shamanism, the Eskimos, the Navajos, etc. Illus. Over 400 pages. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

491 — Short History of Existentialism

By Jan Wahl. A concise presentation of the contemporary philosophy of Jaspers, Kierkegaard, and Sartre in chronological relationship to earlier thought. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Only* **1.00**

501 — Dictionary of Philosophy

Edited by Dagobert D. Runes. Both teacher and layman will find this handy, all-embracing volume invaluable in his philosophical studies. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

489 — Oscar Wilde

A biography by André Gide, French Noble Prize Winner. Translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman. Gide's personal memories of Wilde before his imprisonment make fascinating reading. *Pub. at $2.75.* *Only* **1.00**

492 — Unusual Words

By Edwin Radford. An alphabetically arranged collection of unusual expressions and words with the story of how they came about. Everything from "above board" to "zounds." *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.98**

A70 — Lautrec: Circus Prints

A portfolio of six highly prized Toulouse-Lautrec circus scenes. These colorful 11" x 14" silk-screen reproductions of Jockeys, Clowns, Animals, etc., are among his best-liked works. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Set of six only* **1.98**

454 — Paris is a Nice Dish

By Osborne Putnam Stearns. Here are the great restaurants of Paris and their best-known dishes. The hundreds of delicious recipes are practical for use by the average housewife in the average American home. Illus. with drawings. *Pub. at $3.00.* *Only* **1.00**

404 — Short Novels of Colette

Edited by Glenway Wescott. "Colette's description of the actual physical manifestations of a love affair make Lady Chatterley seem one-dimensional"—*New York Times.* Six complete novels. 775 pages. *Special* **3.49**

38 — World Book of Modern Ballet

By John Martin, dance critic of the *New York Times.* America's leading authority presents an informative and entertaining commentary on all the principal ballets, ballet companies, dancers, choreographers, and movements that have made ballet one of the notable arts of our time. The refreshingly critical text is complemented by 160 superb photographs, many in color, of outstanding dancers from Markova and Danilova to Fonteyn and Kaye. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Now only* **1.98**

17 — Trollope's "North America"

Written with light pen and enlightened mind, Anthony Trollope's impressions of the United States and Canada at the time of the Civil War are both pleasant and interesting. With 16 contemporary photos. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

453 — T. S. Eliot

A symposium compiled by Richard March and Tambimuttu. 47 of Mr. Eliot's friends and admirers—among them Edith Sitwell, W. H. Auden, Clive Bell, Marianne Moore—contribute reminiscences, personal statements, critical essays, and poems in homage. 259 pages. Photographs. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.00**

343 — Pompeii

By Amedeo Maiuri. 128 masterful photographs and a comprehensive text in English make this book a valued addition for your library. Tells the story of the famous city which, after being buried under volcanic ash for hundreds of years, was finally disinterred after two centuries of toil by students and workmen. Imported from Italy. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

A16 — Degas Ballet Dancers

With startling authenticity, these 10 superb reproductions capture all the poetic imagination and delicate understanding of Degas' prized ballet sketches. Each plate measures a full 17" x 13" . . . each is printed on a color-tinted paper individually chosen for the particular subject. Frame them for your home—you'll find no finer portrayal of the ballet's rare grace and beauty. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

11 — Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Campbell

A passionate, witty, and outspoken record of a remarkable friendship between the intellectual giant and a great actress—as revealed in an exciting collection of letters. Edited by Alan Dent. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

344 — Italian Basilicas and Cathedrals

By Leopoldo Marchetti and Carlo Bevilacqua. This fine volume contains 127 magnificent photographs of the most famous Italian basilicas and cathedrals, with a comprehensive text in English covering their histories up to the present. Imported from Italy. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

471 — Dictionary of Foreign Words

Edited by Maxim Newmark, Ph.D. Complete easy-to-read dictionary of the meaning and source of the countless foreign phrases and terms being used in America today. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.98**

A68 — Six Chinese Prints

Six magnificent 11" x 14" prints of original paintings on silk by the Chinese masters. These superb reproductions reflect the mastery of brush control, the delicate hand, the subtle color and reality of the great Chinese school of the 11th to the 17th century. The subjects include flowers, birds, horses, and painted fans portraying scenes of family life. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.98**

148 — Dictionary of Word Origins

By Joseph T. Shipley. Stories of the words we use—how they grew across centuries and countries. Thousands of word histories, old and new. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

1 — Troubled Sleep

By Jean-Paul Sartre. A stirring novel by one of the world's most noted writers. With a deep understanding, Sartre reveals the impact of a crushing defeat on a great people—the fall of France in 1940. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.00**

30 — Great Systems of Yoga

By Professor Ernest Wood. Practical guide to yoga as an aid to modern living. Explains how to attain increased power and faculty, poise, conservation of energy and how to reach the deeper layers of consciousness, which most people never experience. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.98**

48 — New Dictionary of American History

By Michael Martin and Leonard Gelber. This ready-reference volume enables the teacher, scholar, student, and layman to pinpoint quickly the name, place, event, catch phrase of any item in the more than 4,000 entries. Over 700 pages. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Special* **3.88**

342 — Rome

By L. Salvatorelli. A must for everyone interested in this great cultural center. A brilliant collection of 128 magnificent photographs (with explanatory notes) showing every important edifice and work of art in and around Rome. The 90-page English text takes you on a tour through Antique, Old Christian, Medieval, Renaissance, Baroque, and Modern Rome. Imported from Italy. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

15 — The World of George Jean Nathan

Edited by Charles Angoff. An enormous volume containing the very best writing of the Dean of American theatrical critics. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

398 — New Dictionary of Psychology

By Philip Lawrence Harriman. For the first time, all the principal concepts and technical vocabulary of psychology are conveniently defined in one handy volume. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Now only* **1.98**

269 — American Antique Furniture

By Edgar G. Miller, Jr. A monumental two-volume encyclopedia. Fully describes all the important periods, styles, types, and makers of our early furniture with 2,115 splendid reproductions from famous collections. 1,106 pages. *Pub. at $27.50.* *Only* **12.88**

191 — Murder in the Cathedral

By T. S. Eliot & Geo. Hoellering. With 123 illustrations, 6 in color. Handsome volume on the film version, containing the complete scenario, original text of the play, together with the new scenes written especially for the film by Mr. Eliot and not published elsewhere. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.98**

448 — Twenty-One Variations on a Theme

Collected by Donald Webster Cory. Stories about sexual deviation by D. H. Lawrence, Stefan Zweig, Henry James, Christopher Isherwood, and 17 others. 436 pages. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.98**

307 — Winston Churchill

By Robert Lewis Taylor. Affectionate, irreverent biography of this great figure. A book of gusto and humor that reveals the *true facts* about this amazing personality. 445 pages, 26 action photographs of Churchill. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.00**

49 — The Creative Mind

By Henri Bergson. The last of Bergson's published works, a masterly autobiography of his philosophical method. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.98**

126 — World Atlas and Map Package

Special Combination Offer! Beautifully bound Rand McNally Pocket World Atlas containing 166 pages of maps, 71 in full color. You get the atlas PLUS a giant-size (25½" x 39½") full-color, up-to-date Hammond Map of the World containing all post-World War II revisions. *Pub. at $2.00.* *Both, only* **1.00**

47 — Wisdom of the Talmud

By Rabbi Ben Zion Bokser. A large annotated cross-section of one of the great cultural treasures of mankind—available in English for the first time. Includes the choicest material in Talmudic literature. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Now only* **1.98**

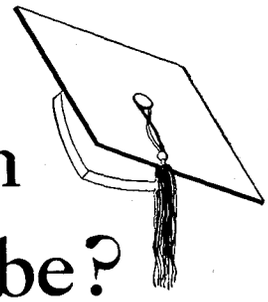
33 — Dictionary of Mysticism

Edited by Frank Gaynor. Special Library Edition. A collection of brief and concise definitions of hard-to-find and hard-to-define terms used in Religious Mysticism, Esoteric Philosophy, Occultism, Physical Research, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Astrology, in the Oriental philosophies of Buddhism, Brahmanism, Sufism, Lamaism, Zoroastrianism, Theosophy, Kabbalism, Magic and Demonology. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.98**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

How smart can machines be?



Back in the twenties there was a stage play about a factory that made mechanical men, who repaid their creators by trying to wreck civilization. The term "robot" has made people uneasy ever since.

How smart can a machine be? At General Electric we're beginning to find out. For some years now we've been working with machines that come startlingly close to duplicating the thought processes of men.

Can they outsmart men? The reassuring fact is just the opposite: they make men even smarter by taking over routine mental chores and freeing men for the creative thinking only human minds can encompass.

General Electric is using machines with "electronic brains" in engineering, accounting and management to speed our most important product, progress.

A jet engine used to be designed by trial and error. You had to build it first, or a costly model, to find out how it would work. Now, an electronic computer helps solve long and complex jet development problems in advance. In 15 minutes it goes through 8 million mathematical calculations and comes up with an answer that would take a mathematician 7 years. With "think machines," engineers can bring you new and better products quicker.

It used to take seven days to put together the payroll in one of our plants. Now an "electronic brain" gets rid of the drudgery and cuts the time to four hours.

In management, "hunch" is giving way to fact. Electronic data-processing machines can zip through head-spinning statistics on things like market changes, product design factors and income trends to come up with the answers General Electric managers need to make sound decisions, not hopeful guesses. Patterns emerge that make it possible to avoid errors. In time new light may be shed on the reasons for boom and bust. It looks like everyday living might catch up at last with our fantastic progress in science.

Machines that can read, write, do arithmetic, measure, feel, remember, now make it possible to take the load off men's minds, just as machines have eased the burden on our backs.

But these fantastic machines still depend on people to design and build and guide and use them. What they replace is drudgery—not people. Or General Electric wouldn't be so enthusiastic about them. Because it's people, with their hopes, desires and jobs, that we depend on for customers. Machines can't dream.

Don't worry; smart though they are, machines will never be as smart as people. Not while people are smart enough to think them up, smart enough to let them do man's drudging work.

Progress is our most important product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NANCY MITFORD *has lived happily in the heart of Paris since the war. The first novel she wrote there was* Love in a Cold Climate; *her next,* The Blessing, *was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection in 1951. Now from wide reading and the liveliest observation she has drawn her gay, enchanting portrait of Madame de Pompadour, which is to be published by Random House late this spring and from which the* Atlantic *has been privileged to draw the story of the King's capture.*

HOW TO CATCH A KING

Madame de Pompadour

by NANCY MITFORD

AFTER the death of the great King, beautiful Versailles, fatal for France, lay empty seven years while fresh air blew through its golden rooms, blowing away the sorcery and bigotry which hung about the walls like a miasma, blowing away the old century and blowing in the new. Louis XIV died in 1715. He had outlived his son, his grandson, and his eldest great-grandson; had reigned seventy-two years, too long for the good of his country. Even then he was so strong that he could not die until half eaten away with gangrene, for which Dr. Fagon, killer of Princes, prescribed asses' milk. At last the Duc de Bouillon, wearing a black feather, went out to the balcony and announced to a waiting crowd, curious but not sad, "Le Roi est mort." He retired into the palace, put on a white feather, came back and announced, "Vive le Roi."

The reign of Louis XV had begun; like his great-grandfather he was five years old when he succeeded to the throne of France. He had neither father, mother, brothers, nor sisters; all had been killed by the wretched Fagon. He himself would no doubt have followed them to the grave had not his nurse, the Duchesse de Ventadour, hidden him away during that terrible fortnight when the rest of his family was dying of measles, bleedings, purges, and emetics. His father's brother was still alive, but useless as an uncle for a little boy; he was the King of Spain, imprisoned in the etiquette of his own palaces and by now far more Spanish than French. They never saw each other. Louis XV was brought up without the natural family love which should surround a child, without hugs and kisses and without slaps. "First of all he must live," Madame de Ventadour used to say and she never allowed him to be crossed. But at the age of seven he was taken, crying dreadfully, away from her and handed over to a governor. He then retired into a world of his own, concealing all his thoughts and feelings from those around him, and nobody ever knew much about them for the rest of his life. He was an intensely secret man.

The Regent of France, Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, was the next heir to the throne, because the Duc d'Anjou had formally renounced his rights to it on becoming King of Spain. People were not wanting who said that the Duc d'Orléans had poisoned the heirs of Louis XIV; if so, his conduct towards the one that survived was very notable. As soon as his uncle had breathed his last he took the little boy, who stood between him and the throne, away from Versailles and established him in the Tuileries Palace, across the road from his own Palais-Royal. For the rest of his life he faithfully served this child. France was at peace; the religious quarrels of the

Copyright 1954, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last century had lost their venom; her frontiers were established and no enemy was attempting to cross them; the claim of her King to his throne was unquestionable; the air was full of new ideas. An even greater century than the *Grand Siècle* might now have been inaugurated, if the Regent had only had the energy to enforce certain changes in the constitution.

As a young man the Duc d'Orléans had been intelligent and ambitious; it was one of Louis XIV's grave mistakes that he had allowed him to take so little part in public life. Determined as he was to make the nobles politically impotent, he kept the Princes of the Blood even more strictly in their place. He was too much blinded by his theories to see what a loyal and honorable man his nephew was and how useful he could have been to France. So the Duc d'Orléans turned his attention to the pleasures of this life, and a more perfect rake has seldom existed. When, at the age of forty-one, he found himself ruler of France, he was still intelligent, but energy and ambition had been sapped by years of wenching and the cruder forms of dissipation. He did envisage fundamental constitutional changes; he tried to bring back the great nobles into the government of France and to rule by Councils instead of bureaucratic secretaries of state. But these lords had lost the habit of being useful; Louis XIV had trained them so well that they had even lost the habit of being a nuisance. The Councils fell into the hands of officials and the last serious attempt to bring back aristocratic government in France collapsed.

The Regent then settled down to govern as the old King had governed and to bring up the new King to be as much like his ancestor as possible. It was noticed that he even had the same manner towards him, the same deep respect, tinged, however, with love and humor instead of with hatred and fear. He loved the child far more than his own dreary son. He explained every political step to him, saying, "You are the master. I am only here to tell you what is happening, to make suggestions, to carry out your orders." The little boy was charmed; he attended the Council meetings, clasping in his arms a pet cat which the ministers called his colleague; he was too proud and too shy ever to say a word. His only attempt at a protest was when the Regent announced his betrothal to a little Spanish first cousin, a baby Infanta of two. The King cried throughout the whole Council, but without making any observation.

2

When Louis XIV decided, after the civil war known as the Fronde, to keep the great nobles under his eye and to rob them of power, he had cunningly played upon the French love of fashion and fun; all fashion and all fun were gathered together at Versailles. Paris, while it hummed with life and could be enjoyed from time to time as a change from the Court, was a very middle-class society; the provinces were unthinkable. The heaviest blow that could befall a man was banishment to his estates; this did not only mean loss of place and influence: the exile, condemned to live in the country, became ridiculous in the eyes of his friends. Living in their beautiful châteaux in the beautiful French countryside, with the administration of huge estates to interest them, these exiled nobles were considered, and considered themselves, as dead. In fact, they generally became either very fat or very thin, and departed life rather quickly.

This policy, by which the greater nobles had become a *noblesse de cour* and were cooped up in a perpetual house party at Versailles, divorced from public opinion in their native province, as well as from the sources of their wealth, was disastrous to the French economy. While the Île-de-France was like an enormous park or garden, containing thousands of glorious houses, rural France was a desert. The road between Paris and Versailles was a perpetual double file of carriages being driven at full speed; that between Paris and Orléans was empty but for an occasional post chaise. Agriculture was fearfully neglected; even those landlords who did sometimes visit their estates, in the intervals of duty at Court, took no interest in it whatsoever; their only outdoor pursuits were hunting and gardening. Game was carefully preserved; poaching was still punishable by death; and as a result the land was overrun with stags, wild boars, wolves, and the hunt itself. Louis XV, when out hunting, was always most careful not to ride over the crops and was furious with anybody who did so, but many sportsmen of the day were quite unscrupulous in this matter.

Most of the great nobles were total absentees from their estates; they revolved round the Court, with a town house in Paris, a country villa within easy reach of Versailles, and, if they were lucky, a flat in the palace itself. About one thousand nobles lived or had a *pied-à-terre* there, at the time of Louis XV.

Versailles was the heart of France, and here the King lived, like a man in a glass house, visible to, and within reach of, all his subjects. In those days the palace was even more open to the public than it is now; people wandered in and out at all hours and were allowed into the state rooms as well as into the gardens. When, at the beginning of the Revolution, a furious mob was known to be approaching, the guards tried to shut the gates in vain, a hundred years of rust having soldered them to their hinges. Louis XIV had practically lived in public, but Louis XV, more highly strung than his great-grandfather, arranged a suite of rooms for himself where he could be away from the crowd. This suite, though it consisted of fifty rooms and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seven bathrooms, and was in itself like a country house, was known as the *petits appartements;* even the courtiers could only go there if they had the privilege of the *grandes entrées* or by invitation. As time went on, the King arranged other, more private apartments, where he could be entirely undisturbed; and at last the north wing of the palace became a perfect network of secret passages, hidden staircases, and tiny rooms looking onto interior courtyards.

But although Louis XV hated public appearances, he never shirked what he believed to be his duty. He got up, dined, prayed, had his hunting boots pulled off, and went to bed in public. The *lever* and the *coucher* were formal ceremonies; he never slept in his state bedroom. Everybody knew quite well that he had often been up and working for hours before the *lever* — lighting his own fire sometimes so as not to wake the servants — and often went to amuse himself in Paris or the town of Versailles after his *coucher*. If he omitted to say his prayers, it was a sign that he was not going to bed in order to sleep. The fireplace in the state bedroom always smoked, so that in cold weather the *lever* and the *coucher* were very uncomfortable affairs.

As for the courtiers, they lived and prayed and hunted and danced and ate to iron rules and a timetable which made the days slip by and gave them the illusion of being always busy. The functions which they were obliged to attend were so near together in time, and so far distant in space, that they spent much of their lives running from one end of the palace to the other. They were like a huge family whose head was the King. They could do nothing, not even go to Paris for the day, or be inoculated against smallpox, certainly not arrange marriages for their children, without his express permission. Their privileges were enormous and their power nonexistent.

3

Now Louis XV was by very far the most considerable of Louis XIV's descendants. As a child he was full of promise, religious, pretty, clever, and brave. He grew up to be a charming man and an intelligent ruler with a high sense of duty, loving and, for many years, loved by his people. But the machinery by which he was expected to govern was long since worn out, and neither he nor his counselors had the genius to devise anything better. He knew that something was wrong somewhere, but he was forever caught in the terrible web spun by his terrible ancestor.

Perhaps the fate of the French monarchy was sealed when, in 1722, the Regent took the Court back to Versailles. Kings always live in a cage, but if the cage is in the capital city some echo of public opinion may penetrate its bars. Cardinal Dubois, the Regent's adviser, insisted on the step, hoping thereby to prolong the life of his master, and thinking that he might be induced to live more temperately away from the Palais-Royal. The move seems to have been effected with no trouble or fuss; all fell back into the little miseries of etiquette as if they had never been away. A few months later Cardinal Dubois died. The King came of age officially the following year — he was thirteen — and the Regent continued to govern. But the excesses of that strange man had undermined his health. One day, in a mood of black depression, he sent for the little Duchesse de Falaris to gossip, before he went upstairs to work with the King. Sitting in front of the fire, he asked her whether she believed in a future life; she replied that she did, and he said in that case he found her conduct on this earth incomprehensible. "Well now," he said, after a silence, "tell the news." As she opened her pretty little mouth to recount the latest piece of scandal, Philippe d'Orléans rolled to the floor and died.

The King, stunned, shaken, and intensely sad, raised no objection when the Duc de Bourbon came to him and proposed taking over the government of France. He nodded his head without a word. "M. le Duc," an appellation reserved at Court for the head of the Bourbon Condé family, was not very brilliant, no match for Cardinal Fleury, the King's tutor; Fleury was determined himself to rule the country, and immediately set on foot a series of intrigues to that end. In three years' time he stepped into the shoes of M. le Duc, who found himself exiled to his estates at Chantilly. Nobody regretted this, though his mistress, Madame de Prie, had been rather nice and pretty. She, poor woman, killed herself when she realized the full horror of life in the country. Their rule had not been without results. Before he went, M. le Duc had taught the King to love hunting — the Condés were men of the forest, enormous hunters — and was responsible for his marriage.

At fifteen the King was a big strong boy, forward for his age. His fiancée, who lived in the palace, was still only five; a golden-haired darling, she appeared with him at all the state functions, trotted round after him like a little pet, and was considered absolutely sweet. But boys of fifteen loathe sweet little girls and he felt humiliated at having such a small fiancée. He sulked whenever he saw her. The marriage was to be consummated in ten years' time, and meanwhile what? The King was obviously quite ready to consummate something at once; the sooner this last descendant of a royal line, this "conjugation of the blood of Henry IV," five of whose children were his ancestors, was given a chance to breed, the better.

If the King were not married soon, one of two things could be expected to happen. Either he would take a mistress, who at his age would certainly acquire a dangerous influence over him, or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he would turn to the boys. Pederasty was by no means unknown in the Bourbon family; there had recently been a homosexual scandal among young dukes attached to the King and very little older than he. The Regent had taken measures at once, and they had received the heavy punishment of exile to their estates, accompanied by wives who had quickly been found for them. When the King asked what they had done he was told that they had torn up railings in the park; he made no comment, but he must have known that they would not have been sent away for that. Thereafter they were always called *les arracheurs de palissades.*

After a great deal of hesitation, M. le Duc made up his mind that the Infanta must return to Spain and the King be married to somebody of an age to have children; the risk of offending the Spaniards was less grave than that of waiting any longer.

The hurdle of the Infanta's return having been cleared without mishap, M. le Duc began to study lists of princesses to take her place. There were nearly forty in all, but they boiled down to very few suitable ones. French and Lorraine Princesses were ruled out at once because they all had Orléans or Bourbon Condé blood and neither family would consent to such an elevation of the other. Princess Anne of England was a Lutheran and the English would not allow her to change her religion; the daughter of Peter the Great, the future Tsarina Elizabeth, was too parvenue and was also said to show signs of incipient madness, as did the King of Portugal, who had an otherwise eligible daughter.

Enormous bets were placed on these various ladies, odds lengthening and shortening according to the day's rumors; the Court seemed to be living on the eve of some important race. At last the choice fell upon a very dark horse indeed, Marie Leczinska, daughter of the penniless, exiled Stanislas Leczinski, King of Poland. A Princess who knew no cosmetics but water and snow, who was seven years older than the King, and who spent her time embroidering altar cloths was not at first sight a very suitable person to reign at Versailles. But she had a sweet nature and regal manner, as even the most disagreeable of her subjects were obliged to admit, when they knew her; above all she was very healthy.

When Stanislas received a letter asking for her hand he could not believe his luck. He rushed to his daughter's room crying, "Kneel, kneel and give thanks to God Almighty!"

"What has happened — are you going back, as King, to Poland?"

"Far better than that: you are going, as Queen, to France."

As soon as she arrived at Versailles the King fell in love with her and fell into bed with her. Nine months later she produced twin daughters, Madame Première and Madame Henriette; by the time the King was twenty-seven they had ten children, of which six daughters and a son reached maturity. He thought, and continually said, that his wife was the most beautiful woman at Versailles, and for years this marriage went very well.

Louis XV was a man of habit, a faithful man at heart, so shy, too, that he found it very difficult to make advances to any woman; he disliked new faces, and beautiful faces intimidated him. His little love affairs with girls of easy virtue, found for him by his valets, meant nothing at all to him, and his family meant a great deal. Unfortunately the Queen, though an exceedingly nice woman, was dowdy and a bore; she was incapable of forming a society that would attract a gay young husband, and she surrounded herself with the dullest, stuffiest element at the Court. After the birth of her children she settled comfortably, and rather selfishly, into middle age; she made no effort to remain attractive to her young husband, to share his interests or to entertain his friends; fashion and fun meant nothing to her. She had no temperament at all, complaining that she was forever "in bed, or pregnant, or brought to bed," and any excuse was good enough to keep the King out of her bed. As she was extremely pious, he had never been allowed there on the days of the major saints. By degrees the saints for whom he was excluded became more numerous and less important; finally, he was kept out by one so utterly unknown that he flew into a temper. He told Lebel, his servant, to bring him a woman. Lebel went off and found a pretty housemaid, and the result was Dorigny le Dauphin, who became an art dealer of some distinction.

4

Nobody quite knows when the liaison between Louis XV and the Comtesse de Mailly began, but the King himself cannot have thought it very serious until 1739. That year he refused to go to his Easter duties. Asked by the Bishop whether he would touch for the King's Evil as usual on Easter Day, he said no, since this ceremony could only take place after Communion and he did not intend to communicate. His Jesuit confessor, Père de Lignières, wishing to avoid a scandal, suggested that Cardinal de Rohan might say a low Mass in the King's cabinet, after which nobody would know for certain whether he had or had not confessed. The King absolutely refused to lend himself to such a fraud. He was living in adultery and had no intention, for the present, of mending his ways; but at the same time he was not going to make a mockery of his religion.

Madame de Mailly was a daughter of the Marquis de Nesle. Their family name was Mailly; she had married her first cousin. Madame de Nesle, her mother, was a lady in waiting to the Queen, and the King had always known the Mailly sisters. She was not a beauty, or in any way very romantic,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but a jolly, downright, sporting woman with whom he felt at ease. She never asked for anything, neither for power nor for money; she loved him. But in 1740 he fell in love with her sister, whom she had unwisely invited to all her suppers and parties. The Marquise de Vintimille was even less of a beauty and much less nice than Madame de Mailly, and behaved with the greatest unkindness to her. The affair did not last very long; Madame de Vintimille died giving birth to the King's baby, the Comte du Luc. The King was heartbroken; he went back to Madame de Mailly and she adopted the baby, who was exactly like him to look at, and always known as *le demi-Louis*. But this lady's troubles were not yet over. Very soon the King fell desperately in love, much more than he had been with Madame de Vintimille, with yet another sister, the Duchesse de Châteauroux.

Madame de Châteauroux was a beauty, even nastier than Madame de Vintimille, rapacious, implacable, and very ambitious. She made the King work harder with his ministers than he had ever done before. Seeing that he was still rather fond of her sister, she made him exile her from the Court; poor Madame de Mailly went off in floods of tears and was thereafter known as The Widow. The King missed her, and corresponded with her surreptitiously; but Madame de Châteauroux soon found out and put a stop to that. "Madame, you are killing me," he would say as she insisted that he should give his attention more and more to the dull details of public affairs. "So much the better, Sire. A King should continually die and be resuscitated." She was odious to the poor Queen and made a breach between her and the King which was never repaired; husband and wife never felt easy in each other's company again.

Madame de Châteauroux was the central figure in the famous "Metz incident," which made a deep impression on the King; to the end of his days he could not speak of the scenes of Metz without horror. The War of the Austrian Succession had begun in 1740. Fond of campaigning, as he was fond of hunting, Louis XV went in 1744 to join his army on the eastern frontier and took with him an enormous train, including Madame de Châteauroux. At Metz he fell seriously ill, with pains in the head and a high fever; the usual bleedings and purges had no effect and the doctor announced that his life was in danger. Immediately there was talk of the Last Sacrament, which would, of course, entail confession and the departure of the mistress. She, meanwhile, mounted guard over him, with her great friend the Duc de Richelieu, first Gentleman of the Bedchamber. Nobody else was allowed to see him alone and they pretended to him that his illness was nothing at all. It could not be kept up. He knew that he was very ill indeed, and getting worse all the time; at last he kissed her and said, "Princess [his pet name for her], I think we shall have to part." He gave orders that she should go at once, and that the Queen should be sent for; then he confessed.

The Bishops of Metz and Soissons, about to bring the Holy Sacrament from the cathedral to the King's bedside, heard that Madame de Châteauroux was still in Richelieu's house in the town; they sent a message to the effect that Our Lord was awaiting the departure of the Duchess, who then had no choice but to leave for Paris. Before communicating, the King was induced by the Bishops to make a public statement of repentance; all those who were in his anteroom — that is to say the officers of state and the high *bourgeoisie* of Metz — were brought in to his bedside to hear him do so. He was very weak and hardly spoke as if he wanted to recover; he said that perhaps it was God's will to give his people a better King. When the Queen arrived, he received her affectionately and begged her pardon. He was very civil to the Dauphin, never a pleasant apparition to a possibly dying young King, and seemed in fact to be in a repentant state of mind and to have every intention, should he live, of changing his ways.

But the French clergy, who had taken the affair in hand, made blunder after blunder. To an intensely shy, reserved, and proud man, the thought of his public confession was humiliating enough as he came back to his normal state of health; now it was printed and distributed to every parish in France so that each priest could make a sermon on it, embellished with his own views on the sin of adultery. This proceeding shocked many sensible and God-fearing citizens, who felt that the King should have been allowed to repent in private, and that all the women of the Court should have been sent away together, so that the affair with Madame de Châteauroux could have ended without publicity. As soon as the King was better, a lady in waiting, prompted by his confessor, put a second pillow into the Queen's bed. Rumor had it that the Queen had taken to rouge again. At the most frivolous Court in the world, where everything was treated as a joke, all this provoked gales of laughter.

The country, however, felt very differently about the whole matter. The handsome young King was enormously popular and the French had worked themselves up to a state of despair when they believed him to be dying. The reaction to better news caused a mafficking such as has rarely been seen in Paris — people embracing each other in the streets and embracing the horses which had brought the messengers. It was at this time that Louis XV received the name of Well-Beloved. But in their transports of joy his subjects did not omit to underline their detestation of his mistress; and whenever she appeared in public she was booed, hissed, pelted with eggs, and almost lynched. She retired to bed with a complete breakdown.

With his courtiers giggling in his anteroom and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his clergy and people moralizing to his face, the King forgot all his good resolutions. He had but one idea: to show that he was not going to be bullied into a new life, to show who was the master; besides, he longed very much for Madame de Châteauroux. As soon as he got home to Versailles he sent for her. She was in her house in the rue du Bac, feverish and furious. When the King's message came, not wishing to delay their reunion, she got up, had a bath, and prepared to leave. She was iller than she thought and the effort was too much for her. She collapsed and died of pneumonia.

The King was now thirty-four years old.

5

Very little of Paris as we know it today existed in the 1720s; no Place de la Concorde, Madeleine, or rue de Rivoli, the Louvre half its present size, no École Militaire or Panthéon, no bridge between the Pont Royal and the Pont de Sèvres, no big thoroughfares or *boulevards*. The layout was that of an overgrown village; narrow streets surrounded the houses of rich merchants and of the ennobled lawyers known as the *noblesse de robe*, very much despised by the *noblesse d'epée* or old feudal families. The streets were noisier, with even more terrible traffic blocks, than today. They were filthy dirty and it was impossible to walk in them when there had been rain without getting mud up to the knees.

On the outskirts of this town, rich nobles and merchants were building a garden city, the *faubourgs*, whose wide streets led out to the country. Each house, of a pale honey color, weather and soot not yet having done their horrid work, stood in its own big garden, full, in summer, of orange trees and oleanders. Every house of any size had an orangery. The quays did not exist; gardens went down to the river, where the boats and barges of their owners were moored. Many of these houses are still in existence, but, too often squashed between nineteenth- or twentieth-century blocks of flats, they would be unrecognizable to their former owners. A few *Hôtels*, Matignon, Biron, and the Élysée, for instance, have kept their gardens, and from them we can judge how the others must have looked. The forest was at their door; La Muette, in the Bois de Boulogne, was still one of the King's favorite hunts.

Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson, the future Marquise de Pompadour, was not born in one of these splendid new mansions, but in the rue de Cléry, then, as now, situated in the heart of the town. Her mother was a beauty, so she has been accorded various fathers by various biographers, but it is probable that her mother's husband, M. Poisson, was the real one. He certainly thought so. Poisson was a jolly *bourgeois*, steward to the Pâris brothers, who ran the economy of France.

François Poisson was doing well. He moved from the rue de Cléry to a big house in the rue de Richelieu, with *boiseries* and modern comfort, sumptuous, up-to-date. But in 1725, when his little girl was four years old, there broke some sort of black-market scandal to do with corn supplied to the population by the Pâris brothers. Owing to a succession of cold, wet summers, there was a famine in the capital, tempers were running high, and Poisson seems to have been made a scapegoat. He got over the German frontier only just in time to avoid arrest, leaving Madame Poisson to cope with his affairs, and saying, rather sadly perhaps, that as she was so very pretty she would surely fall on her feet. He was quite right, she did; but not before she had suffered trials and humiliations, the house in the rue de Richelieu, with all its contents, being seized and sold over her head. She was rescued from her misfortunes by M. Le Normant de Tournehem, onetime ambassador to Sweden, now a director of the *Compagnie des Indes*, and a *fermier général*, or collector of indirect taxes.

This very nice, rich fellow cherished Madame Poisson and took charge of the whole family. He saw to the education of the children, Jeanne-Antoinette and her younger brother Abel, and finally made it possible for François Poisson to come back to Paris, after an exile of eight years. Soon he was completely cleared of the charges against him and was given an important job to do with army supplies. From now on, Tournehem and the Poissons all lived cheerfully together.

Little is known of Jeanne-Antoinette's childhood. At the age of nine she went to a fortuneteller who told her that she would reign over the heart of a King — in her accounts twenty years later, there is an item of six hundred livres to this woman, "for having predicted, when I was nine, that I would be the King's mistress" — after this she was called Reinette by her family. By the wish of her father, she spent a year in a convent at Poissy, where his two sisters were nuns. Whatever else the good nuns may have taught the little girl, they certainly failed to give her any understanding of the Roman Catholic religion. After leaving the convent she was educated at home, under the eye of Tournehem and of her mother, and this worldly education left nothing to be desired; a more accomplished woman has seldom lived.

She could act and dance and sing, having been taught by Jeliotte of the *Comédie Française;* she could recite whole plays by heart; her master of elocution was Crébillon, the dramatist; she played the clavichord to perfection, a valuable gift in those days, when tunes could not be summoned by turning a knob. She was an enthusiastic gardener and botanist, and knew all about the wonderful shrubs which were pouring into France from every quarter of the globe; she loved natural history and collected rare and exotic birds. Her handwriting, curiously modern, was both beautiful and legible. She

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

painted, drew, and engraved precious stones. Last, but not least, she was a superlative housekeeper.

Abel, too, was taught everything considered necessary to a rich young man of the day. What was even more important than lessons, the Poisson children were brought up among people of excellent taste, who had knowledge of and a respect for art in all its forms; honest *bourgeois* who, when they patronized an artist, paid for what they ordered. Both the children profited in later life from this example, which was not always followed by the highest in the land.

From the earliest days Reinette was a charmer. She charmed her "stepfather" Tournehem; she charmed the nuns at the convent, who loved her tenderly and took an interest in her long after she had left them; her father, mother, and brother worshiped the ground she trod on. She grew up endowed with every gift a woman could desire but one: her health was never good. Without being a regular beauty, she was the very acme of prettiness, though her looks, which depended on dazzle and expression rather than on the bony structure, were never successfully recorded by painters. Her brother always said that not one of her many portraits was really like her; they are certainly not very much like each other. We recognize the pose, the elegance, but hardly the face. More informative are the descriptions by various contemporaries, written in private journals and memoirs, which did not see the light for many years after her death.

Dufort de Cheverny, himself of *bourgeois* origin, always deeply jealous of her brother, says: —

"Not a man alive but would have had her for his mistress if he could. Tall, though not too tall; beautiful figure; round face with regular features; wonderful complexion, hands and arms; eyes not so very big, but the brightest, wittiest and most sparkling I ever saw. Everything about her was rounded, including all her gestures.

"She absolutely extinguished all the other women at the Court, although some were very beautiful."

Président Hénault, the Queen's greatest friend, writes: "One of the prettiest women I ever saw."

Le Roy, a gamekeeper at Versailles, after praising all her features, her figure, and her beautiful light brown hair, goes on: "Her eyes had a particular attraction, perhaps owing to the fact that it was difficult to say exactly what color they were; they had neither the hard sparkle of black eyes, nor the dreamy tenderness of blue, nor the special delicacy of grey; their indeterminate color seemed to lend them to all forms of seduction and shades of expression."

By the time she was of marriageable age, she was already spoken of in Paris society as fit for a King; and she herself had lived in a dream of love for the King ever since her visit to the fortuneteller; a dream which was most unlikely to come true, since it was impossible for a *bourgeoise* to be presented to him, and he had a mistress already. Meanwhile her parents were not finding it easy to marry her; the reputations of both left too much to be desired. Poisson was an amusing rough diamond, but he had been mixed up in shady business; he had never tried to seem other than he was, or bothered the least bit about appearances, and many people would not have cared to have him in the family. As for lovely Madame Poisson, she was clever and cultivated but not, alas, virtuous; alas too, this jolly but doubtful couple was not even very rich. However, M. de Tournehem, who was, now took the affair in hand. He suggested to his nephew, M. Le Normant d'Étioles, that he should marry Reinette. D'Étioles did not like the idea, but Tournehem offered such excellent terms — an enormous dowry, a guarantee that the young couple should live with him for the rest of his life, all expenses, even the wages of their personal servants, paid, and should inherit his fortune when he died — that d'Étioles gave way. They were married in March, 1741.

The young couple and M. and Madame Poisson lived with M. de Tournehem in the Hôtel de Gesvres, rue Croix des Petits Champs, and at the Château d'Étioles in the forest of Sénart. Le Normant d'Étioles was no sooner married than he fell passionately in love with his wife and she, for her part, often said that she would never leave him — except, of course, for the King. This seems to have been a family joke, but it was more than a joke to Madame d'Étioles. Yet if, like many women, she had dreams of a different life, her real life was most agreeable. She was young, beautiful, and rich, surrounded by relations whom she loved and who regarded her as the pivot of their world. She did not have to express a wish before it was granted. At Étioles a big theater was built, with proper stage machinery, for her to act in; soon she was recognized as one of the very best amateur actresses in France. Her horses and carriages were the envy of the countryside and so were her jewels and dresses; she was of an extreme elegance, a more difficult achievement then than it is today, as the great dressmakers did not exist and each woman invented her own clothes.

6

Madame d'Étioles was a person of decided character who knew what she wanted in life, and generally got it. Now that she was married and "out" in society she thought that she would like to have a *salon* and entertain the intellectuals of her day. This was a career for which her talents and fortune obviously fitted her. The intellectual life of Paris centered on those writers, known as the *philosophes*, who were presently to compile a great encyclopedia of human knowledge; a spectacular occupation and one that continually got them into trouble with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Church and the Court. They lived in a blaze of publicity, with the eyes of the world upon them, partly because of this encyclopedia and partly because Voltaire belonged to their group and he was one of those people with a talent for attracting the attention of their fellow men. Their ideas produced the moral climate in which the French Revolution finally took place; but had they lived to witness the Revolution, it would have horrified them one and all. They were, for the most part, neither atheists nor anarchists; Voltaire believed in God and Kings. But they did want to prevent the dead hand of the Church from producing, in France, the intellectual paralysis which we see today in Spain and Ireland. Where government was concerned they wanted more justice and less secrecy, a few mild reforms. Unfortunately the system left by Louis XIV was impervious to mild reforms: it had to be blown up by a bomb.

These *philosophes* lived and worked in Paris, Voltaire not having, as yet, cast its dust from his feet; and they frequented the houses of certain hostesses, where they were able to exchange ideas in an atmosphere whose component parts, of exalted mutual admiration and miserable little jealousies, proved intensely stimulating. The talk, always good in France, has probably never reached such heights. Madame d'Étioles, with her gifts and her fortune and the liking she always had for clever men, seemed ideally suited to be a hostess and it very soon became her object in life. The potential guests were very well disposed towards her; Crébillon, Montesquieu, and Fontenelle went to her house. Voltaire took an almost proprietary interest in her — "well brought up, amiable, good, charming and talented," he said. "She was born sensible and kindhearted."

But Madame d'Étioles had enough worldly wisdom to realize that it is never enough for a young woman to receive; she must also be received. One difficulty that stood in the way was pretty Madame Poisson, who was received by certain hostesses but was considered rather too disreputable by others.

"The mother," says Madame de la Ferté-Imbault, "had such a bad reputation that we could not possibly have made friends with her; the daughter, however, was quite another story. I had no wish to seem rude, and it was difficult to see one without the other, but in the end I managed to return Madame d'Étioles' call and not Madame Poisson's."

This obstacle was removed in a very sad way: Madame Poisson was laid low with a cancer. She was forced to give up society and prepare to face an agonizing and lingering death. Madame d'Étioles, on her own, was a highly desirable guest, with her looks and elegance, and possessing as she did that intense love of life, and interest in human beings, which is perhaps the base of what we variously call charm, sex appeal, or fascination. She was not only clever and amusing, but modern in her outlook, quite prepared to "think philosophically" and never likely to be shocked even by the most outrageous sallies of the *philosophes*.

She was soon asked everywhere; her name began to be known at Versailles, where the love of gossip extended to tales about people who would never be seen at Court. Curiously enough, it seems to have been the Widow Mailly who first spoke of her there, having met her at a party and been so carried away by her singing, and playing of the clavichord, that she gave her an enthusiastic hug. The King soon knew her by name; he also knew her by sight — she was a country neighbor. His favorite hunt was in the forest of Sénart, where he had a hunting lodge called Choisy, his own little house, altered for him by Gabriel, and which he loved more than any of his palaces — some said more than any of his mistresses. He came here for privacy and fun, bringing with him six ladies and various men friends, but no spoil-sport husbands; life was so free and easy that the women were allowed to float about without panniers, an unheard-of license in a gentleman's house. Let nobody think, however, that orgies took place; they were not at all to the taste of Louis XV.

Although the *bourgeoisie* was never allowed to ride with the King's hunt, only families noble since 1400 having that privilege, the rule was relaxed in favor of near neighbors, who had permission to follow it in carriages. Madame d'Étioles took full advantage of this opportunity. She drove her own phaeton, knew the forest like the palm of her hand, and was always popping up in the path of the King. Dressed in pink driving a blue phaeton, or in blue driving a pink one, a vision of prettiness, a skillful, dashing driver, she could hardly have failed to attract his attention. He was too shy to speak to a stranger, but he did sometimes send a present of game to her house. Meanwhile somebody else had noticed her, and with no friendly eye. The Duchesse de Chevreuse, who had known Madame d'Étioles from a child, happened to mention her name in front of the King; whereupon Madame de Châteauroux stepped so hard on her foot that she nearly fainted from the pain. Next day Madame de Châteauroux called on her to apologize, saying, "You know they talk of giving that little d'Étioles to the King." After this, Madame d'Étioles was warned to keep away from the hunt, and had no choice but to do so; it would have been madness to provoke the enmity of Madame de Châteauroux.

7

Fate now took a curious turn: Madame de Châteauroux died, the second of the Mailly sisters to be removed from the King by death. As in the case of Madame de Vintimille, he was heartbroken if not inconsolable; this time, however, he did not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

return to Madame de Mailly. Naturally there was now but one topic of conversation in society, both at Versailles and in Paris: who would be the next mistress?

Every pretty woman in the Île-de-France nurtured a secret conviction that she would carry off the prize. Such was the prestige of a monarch in those days, so nearly was he considered as a god, that very little shame attached to the position of his mistress, while the material advantages to her family were enormous. The monstrous fortunes of the Gramont, Mortemart, la Vallière, and d'Estrées families were founded upon such relationships with various Kings. The Queen having settled into a dreary little life with her unfashionable friends, gaiety and amusement centered on the King's set and was led by his mistress. Besides all this, Louis XV was extremely attractive. He was tall and handsome, he had a most caressing look, a curious husky voice which nobody ever forgot who had once heard it, and a sexy moodiness of manner irresistible to women; the haughty air, which came in reality from shyness, in no way detracted from his charm. The wives of his subjects had no difficulty in falling in love with him, and Madame d'Étioles was not the only one who had done so. It was put about in Paris that he was tired of aristocratic mistresses, with their political ambitions and their grasping families; the *bourgeoises* were one and all agog.

But how to meet him? This was indeed a problem. True he often went, masked, to the public balls, both in Paris and in the town of Versailles. It was a pastime of which he was uncommonly fond, but the moment his identity was known, as it always was because of the way he carried his head and the unmistakable timbre of his voice, he would be mobbed; nobody could have a private word with him after that.

At this juncture there were signs that the King would have liked to reform and go back to the Queen. He was a religious man, a family man at heart. The Metz affair had not failed to make an impression on him; he was devoted to his daughters, growing up apace, and had no wish to offer a bad example to them, or to the Dauphin, who was nearly sixteen and about to be married. But he hated being bored, and if he had ever seriously considered a return to conjugal life, one look at the Queen's existence must have made him realize that it would be more than he could bear.

Marie Leczinska was said by her intimates to be not only very good but also very amusing. People lucky enough to belong to the circle of royal personages are fond of letting it be understood that they are less dull than they look; the friends of Marie Leczinska were no exception, but they cannot persuade us that she was anything but a very nice old bore. Her jovial father, Stanislas, always said the dullest Queens in Europe were his wife and daughter: "When I'm with her I yawn like at Mass." The amusing element at Court had always avoided her; now, in the midst of the liveliest society France has ever seen, she was living like a nun. Most of her day was spent in prayer, her only outings being to charitable entertainments or the convent where her unfashionable dresses were embroidered.

In the morning, between Mass and her state visit to the King, she read some moral tale or did a little painting, for which her talent was pathetically meager, as we can see by the example of her work which still remains at Versailles. She dined at 1 P.M., in public, eating enormously. After dinner she sewed for the poor until it was time for cards. Gambling was a great feature of the life at Versailles, enormous sums were won and lost, and everybody spent hours at the tables, even the young Princesses. The Queen's game was Cavagnole, played with dice; it had long been out of fashion; Comète and Piquet were now all the rage. Nothing is so frumpish as last year's gambling game, and the courtiers complained terribly when they were made to play *la triste Cavagnole* with the Queen. Two or three times a week her tables were put in the state rooms where the public was admitted, but nobody ever bothered to go and watch. After supper, her evening was given over to social life. Her ladies, who were chosen by the King, because they amused and attracted him, scampered off to the *petits appartements* and she was left with her elderly friends the Duc and Duchesse de Luynes.

The Duc de Luynes kept a journal in which almost every hour of life in the palace is accounted for. He is not a great writer like Saint-Simon, and three quarters of his journal, devoted to questions of etiquette and usage, is almost unreadable. Enormously rich, he and his wife were also close-fisted and dowdy.

The other guests at these suppers were always the same: Luynes's son and daughter-in-law, the Duc and Duchesse de Chevreuse; his brother, the Cardinal de Luynes; Président Hénault, and François de Moncrif; all, except the Chevreuses, were over sixty.

The Duc de Chevreuse, who truly was all piety and goodness, was in love with the Queen and horribly jealous of Président Hénault; the King, the Dauphin, and even the Queen herself, used to make jokes about it. This little company sat sleepily round the fire, evening after evening; one or more of them would generally nod off, lulled by the snoring of Madame de Luynes's old dog, Tintamarre. Such evenings were not likely to attract the presence of Louis XV.

8

In February, 1745, the Dauphin was married to the Infanta Marie-Thérèse-Raphaele, sister of the King's little rejected fiancée. A great round of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

festivities celebrated the wedding. Though he and his sisters disliked balls, their father did not; he declared that at their age it was good for them to dance, and during the whole month of February they were given the opportunity of doing so nearly every night. There were balls in the apartments of Mesdames (the Princesses), in the town of Versailles, and in the palace riding school; the King danced continually and always with the same person. She was masked, but rumor had it that she was the lovely Madame d'Étioles. These fêtes culminated in a great ball at Versailles, and another at the Hôtel de Ville in Paris.

The ball for the Dauphin's marriage was perhaps the most splendid ever known in all the history of Versailles. The palace was illuminated inside and out; it glowed like a great bonfire at the end of the Avenue de Paris, which in its turn was a river of light, from the double line of coaches, all laden with guests, coming from the capital. Candles, torches, brands, and flares cast a warm and variable radiance, very much more beautiful than electric headlights and floodlighting. The guests drove across the great courtyard and got out of their carriages at the foot of the marble staircase in the south wing. Never had there been such a crowd at any previous ball; every pretty woman in Paris was there to try her chances with the King.

When balls were given in the state apartments they were entirely open to the public; it sufficed to be properly dressed to be admitted. The men were obliged to carry swords, but even this regulation was arbitrary; everybody knew that the palace *concierge* did a brisk trade hiring out swords to would-be guests. At the top of the staircase one member of each party was required to unmask and give his name; otherwise there were no rules and no invitations were issued. On this occasion, the man who was supposed to take the names very soon gave up the unequal struggle; the crowd surged past him into the great reception rooms, through the Queen's rooms, including her bedroom, into the *Galerie des Glaces*. These rooms each had a buffet and a band; it was hoped that too great a crush in the gallery would thus be relieved. But the guests, who behaved in a very free and easy way the whole night, shocking the courtiers with their lack of manners, merely paused to help themselves to food — fish, as Lent was in progress, fresh salmon, and soles, and *pâté* of trout — and then pushed on, clutching plates and glasses. The prophecy of Nostradamus, that the floor would give way and only the King and the thirty people near him would be saved, was gallantly disregarded.

For a long time the King and other royalties were sought in vain; none had yet appeared. At last, one of the looking-glass doors was thrown open, and in came the Queen; she was unmasked, her dress was covered with bunches of pearls, and the two famous diamonds, the Regent and the Sancy, sparkled on her head. She was followed by the Dauphin and his new wife, dressed as a gardener and flower seller.

The Dauphine danced with a Spanish grandee who knew all the gossip of Madrid and was clearly of great importance; he refused to reveal his identity although she begged him to do so. Presently the Marquis de Tessé, himself a grandee of Spain, had a long talk with him, found him absolutely delightful, and invited him to dinner; the Spaniard never unmasked, and presently he vanished. Next day M. de Tessé's Spanish cook confessed to him that the mysterious hidalgo had been none other than himself. This story went all around Versailles and was thought particularly enjoyable because of the Dauphine's character. Like all the Spanish royal family she was extremely stiff, penetrated with the sense of her own importance. The French never liked her. She made it quite clear that she thought many of their customs too common for words — the use of rouge, for instance, and their passion for jokes. She was never seen to laugh at a joke, either with friends or at the play, and made it quite clear that she would not tolerate them from her ladies in waiting. She was, however, elegant and a beautiful dancer; the Dauphin, extremely uxorious like all his family, had fallen in love with her at once.

At last, the door leading to the *Œil de Bœuf*, antechamber to the King's apartment, was opened; everybody pressed forward. A very curious procession lurched blindly into the ballroom: eight yew trees, clipped like those in the garden outside, in the shape of pillars with vases on them. The King had made up his mind that, for once, he would be unrecognizable. In the print by Cochin of the scene in the great gallery, lit by eight thousand candles, many fancy dresses can clearly be made out and the yew trees are mingling with the crowd. Presently one of them went off with pretty Présidente Portail to a dark and solitary corner of the palace. She thought he was the King, and nestled happily among the twigs; but when she returned to the ballroom, what was her fury to see that the real King, who had taken off his headdress, was engaged in a laughing conversation with Madame d'Étioles, dressed as Diana and also unmasked. "The handkerchief is thrown," said the courtiers. It was now quite clear to them that a love affair was beginning. Before they parted, the King had arranged to meet her the following Sunday at the ball in Paris.

Next morning at eight o'clock the last carriage still had not left Versailles.

(*To be concluded*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the article which follows, WALTER LIPPMANN, *philosopher, author, and political analyst, drives home the fact that education is just as vital to our survival as military defense. "The effort," he says, "we are making to educate ourselves as a people is not nearly equal to our needs or our responsibilities," and he asks for a radical adjustment before it is too late. This was the rousing address which Mr. Lippmann gave at the fifth annual dinner of the National Citizens' Commission for the Public Schools in San Francisco on March 19.*

THE SHORTAGE IN EDUCATION

by WALTER LIPPMANN

1

WHAT I am going to say is the result of a prolonged exposure to the continuing crisis of our western society — to the crisis of the democratic governments and of free institutions during the wars and revolutions of the twentieth century. Now it does not come easily to anyone who, like me, has breathed the soft air of the world before the wars that began in 1914 — who has known a world that was not divided and frightened and full of hate — it does not come easily to such a man to see clearly and to measure coolly the times we live in. The scale and scope and the complexity of our needs are without any precedent in our experience, and indeed, we may fairly say, in all human experience.

In 1900 men everywhere on earth acknowledged, even when they resented, the leadership of the western nations. It was taken for granted that the liberal democracies were showing the way towards the good life in the good society, and few had any doubts of the eventual, but certain, progress of all mankind towards more democracy and a wider freedom.

The only question was when — the question was never whether — the less fortunate and the more backward peoples of the world would have learned to use not only the technology of the West but also the political institutions of the West. All would soon be learning to decide the issues which divided them by free and open and rational discussion; they would soon learn how to conduct free and honest elections, to administer justice. Mankind would come to accept and comprehend the idea that all men are equally under the laws and all men must have the equal protection of the laws.

At the beginning of this century the acknowledged model of a new government, even in Russia, was a liberal democracy in the British or the French or the American style. Think what has happened to the western world and to its ideas and ideals during the forty years since the World Wars began. The hopes that men then took for granted are no longer taken for granted. The institutions and the way of life which we have inherited, and which we cherish, have lost their paramount, their almost undisputed, hold upon the allegiance and the affections and the hopes of the peoples of the earth. They are no longer universally accepted as being the right way towards the good life on this earth. They are fiercely challenged abroad; they are widely doubted and they are dangerously violated even here at home.

During this half century the power of the western democratic nations has been declining. Their influence upon the destiny of the great masses of people has been shrinking. We are the heirs of the proudest tradition of government in the history of mankind. Yet we no longer find ourselves talking now — as we did before the First World War — about the progress of liberal democracy among the awakening multitudes. We are talking now about the defense and the survival of liberal democracy in its contracted area.

We are living in an age of disorder and upheaval. Though the United States has grown powerful and rich, we know in our hearts that we have become, at the same time, insecure and anxious. Our people enjoy an abundance of material things, such as no large community of men has ever known. But our people are not happy about their position or confident about their future. For we are not sure whether our responsibilities are not greater than our power and our wisdom.

We have been raised to the first place in the leadership of the western society at a time when the general civilization of the West has suffered a spectacular decline and is gravely threatened. We, who have become so suddenly the protecting and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the leading power of that civilization, are not clear and united among ourselves about where we are going and how we should deal with our unforeseen responsibilities, our unwanted mission, our unexpected duties.

It is an awe-inspiring burden that we find ourselves compelled to bear. We have suddenly acquired responsibilities for which we were not prepared — for which we are not now prepared — for which, I am very much afraid, we are not now preparing ourselves.

We have had, and probably we must expect for a long time to have, dangerous and implacable enemies. But if we are to revive and recover, and are to go forward again, we must not look for the root of the trouble in our adversaries. We must look for it in ourselves. We must rid ourselves of the poison of self-pity. We must have done with the falsehood that all would be well were it not that we are the victims of wicked and designing men.

In 1914, when the decline of the West began, no one had heard of Lenin, Trotsky, Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, and Mao Tse-tung. We have not fallen from our pre-eminence because we have been attacked. It would be much truer to say, and it is nobler to say it, that we have been attacked because our capacity to cope with our tasks had begun to decline.

We shall never have the spirit to revive and to recover so long as we try to console ourselves by shutting our eyes, and by wringing our hands and beating our breasts and filling the air with complaints that we have been weakened because we were attacked, and that we have been making mistakes because we were betrayed.

We must take the manly view, which is that the failure of the western democracies during this catastrophic half of the twentieth century is due to the failings of the democratic peoples. They have been attacked and brought down from their pre-eminence because they have lacked the clarity of purpose and the resolution of mind and of heart to cope with the accumulating disasters and disorders. They have lacked the clarity of purpose and the resolution of mind and of heart to prevent the wars that have ruined the West, to prepare for these wars they could not prevent, and, having won them at last after exorbitant sacrifice and at a ruinous cost, to settle those wars and to restore law and order upon the face of the globe.

I HAVE said all this because it is only in the context of our era that we can truly conceive the problem of educating the American democracy. When we do that, we must, I believe, come to see that the effort we are making to educate ourselves as a people is not nearly equal to our needs and to our responsibilities.

If we compare our total effort — in public and private schools, and from kindergarten through college — with what it was fifty years ago, the quantitative increase is impressive. We are offering much more schooling of a more expensive kind to very many more pupils. By every statistical measure, the United States has made striking quantitative progress during the past century towards the democratic goal of universal education. The typical young American is spending more years in school than his father or grandfather; a much higher proportion of young people are going to high school and beyond; and more dollars — even discounting the depreciation of the dollar — are being spent for each person's education.

Now, if it were no more difficult to live in the United States today than it was fifty years ago; that is to say, if life were as simple as it was then — if the problems of private and community life were as easily understood — if the task of governing the United States at home and of conducting its foreign relations abroad were as uncomplicated as and no more dangerous than it was fifty years ago — then we could celebrate, we could be happy, we could be congratulating ourselves that we are making great progress in the task of educating ourselves as a democracy.

But we cannot make that comforting comparison without deceiving ourselves seriously. We cannot measure the demands upon our people in the second half of the twentieth century — the demands in terms of trained intelligence, moral discipline, knowledge, and, not least, the wisdom of great affairs — by what was demanded of them at the beginning of the first half of this century. The burden of living in America today and of governing America today is very much heavier than it was fifty years ago, and the crucial question is whether the increase of our effort in education is keeping up with the increase in the burden.

When we use this standard of comparison, we must find, I submit, that the increase in our effort to educate ourselves is of a quite different — and of a very much smaller — order of magnitude than is the increase in what is demanded of us in this divided and dangerous world. Our educational effort and our educational needs are not now anywhere nearly in balance. The supply is not nearly keeping up with the demand. The burden of the task is very much heavier than is the strength of the effort. There is a very serious and dangerous deficit between the output of education and our private and public need to be educated.

How can we measure this discrepancy? I am sorry to say that I shall have to use a few figures, trusting that none of you will think that when I use them, I am implying that all things can be measured in dollars and cents. I am using the figures because there is no other way to illustrate concretely the difference in the two orders of magni-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tude — the difference between what we do to educate ourselves, on the one hand, and on the other hand, what the kind of world we live in demands of us.

What shall we use as a measure of our educational effort? For the purpose of the comparison, I think we may take the total expenditure per capita, first in 1900, and then about half a century later, in 1953, on public and private schools from kindergarten through college.

And as a measure of the burden of our task — of the responsibilities and of the commitments to which education has now to be addressed — we might take Federal expenditures per capita, first in 1900, and then in our time, half a century later.

We differ among ourselves, of course, as to whether we are spending too much, too little, or the right amount on defense and on the public services. But these differences do not seriously affect the argument. For all of us, or nearly all of us, are agreed on the general size and the scope of the necessary tasks of the modern Federal government, both in military defense and for civilian purposes. Between the highest and the lowest proposals of responsible and informed men, I doubt that the difference is as much as 20 per cent. That is not a great enough difference to affect the point I am making. That point is that the size of the public expenditure reflects — roughly, of course, but nevertheless fundamentally — the scale and scope of what we are impelled and compelled to do. It registers our judgment on the problems which we must cope with.

Now, in 1900, the educational effort, measured in expenditures per capita, was $3.40. The task, as measured by Federal expenditure per capita, was $6.85. What we must be interested in is, I submit, the ratio between these two figures. We find, then, that in 1900 the nation put out $1 of educational effort against $2 of public task.

How is it now, half a century or so later? In 1953, the educational effort was at the rate of about $76 per capita. Federal expenditures, including defense, had risen to $467 per capita. The ratio of educational effort to public task, which in 1900 was one to two, had fallen, a half century later, to a ratio of one to six.

Perhaps I should pause at this point for a parenthesis to say, for those who may be thinking how much the value of the dollar has depreciated since 1900, that I am aware of that, but for the purposes of this comparison, it makes no difference. For while the dollar was worth probably three times as much in 1900 as in 1953, we are interested only in the relative effort in 1900 and 1953. The ratio would be the same if we divided the 1953 expenditures by three or if we multiplied the 1900 expenditures by three.

You have now heard all the statistics I shall use. The two ratios — the one at the beginning of our rise to the position of the leading great power of the world, and the other the ratio a half century later, when we carry the enormous burden abroad and at home — these two ratios show that the effort we are now making to educate ourselves has fallen in relation to our needs.

3

I MUST now remind you that this disparity between the educational effort and the public task is in fact greater than the figures suggest. For in this half century there has been a momentous change in the structure of American society, and it has added greatly to the burden upon the schools.

The responsibility of the schools for educating the new generation has become very much more comprehensive than it used to be. Ever so much more is now demanded of the schools. For they are expected to perform many of the educational functions which used to be performed by the family, the settled community, the church, the family business, the family farm, the family trade.

This is a very big subject in itself — much too big for me here — except to mention it as a reminder that the comparison between our real educational effort and our real public need is less favorable than the figures of one to two in 1900, as against one to six today. For the school today has a much larger role to play in the whole process of education than it needed to play in the older American society.

Can it be denied that the educational effort is inadequate? I think it cannot be denied. I do not mean that we are doing a little too little. I mean that we are doing much too little. We are entering upon an era which will test to the utmost the capacity of our democracy to cope with the gravest problem of modern times, and on a scale never yet attempted in all the history of the world. We are entering upon this difficult and dangerous period with what I believe we must call a growing deficit in the quantity and the quality of American education.

There is compelling proof that we are operating at an educational deficit. It is to be found in many of the controversies within the educational system. I am not myself, of course, a professional educator. But I do some reading about education, and I have been especially interested in the problem of providing education for the men and women who must perform the highest functions in our society — the elucidation and the articulation of its ideals, the advancement of knowledge, the making of high policy in the government, and the leadership of the people.

How are we discussing this problem? Are we, as we ought to be doing, studying what are the subjects and what are the disciplines which are needed for the education of the gifted children for the lead-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ership of the nation? That is not the main thing we are discussing. We are discussing whether we can afford to educate our leaders when we have so far to go before we have done what we should do to provide equal opportunities for all people.

Most of the argument — indeed the whole issue — of whether to address the effort in education to the average of ability or to the higher capacities derives from the assumption that we have to make that choice. But why do we have to choose? Why are we not planning to educate everybody as much as everybody can be educated, some much more and some less than others?

This alleged choice is forced upon us only because our whole educational effort is too small. If we were not operating at a deficit level, our working ideal would be the fullest opportunity for all — each child according to its capacity. It is the deficit in our educational effort which compels us to deny to the children fitted for leadership of the nation the opportunity to become educated for that task.

So we have come to the point where we must lift ourselves as promptly as we can to a new and much higher level of interest, of attention, of hard work, of care, of concern, of expenditure, and of dedication to the education of the American people.

We have to do in the educational system something very like what we have done in the military establishment during the past fifteen years. We have to make a breakthrough to a radically higher and broader conception of what is needed and of what can be done. Our educational effort today, what we think we can afford, what we think we can do, how we feel entitled to treat our schools and our teachers — all of that — is still in approximately the same position as was the military effort of this country before Pearl Harbor.

In 1940 our armed forces were still at a level designed for a policy of isolation in this hemisphere and of neutrality in any war across the two oceans. Today, the military establishment has been raised to a different and higher plateau, and the effort that goes into it is enormously greater than it was in 1940.

Our educational effort, on the other hand, has not yet been raised to the plateau of the age we live in. I am not saying, of course, that we should spend 40 billions on education because we spend that much on defense. I am saying that we must make the same order of radical change in our attitude as we have made in our attitude towards defense. We must measure our educational effort as we do our military effort. That is to say, we must measure it not by what it would be easy and convenient to do, but by what it is necessary to do in order that the nation may survive and flourish. We have learned that we are quite rich enough to defend ourselves, whatever the cost. We must now learn that we are quite rich enough to educate ourselves as we need to be educated.

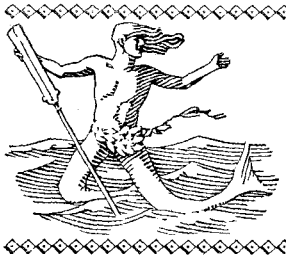
There is an enormous margin of luxury in this country against which we can draw for our vital needs. We take that for granted when we think of the national defense. From the tragedies and the bitter experience of being involved in wars for which we were inadequately prepared, we have acquired the will to defend ourselves. And, having done that, having acquired the will, we have found the way. We know how to find the dollars that are needed to defend ourselves, even if we must do without something else that is less vitally important.

In education we have not yet acquired that kind of will. But we need to acquire it, and we have no time to lose. We must acquire it in this decade. For if, in the crucial years which are coming, our people remain as unprepared as they are for their responsibilities and their mission, they may not be equal to the challenge, and if they do not succeed, they may never have a second chance to try.

The American people are proud of their schools, but there is evidence today of an increasing dissatisfaction with the results of our educational methods, and we feel that this article by Mr. Lippmann has performed a valuable service in opening the eyes of conscientious readers to the inadequacy of the support now given to our schools. We have never had greater need for an educated citizenry, and never have the problems confronting our public schools and our schoolteachers been more complex. In an effort to show the scope of their task and what changes are most desirable in curriculum and administration, the Atlantic *will publish a series of articles by leading educators, beginning in the September issue.*

— THE EDITOR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Atlantic Serial

The years 1916 to 1923 were the formative ones for Ernest Hemingway, and his development as a young writer is the substance of a forthright, illuminating book by CHARLES A. FENTON, *from which the* Atlantic *has selected three telling installments. The earlier chapters depict Hemingway's education in the high school of Oak Park, Illinois; his journalistic training on the Kansas City* Star; *his service as an ambulance driver in Italy, in the course of which he was severely wounded; his return to Chicago, and his friendship with Sherwood Anderson. In this installment we follow him to Paris. Mr. Fenton, an Instructor of English at Yale University, served in the Royal Canadian Air Force and took his Ph.D. at New Haven in 1953. His book,* The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway, *will be published by Farrar, Straus & Young this month.*

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: THE PARIS YEARS

by CHARLES A. FENTON

15

THE Hemingways sailed for Europe on December 8, 1921, armed with letters of introduction from Sherwood Anderson, who spoke of Hemingway as "a young fellow of extraordinary talent." He did not hesitate to launch his friend with the same extravagance he would have employed a few months earlier on a new account for the Critchfield Agency; "he has been a quite wonderful newspaper man," Anderson told Lewis Galantière, a young Chicagoan working in Paris for the American Section of the International Chamber of Commerce. The Hemingways traveled by the roundabout route to Spain and then slowly north by rail to France. They were enormously excited by the whole trip. "You ought to see the Spanish coast," Hemingway wrote back to the Andersons. He described the scene carefully, using his correspondence, as has frequently been his custom, for a kind of trial run of prose effects. "Big brown mountains looking like tired dinosaurs slumped down into the sea."

They settled temporarily at the Hotel Jacob. Hemingway was very happy to be back in Paris. "What a town," he exclaimed to Anderson. They went to the Dôme and to the Rotonde, and they thought things must be even cheaper than when the Andersons had been there in 1920. Soon, he told them, he would send out the letters of introduction, "like launching a flock of ships." In the meantime he had already begun his first dispatch for the Toronto *Star*. "I've been earning our daily bread on this write machine," he said. The material he now sent back to Toronto had the same intimate, impressionistic quality that was in his letters.

This was precisely the kind of treatment the *Star* wanted from a foreign correspondent. That he should have gone abroad under the sponsorship of the Toronto paper was one further piece of occupational good fortune for Hemingway. The European bureau of a Chicago or New York paper would have required a routine of precise, factual reporting. There would have been a virtual prohibition against the kind of material — and the kind of handling of that material — which would form a profitable education for fiction and its techniques. The *Star*, on the other hand, wanted lively, entertaining dispatches, intimate and subjective.

One of his first stories, datelined Vigo, Spain, and published in the *Star Weekly* on February 18, 1922, was a description of the Spanish harbor where he and his wife landed in December. Two stories from Les Avants, Switzerland, illustrated his concern with atmosphere and people, as well as the glib, knowing vernacular of the experienced traveler-newspaperman. An instinctive storyteller, absorbed in the variety of people he was meeting, he took his readers inside the hotels, which "in winter are filled with utterly charming young men, with rolling white sweaters and smoothly brushed hair, who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make a good living playing bridge." There were others too: "Ruddy English families who are out all day on the ski slopes"; "pale-faced men who are living in the hotel because they know that when they leave it will be for a long time in the sanitarium"; "elderly women who fill a loneliness with the movement of the hotel life. . . ."[1] The paragraph was an indication of the closeness with which Hemingway was observing his new milieu.

When Hemingway returned to Paris he sent the *Star Weekly* a long story which it headlined "American Bohemians in Paris a Weird Lot." The dispatch was a revealing one. It contained an intensity of statement and attitude not often found in journalism at the *Star Weekly* level. Hemingway lashed out at what he saw as the posturings of synthetic artists. At the age of twenty-two he was repelled by the "strange-acting and strange-looking breed that crowd the tables of the Cafe Rotonde."

> They are nearly all loafers expending the energy that an artist puts into his creative work in talking about what they are going to do and condemning the work of all artists who have gained any degree of recognition. By talking about art they obtain the same satisfaction that the real artist does in his work. That is very pleasant, of course, but they insist upon posing as artists.[1]

He provided a brutal illustration of the Rotonde's habitués. He described "a big, light-haired woman sitting at a table with three young men."

> The big woman is wearing a picture hat of the "Merry Widow" period and is making jokes and laughing hysterically. The three young men laugh whenever she does. The waiter brings the bill, the big woman pays it, setttles her hat on her head with slightly unsteady hands, and she and the three young men go out together. . . . Three years ago she came to Paris with her husband from a little town in Connecticut, where they had lived and he had painted with increasing success for ten years. Last year he went back to America alone.[1]

It was effective journalese; it was also a persuasive statement of his creed — "you can find anything you are looking for at the Rotonde, except serious artists." As a declaration it was composed of equal parts of his incongruous debt to Mencken, the mores of Oak Park, and his own passionate belief in the seriousness of art. It also had a finished maturity of prose and the intense interest in human situations which would make more understandable his transformation, during the next four years, into a finished technician. When *The Sun Also Rises* was published in 1926, one of his Paris associates, Robert McAlmon, was surprised at its "sleekness." McAlmon would have been less surprised had he known — as few people apparently did — the extent and nature of Hemingway's journalism between 1920 and 1924.

By the second week in March, 1922, Hemingway was already writing Anderson that "this goddamn newspaper stuff is gradually ruining me." He described his plans to "cut it all loose pretty soon and work for about three months."

He looked forward to a momentary release from hack work, but he was balked by a cable from Toronto that sent him on assignment to the Genoa Economic Conference. Five by-lined stories, four of them long and detailed, were published between April 10 and April 24, and for the first time Hemingway cabled some of his material.

Much more interesting to Hemingway than the Economic Conference was the arrival in Genoa of Max Eastman. Eastman was covering the event for the *Liberator*. Hemingway wasted no time in showing the influential editor all the fiction he had with him. This was the fiction he had been conscientiously writing in Paris whenever he could get ahead of his *Star Weekly* chore. Hemingway and Eastman, the latter once said, "batted around Genoa together quite a lot." When Eastman and George Slocombe of the London *Daily Herald* drove out to Rapallo to visit Max Beerbohm, the young correspondent went with them. Eastman felt their joint conversation was worth making some notes on during the ride back to Genoa. Hemingway, however, smiled and made a revealing gesture and remark. He tapped his forehead and said, "I have every word of it in here."

Hemingway profited materially from the Genoa assignment in terms of story payment and expense money, and he had met Eastman and Beerbohm. His journalistic dossier, if not his reputation within the guild, was more professional; he had covered a major diplomatic conference for a metropolitan paper. He had virtually completed his apprenticeship.

16

The qualities that give stature and immediacy to Hemingway's early short stories of 1924 and 1925 — selectivity, precision, uncompromising economy, deep emotional clarification — were never dominant in his journalism of this period. Each one of those characteristics was separately present in every article; sometimes there were paragraphs or entire sections which contained them all. But the shaping of them into a single instrument that would dominate each piece of writing would come only when he could concentrate without interruption on work he regarded as dignified and worthy. His position would remain a paradoxical and exasperating one as long as he continued in this role for which he had the capacity but not the temperament, and which he was too intelligent to regard with anything but cynicism. Momentarily liberated from hack work, he began in the summer of 1922 to build in the little magazines and in the literary associations of Paris the foundations of his future.

In terms of its actual contribution to the final body of his creative work, 1922 was not a productive

[1] *Copyright 1922, by Ernest Hemingway.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

year for Hemingway. Although he told Anderson in May that he had "been working like hell at writing," very little of the material of these months survived. Some of the verse he wrote was published the next year in *Poetry* and the *Little Review*, and he continued work on a novel which was never published. A large part of his time, however, was necessarily still given to newspaper work, despite his anxiety to be free of it, and he spent many weeks traveling, in Spain, in Switzerland, in Italy, and in Germany.

Of the fifteen stories in *In Our Time*, five dealt specifically with expatriation; they were the fruit of his European encounters and observation in 1922, 1923, and 1924. This same intimacy with Europe would give authenticity of atmosphere to *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*. From his expatriation there also emerged all the less tangible assets that come to a responsive young man exposed to the contrasts of a culture that is not his own but which illuminates the one he has temporarily abandoned. There was instruction to be absorbed not only from the newspaper work and from the countries and their people, but also from his literary associations. Anderson's letters of introduction provided the immediate entrée. Hemingway's charm and intensity extended the introductions and friendships.

"Gertrude Stein and me," Hemingway wrote to Anderson in March, 1922, three months after reaching Europe, "are just like brothers, and we see a lot of her." Miss Stein was equally pleased with Hemingway; she told Anderson that she and Alice Toklas were having "a good time" with the Hemingways and hoped "to see more of them." Hemingway had also met James Joyce and read part of *Ulysses*. Ezra Pound had become both literary sponsor among the little magazines and sparring partner at the gym. He sent six of Hemingway's poems to Scofield Thayer at the *Dial* and "took" a story for the *Little Review*. Hemingway's greatest admiration, however, was for Anderson's good friend in the apartment at 27, rue de Fleurus. "We love Gertrude Stein," Hemingway scrawled in pencil at the end of the letter to Anderson.

Gertrude Stein herself recalled the appearance of Hemingway as "the first thing that happened" when she and Alice Toklas returned to Paris in 1922 from Saint-Rémy. She remembered him as "an extraordinarily good-looking young man." They talked a great deal together, and Hemingway invited her and Miss Toklas to the apartment he and his wife had taken near the place du Tertre. That night Miss Stein read everything he had written up to that point. She did more than read it; she "went over" it. She rather liked the poems, but found the unfinished novel wanting. "There is a great deal of description in this," she told Hemingway, "and not particularly good description. Begin over again and concentrate."

It was as good advice as he would ever get. That writing could be a laborious and exacting process had not previously occurred to Hemingway. He had worked hard, it was true, precociously hard, during those compulsive months in Michigan in 1919 and in Chicago and Toronto during the following two years. He had withstood frustration and rejection, but the conception of writing as concentration, as heavy, aching effort, was essentially a new one. Certainly he had never heard such doctrine from Anderson, the only writer of any stature with whom he had been in close contact. Hemingway, indeed, had mistrusted Anderson's apparent indifference to technical concerns.

17

The fact that this was a misconception on Hemingway's part, which subsequent critics shared with him, did not alter the illusion's effect on his susceptibility to new and seemingly different influences. In his conversation — as, later, in his memoirs and reminiscences — Anderson enjoyed posing as a virtually automatic writer, one to whom his art was merely natural storytelling. Actually, of course, as the manuscripts of *Winesburg, Ohio* show, Anderson's stories frequently went through a series of complicated revisions. He successfully presented himself, however, as the romantic artist of instinctive creativity. To this he added what were for Hemingway the distasteful affectations of bohemianism. It becomes wholly natural, therefore, that Hemingway should have graduated so readily to Gertrude Stein and that he should ultimately disavow Anderson with *The Torrents of Spring*.

Hemingway had absorbed from the older man more than most commentators were subsequently willing to allow. He not only listened carefully to Anderson's ideas in Chicago in the winter of 1920 and the spring of 1921, but also eagerly read what Anderson had published. He shared with Anderson an insistence on sex as a basic human drive. Like Anderson, Hemingway was drawn to the examination of youth and its distresses. They also shared a sense of the importance of emotion and feeling. "Turning her face to the wall," Anderson had written of one of his early characters, "[she] began trying to force herself to face bravely the fact that many people must live and die alone, even in Winesburg." This is a recurrent theme in Hemingway, altered and made peculiarly his own by his insistence that the process is always aggravated and controlled by the requirements of a fixed decorum.

Hemingway lunched frequently in Paris that year with Frank Mason, the local correspondent for Hearst's International News Service. Mason was himself mildly interested in serious writing. Their luncheons, however, invariably included a third writer. The late Guy Hickok was for many years the Brooklyn *Eagle's* European correspondent. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a reporter of considerable experience, an excellent journalist, and a thoughtful, imaginative man. The conversations at these luncheons invariably concentrated on writing. Mason's most positive memory of Hemingway's interests during those first months of 1922 was that he spoke repeatedly of Sherwood Anderson, and, more specifically, that he expressed many times his intention to model his own literary career on Anderson's. Three years later Hemingway told Scott Fitzgerald that his first pattern had been Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio.* The evidence of two short stories Hemingway wrote before he could have fully grasped Miss Stein's teaching confirms this. Both "Up in Michigan" and "My Old Man" were written earlier than the rest of the stories published in 1925 in *In Our Time.* They can be fairly described as Andersonian. There were those who even accused Hemingway of having virtually plagiarized "My Old Man" from Anderson.

This was an absurd charge, but certainly such derivation of treatment as the stories indicate is from Anderson as much as from Stein. The treatment of sex in "Up in Michigan" — violent, painful, and equated with naturalness and virtue — is wholly Andersonian. The language and narrative device of "My Old Man," as well as the material and point of view, are similarly reminiscent. Neither of the stories was dependent on Anderson's work in any compulsive or unhealthy way. It is unnecessary either to belittle or to magnify Hemingway's artistic obligation to Anderson.

18

The association between Hemingway and Miss Stein was foreshadowed, in a sense, even before they had either met or heard of one another. Hemingway's newspaper work had already indicated a characteristic which has remained basic to his temperament. He was always intensely interested in how to do a thing. He was absorbed by method. Thus he had written in Toronto in 1920 a detailed discussion of how to catch trout bait, how to fix the bait on the hook, how to locate the trout themselves; he wrote articles in 1921 about how bootlegging operated and how American gunmen worked, and, in 1922, how to handle a Swiss luge. This was one of his primary attitudes toward experience. It was fundamental to his interest in war, politics, and sport.

The same zealous concern with method is explicit in Hemingway's reaction to bullfighting, big game hunting, and the subtleties of guerrilla war. Once he even wrote in *Esquire* a precise explication of how to drive an automobile in a heavy snowstorm. This concern with method gave to his journalism, as it would to his fiction, a vast air of knowledgeability. The concern was thoroughly genuine. Originally encouraged by the cool lucidity of his father, it was extended by his own instinctive curiosity and enriched by the exacting skepticism of such tutors as Pete Wellington, Lionel Moise, and, in 1922, William Bolitho, the South African journalist. In terms of his serious writing, the aspect of his life, after all, in which he was most deeply concerned, it was only natural that he should be looking for some orderly method.

He had found the beginnings of such a method in the style sheet in Kansas City, and in the counsel of the *Star's* editors. He was discovering other fluencies and effects through his feature stories for the *Star Weekly.* Sherwood Anderson, of course, offered no precise methodology. What one got from him were thematic attitudes and an integrity of vision. Gertrude Stein, however, was immensely concerned with method, both in her own work and in what she was writing and saying about prose. Hemingway acknowledged his debt to her technique very specifically in 1923. "Her method," he told Edmund Wilson, "is invaluable for analysing anything or making notes on a person or a place." The method itself revolved principally around the arrangement and exploitation of specific kinds of words to represent and emphasize a desired effect.

"The question of repetition," Gertrude Stein said later, "is very important." How she herself had done it Hemingway could discover in her *Three Lives;* he could also find it, at a more involved level, in the volume she had just finished. "This *Making of Americans* book of Gertrude Stein's," he wrote Anderson in May, 1922, "is a wonderful one." His own work began to reflect the method. It was particularly apparent in "Up in Michigan," which can be regarded as a transition piece; the story is a blend, in a very loose way, of his joint obligation to Anderson and Stein. The third paragraph of "Up in Michigan" — "I had this conception of the whole paragraph," Miss Stein once said — is wholly a use of repetition for emphasis and clarification.

> Liz liked Jim very much. She liked it the way he walked over from the shop and often went to the kitchen door to watch for him to start down the road. She liked it about his mustache. She liked it about how white his teeth were when he smiled. She liked it very much that he didn't look like a blacksmith. She liked it how much D. J. Smith and Mrs. Smith liked Jim. One day she found that she liked it the way the hair was black on his arms and how white they were above the tanned line when he washed up in the washbasin outside the house. Liking that made her feel funny.

This paragraph illustrates what Miss Stein had in mind when she later described Hemingway as "such a good pupil." Hemingway, as part of his apprenticeship, performed an invaluable exercise through which he studied her method in the most intense way. He copied the manuscript of *The Making of Americans* for her, getting it ready for the publisher whom he swore he would find for it, and then he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

corrected the proofs. Correcting proofs, Gertrude Stein felt, was like dusting. "You learn the values of the thing," she said, "as no reading suffices to teach it to you."

Hemingway's first use of the lesson was entirely conventional. "Liz liked Jim very much." Here, in the lead sentence, it says no more than one says casually about a dozen people each day. Then, by repetition, Hemingway strengthened and qualified it. He showed the variety and sensation of her liking. He displayed its immediacy. This was the quality Gertrude Stein had attempted to imbed in *The Making of Americans.*

Later Miss Stein became waspish about this sort of thing. "It is so flattering," she wrote of Hemingway in 1933, "to have a pupil who does it without understanding it." She was indulging in her own variety of sour grapes, although sometimes, to be sure, Hemingway mishandled the method. It was a slippery technique, deceptively simple.

Gertrude Stein helped Hemingway discover not only what he was seeing, and how to communicate the sight, but what to look for. It was she who explained that he must look at his material, and at each new experience, as certain painters — Cézanne, in particular — looked at their own compositions. His own subsequent dictums on writing are often variations and extensions of what she had either told him or permitted him to learn. He went beyond her as a writer in the same proportion that he was able to inflate her method by giving it a practical, muscular program of training; the program supplemented the fact that unlike Miss Stein, as critics later observed, Hemingway had something to write about. He told a young writer who came to him for advice in 1935, and to whom he gave not only counsel but also a job as night watchman on his boat, that he should watch what happened when they went fishing. "Remember what the noises were," Hemingway told him, "and what was said. Find what gave you the emotion; what the action was that gave you the excitement. Then write it down, making it clear so the reader will see it too and have the same feeling that you had.

"Get in somebody else's head for a change," he continued. "If I bawl you out try to figure what I'm thinking about as well as how you feel about it. As a man," he explained, "things are as they should or shouldn't be. As a man you know who is right and who is wrong. You have to make decisions and enforce them. As a writer you should not judge. You should understand."

Hemingway was a good teacher because he had learned these things for himself, taking a method and a handful of rather arbitrary enunciations and shaping them to his needs, material, and objectives. Whatever he said about writing he knew to be true, for him, because he knew it worked. He knew how it was done. Hemingway had built in the interval between 1922 and 1935 an elaborate codification upon the blueprint Miss Stein had given him. He had taken it beyond anything she could do with it, and for this, of course, she could not forgive him. He himself has always acknowledged his obligation with frankness. The greatest tribute he paid her was made in 1924, in a letter to her discussing the work he was doing. "[Writing]," he said, "used to be easy before I met you." He had always been willing — anxious, indeed — to work hard at his writing, but she had helped show him how to make it profitably hard. This became one of his fundamental beliefs.

19

HEMINGWAY'S relationship with Gertrude Stein has been interpreted in several ways. On the whole the definitions have fallen into one of two extremes. The early critical commentary saw him as a complete disciple. In this it followed the line Miss Stein laid down in 1933, when she said, speaking of the influence of herself and Anderson on Hemingway, that he "had been formed by the two of them." Later it became fashionable to disparage his debt to her. This occurred in part because few critics have been willing to study what she was doing in her own work. It has been easier to study Hemingway. He himself, as has been so frequently the case during his career, gave a more realistic — and verifiable — account of the debt and its variety of distortion. Speaking of his obligation to both Stein and Pound, he said in 1951 that "they were both very kind to me and I always said so." He related this to the literary commentators who are both too eager for and too wary of literary influences. "This," he went on, "is regarded in critical circles like pleading guilty at a court martial." He remembered that she had told him that he "might be a good writer of some new kind."

Miss Stein was a better instructor than most writers, both by temperament and situation. She was not — at least during the beginning — oppressively the teacher. She could stimulate as well as lecture. Her salon had the effect of a classroom, but it lacked the trappings. Hemingway was still at an age when he could respond to her as he had responded a few years earlier to Margaret Dixon and Fannie Biggs. He was anxious, above all, to be a pupil.

Miss Stein talked constantly about landscape in writing, and tried to communicate it through her own prose. In August, 1924, Hemingway wrote her about a story he had just finished, "the long one I worked on before I went to Spain where I'm trying to do the country like Cézanne. It's about 100 pages long and nothing happens and the country is swell, I made it all up, so I see it all. . . ." Miss Stein had been emphatic in her insistence that a writer must create rather than merely report.

During the first three years of their friendship,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from 1922 through 1924, Hemingway relied heavily, in a general way, on her judgment. He showed her his work and trusted her evaluation. When Robert McAlmon asked him in 1924 for a contribution to the forthcoming *Contact Collection of Contemporary Writers*, Hemingway rather diffidently sent him "Soldier's Home" from Paris, adding that Miss Stein had read and liked it. Earlier, when he and McAlmon were readying Hemingway's *Three Stories & Ten Poems* in 1923, Hemingway took the proofs and cover to Miss Stein before sending them back to McAlmon. During the first months of their association, in 1922, Hemingway apparently even typed out samples of his early journalism for her; among her papers is a typescript of an article which had been printed in the *Star Weekly* early in 1921, a year before he met her.

Miss Stein, however, was not optimistic about the indefinite extent of journalism's contribution to an apprenticeship. She felt that in addition to encouraging a writer to report rather than make, newspaper work also weakened him through its reliance on artificial supports. "Newspapers," she said later, as she had often explained in earlier conversations, "want to do something, they want to tell what is happening as if it were just then happening." She easily persuaded Hemingway that such journalistic immediacy was not a genuine immediacy. It was a primer lesson which Hemingway knew more intimately than she; her conclusions were painfully clear to him. She was very specific in her declaration that Hemingway should stop being a newspaperman. After reading the stories he had written before he reached Paris, Hemingway remembered thirty years later, she advised him "to get out of journalism and write as she said that the one would use up the juice I needed for the other. She was quite right," Hemingway said in 1951, "and that was the best advice she gave me."

Hemingway encountered most of the significant experiences of his personal and professional life before he was twenty-five years old. None of these experiences was unique in a man so young; as a cluster of episodes, however, they were premature, and pertinent in terms of the early maturity of his style and literary attitudes. He was barely eighteen when he began his vocation. He was not yet nineteen when he was severely wounded in the war. At nineteen he was the victim of an acutely unhappy love affair. He was married at twenty-two, a father two years later. He was a foreign correspondent when he was twenty-two, and a month after his twenty-fourth birthday he achieved his first major publication as a creative writer.

For Hemingway publication had a significance beyond the conventional connotations of acceptance and recognition. It hastened the abandonment of intrusive journalism. It confirmed his talent; this was of special importance to a temperament as competitive as his. Most important of all, publication allowed Hemingway to complete his apprenticeship and initiate the proper beginnings of his artistic career. "I am glad to have it out," he wrote Edmund Wilson in November, 1923, three months after the appearance of *Three Stories & Ten Poems*, "and once it is published it is back of you."

Hemingway himself has dated his work as beginning with *Three Stories & Ten Poems*. "The only work of mine that I endorse or sign as my true work," he said in 1951, "is what I have published since *Three Stories & Ten Poems* and the first *In Our Time*."

Hemingway's debt to journalism was a large one, and he always acknowledged it. But he neither sentimentalized the profession nor misunderstood its essential threat to creative writing. "In newspaper work," he once explained, "you have to learn to forget every day what happened the day before." He always felt a parallel between journalism and war. Each, he maintained, is valuable to a writer "up until the point that it forcibly begins to destroy your memory." His views on this are emphatic. "A writer must leave it before that point. But he will always have scars from it."

After Hemingway left the Toronto newspaper, younger men who joined the *Star* were entertained and instructed by the tales of his fury and his skill and his ironic wit. The paper became distantly vain of his association with it; the morgue accumulated a substantial Hemingway folder. In occasional items which the *Star* printed about his books, its reporters sometimes referred to him as "a former Torontonian." It must have made him laugh. He was no more a former Torontonian, or Chicagoan, or Kansas Citian, than he was a former newspaperman. He had lived in all those places, and in many others, and he had been a newspaperman, but he had become a writer.

(*The End*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON *is a native of Missouri whose first short story appeared in the* Atlantic *and who won the Pulitzer Prize with her beautifully descriptive novel,* Now in November. *Four years ago, she and her husband bought three acres on the outskirts of Cincinnati and a majestic house a hundred and thirty years old. There were bats in the attic — uncounted thousands who did not wish to be dislodged; and that struggle Miss Johnson described in her memorable article, "Tenants of the House" (August, 1952). In the essay that follows she depicts the explorations which beckon on a May morning in Ohio.*

MAY MORNING

by JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

WHEN the morning fog lifts, it leaves the sea of bluegrass on the lawn covered with mist, the illusion of living in an aquatic world. The water drips from the leaves onto this foam, and the sound of the birds is liquid. The delicate floating balls of the campion flowers with their white petals are suspended on such frail stems they seem to swim like sea urchins in the watery air. Even the sky is still white-silver with fog, and a few wet ghosts of the dandelion seeds hang dispiritedly on their hollow stems. Between the watery grass and misty sky the birds move like flying fish.

This damp silver interval is the hour of the snail. It moves its wet grayness along the vines more slowly than the vines themselves grow under its sliding stomach.

The snail, the *Illustrated Natural History of the Animal Kingdom* tells us, is a gastropod or belly-walker, and lays eggs the size of peas. "The reproduction of snails is most curious," writes Mr. S. G. Goodrich in the *History*. "At a certain time of the year, they meet in pairs, and, stationing themselves an inch or two apart, they launch at each other several little darts, not quite half an inch long. These are of a horny substance and sharply pointed at one end. The animals, during the breeding season, are furnished with a reservoir of them, situated in the neck. After the discharge of the first dart, the wounded snail immediately retaliates on its aggressor by ejecting at it a similar one; the other renews the battle, and in turn is wounded. Thus are the darts of Cupid, metaphorical with all the rest of creation, completely realized in snails. After the combat they embrace each other and both lay eggs!"

Mr. Goodrich also mentions the edible snail, which the Romans fattened with meal and wine in the *cochlearia* by the thousands, and whose shells were reputed to have held ten quarts — of wine or snail he does not say.

I have eaten snails but once. The kind that come in two containers, shells in one, snails — or something — in the other. One opens both and stuffs the interior bits back into the shells and douses them with butter. Then one pulls the little walking-stomachs *out* of the shells again and eats them. It is not to be found surprising if one's own stomach takes a walk.

The vines which climb faster than the snails are Chinese yams, and their ropy stems support a light-seeking head — a head which is a cross between an asparagus and a python, and moves with an eerie snakelike motion toward the windowpane. Alongside of these vines grow the young elms and indestructible wiry, tough hornbeams, so close to this ancient house their roots reach down into the cellar and their fresh arrogant branches tap against the screens. They plan to reach the upper windows in time, and their roots go about a separate and seditious business underground.

Observing their tough will to live, it struck me, one day, that we might find the whole great house tipped up on end some morning, listing to port like a giant ship, and carelessly poised on the roots of the elms and hornbeams — sun streaming into the cellar, gilding the cobwebs and the dusty mice. Deeply disturbed, I tried to think of some way to avert this hour (all ways except the logical one of cutting trees down); and then, as I circled the house like a watchman making his rounds, it came to me that Nature herself was, as always, concerned with keeping the balance. And, since not only the eastern side of the house had its hornbeams and elms, but also the western, northern, and southern sides, we were in a fair way of having ourselves lifted neatly up in the air on perfect symmetrical lines, and of having the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

somewhat unusual distinction of being the largest tree house in Ohio.

Long before noon the water world has vanished. The sky is a dry white-blue. The green and silver grass is warm and polished by the wind. The ancient pine higher than the house is fruiting, bearing soft red cones that dangle like squirrel tails. These and the frosty green new growth give it the strange festive look of a Christmas tree, trimmed in red and silver, heavily weighted, but calm and majestic in its unseasonable ornament.

The cats begin to look moth-eaten and thinner in this month. They spend much time lying around sleeping and sprawled out on their shedding sides, feet over the edge of things. Nothing alert but a clump of whiskers. As one scrambles about, working, waiting, doing, listening, talking out of each side of one's mouth, the effrontery of these limp furry rags draped over tables and porch chairs, lying in the sun and shadow shifting of the maple leaves, begins to work on one's harried soul. And so, although it is not quite clear what one has in mind the cats should *do*, since they cannot be continually on a dead run after mice, we think of them with contempt, and of ourselves with pride because we have clumped back and forth around the house some twenty dozen times ourselves already and are exhausted by midmorning, and they have only raised one paw, and flopped it down again. And thus because of our envy we begin to pass moral judgments upon them — the origin of many a moral judgment on the world — and find virtue in our inability to drape ourselves limply over a bench and feel the passing of the maple shadows back and forth across our faces, and listen to the far, faint sound of bees.

Were one to take the cat's-soul view of things, one might delight in all the gorgeous messiness of this May world. The flowering seeding bluegrass so thick there scarcely seems more room for its falling seed. Bird shells, sparrow nests, the willow blowing its cottony snowlike white dust-kittens, each tuft floating and following the air currents, finally resting in the grass, hardly distinguished from the white ghosts of the dandelions. And in this feline frame of reference one might see even the plantain — the bane of the tidy soul — as actually quite beautiful, and think of its silky leaves and ribs as of a water plant, a tropical hyacinth. "Ah," one might find oneself saying, "how *well* the plantain is doing this year, dear. Has it not truly repaid our tremendous lack of effort! And how lovely the lacy chickweed in between!" And, "By George, I think we've nearly done for that bloody bluegrass after all this time!"

Now is the season of the salesman, who sniffs the country air and brings his wares out of the winter junk shop, to lay before the country housewife — who, because she is surrounded by the beautiful precision, the infinite variety, the incomparable coloring of the natural world, is supposed to have no aesthetic taste whatsoever. For her are saved the warehouse remnant clock with brass golliwogs in torment and the bronze horse bookends, the cheap china bowls with fat magenta roses in full blowze and the worst of the chartreuse philodendron planters.

Comes also to her the magazine salesman, hot and tired and pungent, from his trudging in the sun, with various reasons for buying his magazines, few of which have anything to do with the enjoyment of reading. The last young man was, according to his story, working his way *out* of a heart hospital somewhere in the East. Apparently the idea was that if he sold enough magazines and did not die of a heart attack in the process, he would be released.

This salesman was persuasive to the point of menacing, but could not compare with a later caller who roused me by a furious honking of the horn. I looked out cautiously to see a fat, soiled man in a rust-colored car staring out of its window at the house. I waited within until the honking stopped, but when it appeared he was going to drive up on the lawn, I opened the door a crack and stuck my head outside.

The fat man glared. "You got any kids?" he barked. He sounded carnivorous and hungry.

Taken unawares, I acknowledged that I did. "I have three children," I said in some alarm.

"You wan me to take their pitchers?" he asked threateningly. "I take pitchers."

"Oh, no. No, I think not," I said. "My husband takes their pictures."

Without a word this Cecil Beaton grabbed the wheel of his car, and with a roar it leaped on the fresh green grass, grazed the weeping willow tree, and rumbled angrily away. I had an afterimage of this monster in some remote and rural spot, holding a helpless moppet by the forelock while he clicked a giant Brownie in its face — and then probably ate up the child.

The worst are women, though. Women with One-volume Encyclopedias who back you into a corner of your own porch, get their knees up against yours — "So, you can really see how marvelous this book is" — and breathe their sales talk in your face.

"I do not want the book," I said to one of these plump pilgrims. "It is too expensive for what it is."

"Your neighbors ordered one," she chided. "Don't you want to know the answers to your children's questions? You *do* have children, don't you?"

Since ten children were screaming in the yard I said I did.

"Suppose they ask you what the meaning of a word is? A date? A character in history, say? What will you do? Now, with this book . . ." She flapped the pages hastily. "The answers are all here. You need not be ashamed."

"But I'm *not* ashamed," I blurted out. "And be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sides, it's too expensive. My husband — my husband," I said cunningly, "told me it was. He *said* we couldn't buy it!"

She took this clairvoyant knowledge in her stride and hitched herself up even closer, so that I was niched within the wall. "Well, then I tell you what you do!" Her eyes got bright. With joy or madness, it was hard to say. "*You* buy *him* one for a birthday present! Now, won't that be a nice surprise!"

At six, the late May shadows are long and clear and move across the soft blurry green of the lawn. The peony clumps are covered with enormous flowers, shaggy and spicy — some like the ruffs of white Chinese chows, or pink and blowzy, like overblown roses. The evening breeze lifts the warm aromatic scent from the soft hot flowers and sends it in waves across the lawn. The swallows begin to swoop in the long low light. The great matriarchal house broods quietly, its once great acres shrunken to this little skirt of three.

Later, the fireflies rise and sink on the uncut lawn. The children pursue the wandering lights and catch them as they rise upward, or pounce on the little lantern in the grass, Annie's hand sweeping softly downward like a kitten's paw, and then cupping the small cold light in both her palms. She is always fearful of hurting the firefly, and leaves too big a hole at the top of her hands, so that the dry tickling feet march up their cage and the lightning bug zooms away. A few bats glide and swoop in silence along the porch, under and over the trees. They streak strange patterns between the house and the scattered stars. The fragrance of the peonies is cool and spicy now, without warmth. "Bedtime, children," the parent voices begin to say. Brightly, hopefully. The voices have a calm honeyed sound which will not last, which cannot, and never has, and yet is part of that piteous parent hope — perhaps, *this* time. Perchance, this time the ancient dream comes true whose roots lie God knows where — perhaps, in the *Girl's Own Annual*, where, in dark engraving line, the nightgowned children mount the stairs, and with clean sleepy faces place themselves between the sheets murmuring, "Good night, Mother dear, good night, dear Papa. God bless you one and all, and thank you for this lovely day" — and go to sleep.

But at last there is silence. A ghostly tree toad climbs quietly up the pane and presses his little face against the glass. He devours the white moths that flutter their powdery wings in the light, and his little hands pluck out the inedible portions and cast them aside.

The weary people beyond the vision of his bright wet eyes sigh a little, stretch, light cigarettes, and blink their eyes. They would like to discuss deep matters with great brilliance, with insight and penetration probe the nature of Universal Truth, or with flashes of wit and wisdom light the history of mankind in its long journey through the spiritual night under the everlasting stars. But they are too tired from the journey itself.

The fireflies dance and the bats swoop and swing above the white mist, and the only sound is the faint murmuring of the night itself.

THE CHALLENGE

by WALTER DE LA MARE

I SPEAK, none listens; but I hear
My own voice beating on my ear.
I love, but this wild love that yearns,
Foiled from its goal, in haste returns
And my own bosom burns.
Yet all that haunts me I bestowed.

Faint as a shadow on the road
That leads thro' evening into night
Thou wert, till dreaming made thee bright;
And the rich marvel of thy hair,
'Twas I hid all earth's darkness there:
Would I, then, harm what I have made?
O be no more of me afraid!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Atlantic Story

At the age of thirty, HERBERT GOLD *has two novels to his credit* — Birth of a Hero *and* The Prospect Before Us — *both of which received critical recognition. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Gold did his undergraduate and graduate work at Columbia, then studied further at the Sorbonne on a Fulbright fellowship. With his wife and two children, he is now living in Haiti, where he is at work on a new novel.*

SUSANNA AT THE BEACH

by HERBERT GOLD

FIRST came the girl. Then one fat man idly floated beside a friend in the water, lolling on his back, spitting, his great trunk rolling in the pleasure of himself. He liked to watch the girl while taking his pleasure.

Finally there were the people on shore. These September loiterers, with thin hocks and thick, with waddling rumps in dank wool or tendoned ones in Hawaiian shorts, with itching faces in devotion to sun or a suave glistening under the equivocation of lotion, all of them squinted and winked and finally moved toward her. They strolled, they turned on their heels, or they merely leaned. They came limping over the hot sand like the good wizards in a story.

The girl over whom the old men watched was diving from the end of a breakwater into the oily, brackish, waste-ridden substance of Lake Erie at Cleveland, Ohio. Her arms, deeply tanned, worked firmly; and heated from within, she scrambled up the rocks in haste after her discipline. She had fled all the billboard schemes of the life of a pretty girl. Lips soft and half-parted for a grand design rather than a Lucky Strike, hands taking the measure of ambition rather than the bottle of Coca-Cola, she had come to perfect her diving in a worn black cotton bathing suit which was already too small after her summer's growth. They were simple exercises, but she wanted them to be perfect. She had an idea of how they should be.

The old men, shaking off the sand flies which had multiplied among the refuse so late in the season, looked jealously to the thin cloth which held this girl and to the water which sheathed her. The girl measured the angle of her imagination against the remembered sting of an imperfect arc. Clean! she had prayed, but her worried brow was reporting, *No, another flop.* The black cloth gleamed in the wet. The droplets of water peeled down her body like broken beads as she climbed to try it again. The smile at the corners of her mouth was a promise to herself: Well! This time, then. Even in the brief instant of her stretching, a crescent-shaped slope at one shoulder flashed dry in the sunlight.

This time she went in straight and slender with the will of perfection.

It was a Tuesday afternoon, and a day of rare Indian summer heat. Still, only the most faithful had returned to the beach: the athletic grandfathers, white-haired and withered, with an eye for the weather; a student with his American history textbook and the glaze of sun in his face meeting the doze of exposure to knowledge; the kids pretending to fish and the dead shad belly-up at the washline of water on the sand; the occasional amorous ones, asking riddles, fondling each other slyly, their pockets a-jingle with desire and streetcar fare; women from the industrial flats nearby, sitting in housedress to recall, complain, worry, and take a sleepy hour's leisure together. Mostly, however, beneath the roar and thump of road construction on the slope above them, almost in the shadow of the Terminal Tower to the east, there were the old men: the salesman sunning himself with neck reaching out and pants rolled above the knee so that by evening he can look "just like Miami Beach, better even"; the flat-thighed wanderer in a straw hat and red woolen trunks with a white canvas belt, his sinewy breasts hanging — he sat in a patch of seaweed to observe the diver and stroke the sand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from between his toes; another, the big-bellied swimmer, now paddling and spewing water, shaggily emerged onto the pier in order to get nearer to the girl. His friend accompanied him. Hairy-chested loungers, old-time beaux, their bodies both wasted and swollen, they joined the rest of the men along the breakwater. They watched the girl still diving, still climbing; her deep breathing pressed the erect buds of her adolescence against sleek black cloth, she rocked once on her toes, and then off she sprang.

This girl used herself hard, used her lightness hard; and each man there, turning to her from the beach or the pier, thought it a pity. A waste — her sufficiency unto herself silenced and saddened them and made their arms hang tensely forward. Challenged, they turned up the cards of their own sorts of sufficiencies.

The fat swimmer, swirls of hair on his belly and back, was now switching himself with a green branch as he talked business with his friend. They both studied the girl, and their discussion grew lyrical. They talked business and public affairs. He was saying: "You're John-cue Smith, let's put it, you want to get married —"

"I know! Got the taxes to pay, the down payments, the terms —"

"Yes, that's what I mean, to get ahead in life. The installments."

"I got the cost of living these days, Freddy."

"You got the government."

"Yes, Freddy, I got the taxes, yes —"

"The essentials of life."

"Yes, yes, all of that, yes" — and they both shook their heads mournfully and let their mouths fall open while the tips of the girl's feet, propelled by her dive, wriggled above water as she swam.

"Like to bite off a piece of that one, eh Freddy?"

"I saw it first, me, you want to say I didn't?"

A policeman on horseback on the beach looked for purse-snatching, nuisance-making, or drunkenness. Overhead, a pontooned airplane swooped low and up. The traffic rushed past the stillness of sun and beach and water, while, out on the lake, a single leaning sailboat, a visitor from the Clifton Club, kept its distance.

Two women, equipped for conversation with quart bottles of cherry pop, their dresses pulled over their knees and their stockings rolled down to their ankles, agreed on questions of mortality, bereavement, and the pleasures of a city beach. They sat on a log stripped by water and shaded their eyes first toward the industrial flats from which they had emerged, then over the lake and into the horizon and beyond. "My mama she die when she eighty-four," said the tanned younger one. "Just like baby, like new kid, she need milk to drink."

"Yah," sighed her friend, a fat and weary woman with concentric rings of flesh about her eyes. "Look that American girlie on the board, what she think? She hurt herself like that."

"She not able my mother care for herself or nothing."

"I know, dear."

"She die like so — sssst — after long life. She work hard."

"I *know*, dear."

"It ain't right, is it?" She nodded once, decisively, and said, "My father he still strong and smoke big cigar I buy for him. He sleep with woman and give her money and everything. Ain't nice old man like that. He make eye at every young girl —"

"Bad young girlie," said the plump woman to the sand, the water, and the figure now climbing back onto the rocks.

The tanned one pulled at her dress and said, "That's why, here in this country, many people go off on roof for fall down. My children all go away to Detroit and *I* give money to my papa."

"No justice on earth, darling," said the sad plump one.

2

The girl, the fine diver, went off the rocks again, measuring only with a frown the interior demands of her lonely stunt, absent from the beach on the parapets of ambition. She had scraped the cotton suit on a rock. The small split showed an edge of white breast, the first hard growth of the departure from girlhood. Some of the idlers had gathered in silence on the breakwater to watch her. "You want to tell me no, Freddy? I'm telling *you* no," the fat swimmer insisted. She did not see them; she had nothing to say to them; her regard was absorbed by the patch of black water and the rules of her skill.

Back on the beach, another immature and pretty girl sat with her feet drawn under her on the sands. No one, not even Freddy, the fat swimmer's friend, gave more than a glance to this one, whose tanned plumpness in stylish knee-length shorts promised an eventual stylish willingness while her profile remained strict, suburban, and pure. Her mother, shriveled to creamed skin rather than casual flesh, squatted like the image of her age by her side, but this was not the reason that the free-ranging eyes of the beach passed over the daughter so lightly. The men sensed that she feared to lie on grass because of disease, dirt, and small animals, that she shuddered at the thought of diving into the tricky, steaming, polluted waters, that despite her prettiness she had put herself apart from the play of caprice, open-mouthed laughter, and the risks of pleasure. "Look at the girl on the pier, the one that's diving again," this cute creature said.

"She's headed for earache, that's for sure," her mother commented with satisfaction. "Maybe she doesn't read the paper and how the water's unsafe. Dangerous for bathing. Full of organisms."

"I'm getting hungry, Mother" — wrinkling her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

junior-miss nose and hugging herself as her favorite starlet did.

"I *said* we'd stop at the Howard Johnson's."

Meanwhile, the diver scrambled over the rocks, up onto the pier, took three or four mincing, dancing steps, and bent her knees for her renewed essay at a controlled style. Her wide temples glowed pinker and pinker with the blood under her skin and the impact of water. Her innocence — an innocence of lessons — was informed by the heat and by the pressure of her blood which brought her climbing, diving, repeating this gesture again and again past the heaped-up rock. Had she seen them and gone on, it would have spoken for an angry and stubborn pride; but her way was the way of habit, of grace, and of a passionate ignorance, a deep communion with belly-smash on the shore of Lake Erie at Cleveland.

The plump lady from the flats was disturbed. "My doctor say: Playsuit! no stockings! Like that you have no more colds for wintertime. You have upper repertory affection, Doctor Sczymanski say. Neighbor she look at playsuit, close mouth, she say: shame! What can I do, darling?"

"That American girl, *she* have no shame," remarked the tanned woman whose father smoked big cigars. "Everybody is look at her legs" — and they both fell into a musing silence, and looked.

The beach was silent while a skin of complicity tightened like the dry sun about them all. Gradually these visitors to the September sands moved toward the breakwater, each one marvelously hushed because, if they said nothing, it could be presumed to be their habit and their devotion, an abandon to mutism in the heat, a pious thing superior to their daily selves: and thus, if the rip in the girl's suit grew longer, it was not their place to warn her of it. Let each creature hunger for itself alone — Freddy poked his pal to mean this — and thus send only appetite in the pursuit of others. The veiny old men moved fastest.

Within a few moments the beach was almost deserted except for the couple busily twisting and tickling in their well-worn place. The girl sat up with a jerk, spreading sand in an abrupt movement of her thighs, while her friend grinned, saying, "I'm not connerdicting you." He pulled her down again.

3

The tear in the diver's suit widened; the gash in this black second skin showed, to the fat man, the whiteness of belly, and then, to Freddy's bemusement, the flexing folds of flesh. Just once Freddy saw her fingers feel for the rip, but her body's intelligence calculated on nothing but the demands of perfection, and the thought of care for that clothing which was outside desire did not move further than the impatient, rummaging hand. She did not glance at herself. Turned to her idea, fixed on some inner certainty, she closed the split with her fingers, then forgot it, then let go.

She dived and climbed without liability to the give of cloth or the alteration of her world which Freddy and the big-bellied swimmer brought. She scrambled up dripping, let her eyes roam absently over the tense strollers gathering on the rocks, and dived once more. The pale wetness of her flesh opened to them like a wound under the suit while the girl, if she thought of her body at all, thought only of her skill and of her rehearsals for its sake. She was secure (small splash and ripple) in the exercise of method. She was an expert.

"You trying to tell me no, Freddy?" Behind the fat swimmer and his friend, past the city beach on this September afternoon, the machinery of road construction throbbed and the insect hiss of an afternoon breeze occupied the trees on the slope leading up to the highway past the tables, the shelters, and the park restroom. Because his mouth was dry, the fat man pointed to the girl and whispered, "Lookit." He squeezed the muscles of his friend's arm, thumb and forefinger twanging, and then they both moved forward again. The heat and the effort brought shiny tears to his eyes and a dampness to his forehead. The thickness of his body in swimming trunks, sagging at the middle and the rear, bulging beneath, looked enormous in the sunlight and the intimacy of one leg's motion against the other.

Repetitious, formal, and oblivious, the girl's ambition seemed madness or a mad joke to the watchers. It pleased the fat man; it was a delight to him. He opened his mouth, like a swimmer, and put his tongue sideways to breathe more easily. Freddy — as to him — he could hardly believe it. He wanted to float up an inner tube and go out someplace to think about it.

When she climbed over the rocks once again, the rip widened almost audibly, and still she did not see that her suit was ready to hang in tatters. No one warned her — as we do not warn a madman that he is talking nonsense — but they sighed when she extended her arms for the dive. The fat man sighed. All of them leaned together now, men and women, sharing the girl and sharing each other, waiting for their world's confirmation against the challenge she brought it, an assurance of which they were in need before the return to autumn and the years rapid upon them. A whiteness of breast flashed out, its pink sprouting from the girl's body like a delicate thing nurtured in the dark. But the day was bright and the shadows short. Looking at this tender and abstracted girl, the old Polish woman shivered at her own memories of paleness, of resiliency, of pink colors. The fat man, too, partook of their communion, frowning darkly, the green branch switching at his flanks, his knees slightly bent. He pinched his friend instead of himself. Now, her hair flat on her head and the flush of pleasure high on her cheeks after the repeated slap

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of her forehead against water, the girl was diving in a diminished rhythm, worn out but blind to risk, finished but unable to stop. The moment when her breast and belly slipped by the surface was the fat man's favorite.

The diver, that object for the vindictive imaginations of old men and old women, seemed to pause to acknowledge their study of her, but saw nothing, saw nothing again, and went on. The fat man's eyelids had dropped. He was moved. As she climbed, dripping and critical, bewitched by mastery of her body, feeling, if the presence of the others had come through to her at all, only a reward of praise earned through the long summer, the fat man released his friend's arm to break the silence at last with a shrill whoop. Then the old Polish woman screamed, "You're nekked, girlie! *Nekked!*"

The fat man, his friend, the salesman, the student, many of them were now yelling their cheers at her. Poised for her dive, she must suddenly have seen them and seen herself in their sight. Her look was one of incredulity. Her eyes turned from herself to their shouting, gaping, heavy-tongued mouths and back to the loose cloth dangling from straps. She did not speak. She turned her face from them. Its stern and peaceful determination hardly altered. Then suddenly the extended arms flashed down: she ran, she did not dive, she jumped and rolled into the oily water. Despite this folding upon herself, their eyes searched out a glimpse of sunlit flesh, white and pink and tender. While the crowd applauded, the student shouted, "She wants to drown herself," and leaped into the water.

"I'll get her! Me too! *Me!*"

The young man reached for her hair and only touched it before she wrenched free. She doubled under, holding herself, and then she was swimming. The crowd was roaring. Four, five, six of the men had pushed to the edge of the breakwater. The girl kicked forward and swam with short, quick, sure strokes, straight out into the lake, while a cluster of young men and old, their smiles strict in pursuit, tumbled down the rocks to be first to catch her. The fat man, paddling furiously, was ahead of Freddy. The righteousness of a mob's laughter urged them to be swift, but the girl was very strong, very skillful, gifted, and encumbered by nothing but her single thought.

X-RAY

by LEONORA SPEYER

I LOOKED into my body —
Lurking and shadowy there
The building of my bones
Where I had dwelt so long,
So sturdily, so long,
The dreams and griefs among,
Paying no rent at all . . .

And cried, God bless my home!
God bless the builder too
Of each frail, faltering wall,
Essential masonry,
And strong (I thought),
And strong.

God bless the Architect!
(And thought, can one bless God?
Dare bless? — And answered, yes!)
The wise man at my side,
Explaining, did not see
All that was vouchsafed me:
Into that house of bone
I entered — and alone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philosopher, author, and mathematician, Alfred North Whitehead was born in England in 1861, taught long, full years at Cambridge University and at the University of London, and brought his career to a golden sunset at Harvard. He was one of the most illuminating conversationalists of our time. After his retirement, the world still wore a path to his door, and one of his frequent visitors was LUCIEN PRICE. *Mr. Price, the author of* We Northmen *and* Winged Sandals, *has recorded with the discipline and accuracy of a trained journalist the audacity and the probing of the philosopher's mind in his new book,* Dialogues of Whitehead, *which is appearing under the Atlantic–Little, Brown imprint. His record of the conversations was read and authorized by Whitehead.*

VISIT AND SEARCH

Dialogues of Whitehead

by LUCIEN PRICE

1

SEPTEMBER 11, 1945. — So the war had ended, but people were still benumbed and not yet fully able to realize it. Summer was moving toward the threshold of autumn in a procession of days glowing with sun-gold and sea-blue. Since the slaughter had stopped, it was once more possible to feel that the world was beautiful, and on the shores of Nahant Bay it is never more radiant than at summer's end.

In the midst of this, Sir Richard Livingstone had arrived from England by plane ("high priority" for a civilian) and had gone to spend two days at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. His destination was Toronto, where he was to deliver four lectures at the University. For another two days of rest and quiet beside the sea he came to Swampscott; we then drove on Thursday forenoon into Cambridge for luncheon with the Whiteheads. As there was a strenuous fortnight awaiting him at Toronto before his return to England by plane, he had made no other engagements.

His younger son, Captain Rupert Livingstone, had been killed in this second war, as had Whitehead's in the first. This bond was present wordlessly.

The four of us sat in Whitehead's book-walled study. It was flooded by golden sunshine through a south window which stood wide open to the warm, still air, and in the trees outside the cicadas were shrilling. Scot and Englishman, the two are a contrast in type: Whitehead the fair, florid Briton of Kent and East Anglia; Livingstone, tall, slender, sandy-haired and sandy-complexioned, though just now unwontedly reddened by exposure to the blazing sunlight and sea glare of New England's September on the North Shore.

Their renewals of acquaintance were quickly disposed of; a brief pause, then Livingstone asked, "What do you think has been the effect of science on our world?"

"Before I answer, what do you think?"

"Hasn't science abolished slavery?"

"If you had said that about the year 1900, yes. But the acceleration of change in the past, let me say, fifty years has altered the whole situation. I'm not speaking of the atomic bomb for the present, since it is only the latest in a series, and too recent to be appraised anyhow."

"When the atomic bomb was announced," said Livingstone, "the scientists, it seemed to me, were somewhat frivolous in their view of it, but the people were alarmed."

"I mean," resumed Whitehead, "that the conditions of our lives have been basically more altered in the past fifty years than they were in the previous two thousand — I might say three thousand. My answer to your first question would be, I think that we are on the threshold of an age of liberation, a better life for the masses, a new burst of liberated creative energy, a new form of society; or mankind may all but exterminate itself and desolate this planet."

"Suppose," said Livingstone, "some of the greatest Greeks were to come back and see us as we are now . . . Thucydides, Plato, Pericles, Aristotle?"

"Aristotle would be inexpressibly shocked at the way his generalizations have gone overboard. Mind

Copyright 1954, by Lucien Price.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you, I don't say his ideas — species, genera, and all that sort of thing — haven't proved vastly useful. Aristotle discovered all the half-truths which were necessary to the creation of science."

"Aristotle's *Ethics*, on the other hand," rejoined Livingstone, "seem to me to stand up better."

Whitehead looked dissent. "I grant you, they are admirably definite," said he. "Plato's ideas on that subject tend, in comparison, to be vague. But I prefer the vagueness."

"The Greeks didn't like vagueness," remarked Livingstone. "In that sense Plato may almost be said to be atypical. They liked outline to be distinct and subject-matter to be clearly organized within definite form."

"I prefer Plato," Whitehead resumed. "He seems to me to have been the one man in the ancient world who would not have been surprised at what has happened, because his thought constantly took into account the unpredictable, the limitless possibilities of things. There is always more chance of hitting on something valuable when you aren't too sure what you want to hit upon." He turned again to Livingstone, and continued, "There's something I want to ask you: Am I right in thinking that German scholarship is quite wrong in trying to identify Plato with some explicit conclusion in his *Dialogues*, with some single speaker and a final point of view? It seems to me that was just what he was trying to avoid. Take his letters: assuming that he wrote them, and even if he didn't, they would state a prevailing frame of mind in ancient times about his work: namely, that there *is* no Platonic system of philosophy. What he did was explore various aspects of a problem and then leave us with them. He seems to me to have had, more than anyone else, a supreme sense of the limitless possibilities of the universe."

"About German scholarship, I'm not at the moment prepared to say," replied Livingstone, "but all through Aristotle one can see his resistance to the influence of Plato, and all through him the influence of Plato's thought is inescapable."

"Let me speak personally for a moment," said Whitehead. "I had a good classical education, and when I went up to Cambridge early in the 1880's my mathematical training was continued under good teachers. Now nearly everything was supposed to be known about physics that could be known — except a few spots, such as electromagnetic phenomena which remained (or so it was thought) to be coördinated with the Newtonian principles. But, for the rest, physics was supposed to be nearly a closed subject. Those investigations to coördinate went on through the next dozen years. By the middle of the 1890's there were a few tremors, a slight shiver as of all not being quite secure, but no one sensed what was coming. By 1900 the Newtonian physics were demolished, done for! Still speaking personally, it had a profound effect on me; I have been fooled once, and I'll be damned if I'll be fooled again! Einstein is supposed to have made an epochal discovery. I am respectful and interested, but also skeptical. There is no more reason to suppose that Einstein's relativity is anything final than Newton's *Principia*. The danger is dogmatic thought; it plays the devil with religion, and science is not immune from it. I am, as you see, a thoroughgoing evolutionist. Millions of years ago our earth began to cool off and forms of life began in their simplest aspects. *Where did they come from?* They must have been inherent in the total scheme of things; must have existed in potentiality in the most minute particles first of this fiery, and later of this watery and earthy planet. Does it not strike you how absurd it is to start from the five and one-half or six feet of our own bodies as our scale of physical measurement?"

"Overdoing the idea," said Livingstone, quoting it in Greek, "that 'man is the measure of all things.' "

"Our notions of physical dimension," assented Whitehead, "are absurdly arbitrary. It doesn't strike me as at all impossible that the smallest pebble might contain within it a universe as complex as the one we know, and that the universe or universes which we have recently begun to apprehend may be as minute in the scale of what lies beyond as that in the pebble to the one we know; or that the vastness might be as much greater in the opposite direction — the direction of what we consider the infinitely small. . . . Development, I believe, goes by jumps. Fifty thousand years ago, let us say, there would have been a lucky jump; embodied in one man, or in one family, or in a few families, and, after an interval, another great advance following from that."

It was suggested that we may be living in the midst of one of those "jumps" — if it doesn't extinguish us.

Whitehead considered this, then said, "Why talk about 'the laws of Nature' when what we mean is the characteristic behavior of phenomena within certain limits at a given stage of development in a given epoch — so far as these can be ascertained?"

2

As the laughter subsided, Whitehead said to Livingstone, "But come, let's drop all this; I want to talk about your admirable books on education, especially adult education. How idiotic it is to dismiss children from school at sixteen, or even at eighteen, and consider them capable of coping with the complexities of life."

"My idea, as you know," said Livingstone, "is that education must continue throughout life

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for everybody, at the varying levels of ability and aptitude, and that that is the only way a modern democracy is workable or can continue to exist."

"What we want," said Whitehead, "is to elicit as nearly as possible all the latent capacities of human talent. No way of doing this adequately has ever been devised. A certain class of talents will be elicited under certain forms of social organization favorable to their development, but in a very limited range and in very limited conditions of space and time. We never seem to have found a way to elicit the complete spread of man's potential capabilities."

Mrs. Whitehead returned to the study. Luncheon was not quite ready, so seating herself on the cushioned leg-rest of her husband's armchair facing the two Englishmen, she plunged into a discussion of our two countries.

"The thing one mustn't do," she was addressing herself to Livingstone, "and it is so fatally easy, is to compare. They are not comparable; each is itself. We have lived here twenty-one years, and it is the differences which keep coming out. When we first came here after the other war, the hope that I saw in the faces was 'choky' — all these young things looking forward to life eagerly."

"Having just arrived by airplane in Baltimore last Sunday afternoon," said Livingstone smiling, "I am in a perfect position to write a book about America."

"The longer one lives here, the less competent one feels to write it," said she. "But don't be put off by externals: to us, many of them are misleading."

"I'll tell you one of them," said Whitehead, "if Lucien will forgive me; the newspapers."

"I could damn them more explicitly. But don't mind me!"

"To glance at their front pages," he continued, "you might suppose that a principal occupation was murdering one another."

"Remember, Altie," she cautioned him, "that when we used to go from England to the Continent, the crime on the Continent seemed tremendous, and *was* tremendous."

"I do remember; and the impression given by the front pages of the newspapers is quite fallacious. It isn't news when you ask a stranger, anybody in the whole scale of American life, the direction to some place, and he goes out of his way two streets to set you right, yet it is this that is absolutely typical among these people, who seem to me to possess more native kindness than any people who ever lived on the face of the earth."

"Were you required to sign papers for admission to this country?" she asked of Livingstone.

"I don't recall anything unusual or formidable."

"Oh, but that is so; you wouldn't. It was when we were coming over here to stay — this is what I mean by not being put off by externals — Alfred and I were required to sign sworn statements that we had never spent longer than ten months in jail!"

"No, I don't remember signing anything like that," says Livingstone.

"But Gilbert Murray does," I offered a correction. "When he came over here in 1926, like you merely to deliver a series of lectures, he said foreigners had to sign a paper answering the questions: Are you an anarchist? Are you a polygamist?"

"My God!" said Mrs. Whitehead. Regaining her equanimity, she continued: "For nine years after we came here to stay, we used to have students in, one evening a week. First and last, the number of boys and girls who went through our rooms would have run into the hundreds. They came from all sorts of homes, including the farms and what you would call something next door to a slum, and yet I tell you that the gentleness of their manners, their good taste and really good breeding, were virtually invariable. That was in the brave days of the Volstead Act, when people, and especially older people, were filling up before ever they started out to dine. And yet in all that time only one drunk came, and he, if you please, a scion of Boston blue-blood! At the other extreme was a boy who turned up from New York, the East Side. About half way through the evening he stretched himself, sighed, and said, 'Isn't the world wonderful?' 'What do you mean?' I asked him. 'Why,' said he, 'a few weeks ago I was rolling barrels in the streets of New York, and now here I am amidst luxury and all these books.' (Well, of course, our apartments down by the river were never anything special.) What he meant was that this was his first time in such surroundings — but not his last! He became one of Alfred's most brilliant pupils, and has done very well."

"The social constituency of English universities," remarked Livingstone, "has changed greatly." He cited instances: "The net incomes of the parents of our last year's scholars in Corpus were £400, £688, £361, £318, £1065" [these figures have been made precise since that conversation]. "Two did not claim the extra emolument and therefore were well off; but there were two weekly wage-earners, £3/10/0 per week, and £8 per week."

"It seems to me," said Whitehead, "that the English universities, Oxford and Cambridge perhaps in especial, are returning more nearly to their function in the Middle Ages, of training the gifted boys from the poorer classes. In the eighteenth century they trained young aristocrats at most, or the sons of country squires at least, with a few scholars from the poorer classes, and in the nineteenth century, they drew largely from the more prosperous parts of the middle and professional classes, — people like us, for example, for whom the world seemed to have been made fairly safe and enjoyable; but now they are beginning to get the children of the working class."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"From what you have been telling me," said Livingstone, "and from what I have observed here on previous visits and even a little on this one too, it seems to me that democracy in England is vertical, that is, an equalitarian feeling that runs from top to bottom of society, cutting through classes, — and that in America, where classes are less defined, democracy is more horizontal." He indicated the two dimensions by gestures of his hands.

"Let us give you an example of how horizontal it is here," Whitehead said. "Taxicab chauffeurs here in Cambridge and Boston are good conversationalists; they have something really interesting to say. Quite recently we had one driving us home from Boston; he slowed down, and drove by side streets (explaining to us that he wasn't lengthening the distance, but only the time), conversing animatedly with us, and we with him, and when he let us out at our door, he said, 'This is the most enjoyable conversation I have had for a long while.'"

3

Luncheon was announced. We went out to the table. Conversation turned to English novelists. "Women, it seems to me, write better novels than men," said Whitehead. "Men are too apt to go off in search of abstract ideas and try to fit life to them; women are more likely to give us the intimacies which make life and character vivid to us. How does it seem to you?" he appealed to Livingstone.

"As you spoke, I was thinking of Mrs. Gaskell, and I would agree."

"One exception I would make," Whitehead continued, "not a genius of the first rank, but an admirable talent for precisely what he did: present the average life and thought of his time through a fairly representative class, the clergy. I mean Anthony Trollope."

"You ought to know," exclaimed his wife. "Heavens, you were steeped in it and so was I from my early twenties on. And don't forget that it all but spoiled every member of your family in your generation except you. I grant you that Trollope does it well; only perhaps a trifle too well."

"At least, pettie, he got it right," said Whitehead, beaming across the table at her. "We agree about that! Reading him, I can hear my father and his clerical friends talking. Even the jokes sound natural. We lived near Canterbury and saw a good deal of the cathedral clergy."

"But women novelists don't draw men well," conceded Mrs. Whitehead. "When it comes to their favorite figures of men, something usually goes wrong."

The question arose whether men novelists drew women any better, with comparisons between George Meredith and George Eliot.

"Thackeray," said Whitehead, "has immense art, but he is too narrowly confined to a class; he carries you all over England and the Continent, but in the end his books are always about much the same kind of people."

"He was writing of a class, too," added she, "to which he didn't belong, and which he saw from the outside with a mixture of fascination and repugnance, never able to make up his mind."

"One nineteenth-century English novel that I think *will* last," said Livingstone, "is *Pickwick*." In his *Greek Genius* Livingstone parallels the jollity of Christmas at Dingley Dell with the picture of country life in Attica in the *Peace* of Aristophanes. "*Pickwick*," he continued, "is not only literature; it is also history. That is what the English are really like."

"A moment ago," said Whitehead, "I was saying that I thought women wrote the best novels." (He paused and gave us a mischievous twinkle.) "I would almost say that Dickens was one of the best women novelists!"

"How about Galsworthy?"

Livingstone thought his people weren't very real.

"Galsworthy, like Thackeray," said Mrs. Whitehead, "was another 'outsider.'"

"As with novels, so with letters," Whitehead carried it forward. "Women write better letters than men. They put in what we want to know, how people felt about things, how they lived, what they ate and wore, what they worried about — all those immediacies which make the life of an epoch live again. History should be written more from letters. Who cares about the Battle of Crécy, dates, places, and all that we are crammed with in the name of history? What had they to do with it? History is from day to day; and it is not events, it is sociology; it is the progress of thought."

"The trouble with formal history, it seems to me," said Livingstone, "is that it gives us the conclusions, the end results, without showing us how these results were arrived at."

"Precisely," assented Whitehead; "the clashes are only the last step in the process; what we need to know is the progress of ideas and ferments which produced the clashes."

"Another historical source which should be more used, though the French have made more use of it than the English, and effective use, too, is memoirs," said Mrs. Whitehead. "English literature is not very rich in memoirs, and those we have are likely to be bleak and dreary. French memoirs, on the contrary, are vivacious and full of reality. It's true they often record scandalous escapades, but with such spirit that, while one does not condone, one is not depressed. The equivalents in English memoirs I find repellent, and the people unamiable."

They began casting about for those who could be said to have written history well in the nineteenth century in England.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Not Macaulay," said Mrs. Whitehead, "with that much-touted 'style' . . . rhetorical periods, 'tum-te-tum-te-tum,' the sort of House of Commons speech that was effective in that epoch, and all quite superficial."

"Don't forget," says Livingstone, "that Macaulay managed to make the reading of history popular, no small achievement."

"So did Strachey," said she, "but that didn't make what he wrote *good* history."

"I don't like it," said Livingstone, "any better than you do, but it is often very good writing."

"That I grant you; and what he says is often very funny, but it is not funny when others try to say it like him."

4

WHITEHEADS and Livingstone, Cambridge and Oxford, began playing a kind of tennis game as between their two universities, comparing their whimsicalities, their merits and defects.

"I arrived there," said Mrs. Whitehead, "in the Year of the Thirty Brides, and I assure you, it was not an easy place for brides."

"There had just been a change in the university statutes," explained Whitehead, "permitting dons to marry. Before that, in order to marry, one had to take holy orders, and as most of them no longer believed in the Articles to which they were obliged to subscribe, they found ways of satisfying their consciences by all sorts of far-fetched interpretations of those theological concepts which, I should say, did the Broad Church no particular good. The result was, as Evelyn says, that thirty or forty brides arrived in Cambridge all at once, some of them, like her, quite young; others by no means young."

"But I learned fast," said Mrs. Whitehead. "Having been born and reared in France, I had read a good deal in French, but, being transplanted abruptly to England, hadn't read what one is expected to have read in English. One of the dons, seated next me at a dinner party, began questioning me about my English reading. Naturally, I didn't come off very well. 'I see that you read nothing!' said he, and ceased to attend to me for the rest of the evening. And his lack of interest in me lasted some years. No, it was not an easy place for brides."

"Nor always for bridegrooms," added Whitehead. "You remember the Verralls and Jim Stephen?" he asked her.

She suddenly choked with laughter. "But be sure and explain to Sir Richard," she cautioned him, "that that was before poor Stephen went 'off.'"

"He was down visiting us at Cambridge," pursued Whitehead, "when we lived next the Verralls; our gardens adjoined."

"Only a one-brick thickness of wall between them," Mrs. Whitehead put in.

"Now Verrall talked in a high, squeaky voice" (he mimicked it) "and Jim Stephen was a deadly mimic. He began mocking Verrall in an imaginary scene of Verrall proposing to his wife. Poor Evelyn was horrified and made frantic gestures to him to stop. 'They can hear; just over the wall,' said she in whispers. 'What of it?' says Stephen. 'Do them good!'"

As between the two universities, Livingstone questioned whether there was much to choose in man's inhumanity to man.

"At Cambridge," said Whitehead, "what civilization we got, came from outside. But at Oxford, you civilize your people inside the university."

"Oxford is more sociological," admitted Livingstone. "At Cambridge you train mathematicians and scientists."

"What saved me for civilization," said Whitehead, "were two things. One was *The Apostles*. It was a discussion club of twelve members, undergraduates."

"And what was the other?" asked Livingstone.

"Being taken out of Cambridge and plunged into the University of London for fifteen years."

"What do you think that did for you?" Livingstone inquired in a gently chaffing tone.

"Stirred me about among all sorts of people; and, added to that, was my experience in the university Senate."

"The sociological cast of Oxford," observed Livingstone, "is generally accredited to the classical 'Greats.' I say the classical Greats, because even the men who take modern Greats and do well in them admit that they aren't as effective, aren't as powerful."

"Just what do you conceive to be the effect on a man of the classical Greats?" inquired Whitehead.

"In Newman's *Nature of University Education* there is a definition of a gentleman," replied Livingstone. "It covers about three pages, and comes nearer to defining what you inquire than anything else I know. It's all the more forceful since Newman doesn't approve of the type he is describing and leaves you in no doubt about it, for, as an example, he cites the Emperor Julian, 'the apostate from Christian Truth, the foe of Christian education,'" and he quoted, "'a gentleman's religion is of a liberal and generous character; it is based upon honor; vice is evil, because it is unworthy, despicable, and odious.'"

"Poor Newman," exclaimed Mrs. Whitehead, "that sensitive, defenseless, skinless creature! *Ecorce*. Who could blame him?"

"I saw him once," said Whitehead.

"To speak with him?" asked Livingstone.

"Yes."

"Can you remember what he said?"

"It is too long ago." Whitehead looked preoc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cupied for a moment, then exclaimed suddenly, "There's a question I would like to ask of a Jesuit priest . . ."

"Then ask it in your study," proposed Mrs. Whitehead, rising. The conversation was temporarily adjourned.

5

THERE was a question you wanted to put to a Jesuit priest," prompted Livingstone, when we were again in the study.

"Yes. It is this: 'Is there laughter in Heaven?' The humorlessness of the Bible is amazing."

"I tried rereading the Old Testament a while ago," replied Livingstone. "Much of it is superb in every way; but bits are . . . Well, you remember Oscar Wilde's 'When I think of all the harm that book has done, I despair of writing anything to equal it.' "

"Had the Hebrews no sense of humor?" asked Whitehead.

"When something is very serious, don't we lose a bit of it by laughing about it? Doesn't laughter diminish it in value?"

"Suppose we consider the arts," proposed Whitehead. "Do we find humor there?"

Livingstone thought it might be hard to find in the greatest art, say religious painting of the Italian Renaissance. "I doubt," said he, "whether it goes with the greatest thought or art."

"There's plenty of laughter in the comedies of Aristophanes," I said, "and his works are both art and religion."

"Yes," said Livingstone, "but I always think Aristophanes is at his best in the parts where he isn't joking."

"Still, on the main issue, I challenge you: Laughter is a divine attribute. And the absence of laughter from the Hebraic religions is a serious matter to us of the Northern European races, for laughter plays a large part in our lives, and we are forced to do our laughing almost entirely outside of our religion."

"How could it be done inside religion?" asked Livingstone.

"It has been done. There is a liberal arts college in New England which had better be nameless, since things were going badly in it during the 1920's and 1930's."

"You are quite right about that," said Whitehead, to my consternation, "I was invited there to lecture in 1930, and I could see that for myself."

"Then you must be clairvoyant, for we mean the same college. The boys were out of hand; were required to attend daily chapel and church on Sundays, but if they didn't like the visiting preacher (and they mostly didn't) they would cough him down and no way could be found to stop them. But there was one preacher who came there repeatedly, whom the boys heard gladly. He was a man of intellect and of great moral earnestness, and he also had a lively sense of humor. Between his passages of earnestness he could keep the boys rocking with laughter. They adored him. . . . As for laughter in Greek religion we needn't stop with Aristophanes. It begins as far back as Homer; the first book of the *Iliad* ends with gods laughing on Olympus."

"There is a fragment of a lost satyr play," Livingstone conceded, "in which Prometheus has stolen fire from heaven, and the satyrs think it so beautiful that they try to kiss it, and get their beards singed."

"The Hebrews," resumed Whitehead, "had a most intense ethical perception though within a very limited range. It is 'the beauty of holiness.' In that, no one else approaches them, but the range is narrow."

(Sometime afterward we did come up with sundry examples in Holy Writ of what, by stretching the definition, might be interpreted as humor. One was the prophet Elijah taunting the priests of Baal with the impotency of their god, though he also ordered them to be slaughtered by their late sectaries (I Kings 18.40); another was the prophet Elisha conjuring bears to tear two and forty children who had taunted him with his bald head (II Kings 2.24); a third was Haman hanged on the gallows fifty cubits high which he had built for Mordecai (Esther 7.10); and a fourth was St. Paul's incident with the silversmiths of Ephesus, which is first-rate satire (Acts 19.24), but it had to be admitted that none of these was the kind of hilarity which has audiences rolling in the aisles.)

"The Greeks," said Livingstone, in reply to Whitehead's last remark, "had everything which the Hebrews lacked."

"Touching this problem on its modern side," Whitehead continued, "the Unitarians, I think, come the nearest to having found a way to adapt the Christian ideas to the world we live in now — and with the Unitarians I group those other religious people who are so nearly like them, the Congregationalists. And by the way, a few days ago I even had a letter from an Episcopalian Bishop commending me for my philosophy. I couldn't but think he was a good deal more like an eighteenth-century English Bishop in respect to his breadth of religious thought than a twentieth-century one. . . . See here," he said abruptly, turning to Livingstone, "at the risk of being rude, I am going to ask you a personal question — you needn't answer it if you don't want to: How did you vote in the last election?"

"For Labor."

"Good! So would I have had I been there."

"It happened that our local candidate was a very good one."

"I would have voted for the Labor candidate,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even if he had been a poor one, unless he had been *too* great an ass."

"Did you expect the result that came?" asked Mrs. Whitehead.

"No," said Livingstone. "The most that anyone seems to have expected was a sharp diminution of the Conservative seats."

"What went wrong with Churchill's campaign?" she asked.

"He is thought to have got into the hands of Beaverbrook."

"We've known Churchill and followed his career since the Boer War," she continued. "He seems to be one half hero and the other half bounder. In a fight he is superb, but the moment the fighting stops, the bounder comes uppermost."

"It's greatly to the credit of the British electorate, I think," said Livingstone, "that there was no raking up of dead bodies and dead issues. Baldwin and Chamberlain were left out of the controversy. The only time I know of when one of them was brought in was during a discussion in the House of Commons about sending our iron railing off to war. 'Leave Baldwin his railings,' said a Member. 'He'll need them to protect him from the people!' The remark was drowned in boos, and it was made by a Conservative Member."

"There is no diminution of Churchill's popularity," resumed Mrs. Whitehead. "He is still 'good old Winnie!' and gets the more cheers when he appears in public, more than the Labor Premier. The people admire him and honor him, but they won't vote for him. To me it seems an extraordinary manifestation of political good sense on the part of the British electorate."

"Yes," said Livingstone, who, being a Platonist, is well acquainted with the valid criticisms of "the democratic man." "It makes one believe in democracy."

"What do you think are the chances of your getting a military man for President after this war?" Whitehead appealed to me.

"We have had two melancholy experiences in that kind which are pretty vividly remembered."

"But General MacArthur is making a play for it," said Mrs. Whitehead.

"That may be. As a military man he is admirable, but he also has a sense of theatre, and that, in American public life, doesn't wear too well."

"Eisenhower," said Whitehead, "is a really great figure. How about him?"

No one cared to predict.

"One great change in the American frame of mind which you must take into account," Mrs. Whitehead addressed Livingstone, "is that they now know that the world is not safe, even for them. We, for our part, never were safe, and we have mostly known it, unless it were for a brief period toward the end of the nineteenth century. What a comfortable — and vanished — world that was! — The world of Queen Victoria. What a figure of legend she is now!"

"Is Queen Victoria ever known to have made a joke?" asked Whitehead suddenly reverting to our discussion of humor.

"'We are not amused,'" quoted Livingstone. "At least, she had a negative sense of humor; she knew what she thought was *not* funny."

"But she once said, 'Mr. Gladstone addresses me as if I were a public meeting.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Whitehead, "but did she know that remark was funny?"

"Wasn't it disgraceful," said Whitehead, "the way 'Dizzy' sucked up to her. Disraeli's eminence is a striking instance of political detachment. They didn't like him, but they knew he had ability and accepted him as a political representative."

The clock in the tower of Memorial Hall struck a booming "Three!" There was an afternoon train for Toronto which Sir Richard must be aboard. We stood, to take our leave.

"Shall you," asked Whitehead genially, "feel let down when no one any longer walks before you carrying a poker?" The allusion was to the Degree Ceremony at Oxford, when the academic procession enters the Sheldonian Theatre, the Vice-Chancellor preceded by his staves as the symbols of authority.

"My children," replied Livingstone, "amuse themselves by asking why I don't turn around and walk in the opposite direction. At the same time our Registrar, who has had long experience in it, says that the custom of standing when the Vice-Chancellor enters the Hebdomadal Council does have a good effect on getting to the business seriously. Ritual has a place in life. The deference may not be for a personality, or even for the institution; but it can be for the ideas embodied in the ceremony."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHAFT AND WINGS OF THE WAY IT WAS ONCE

by ROLFE HUMPHRIES

LUERIUS, king of the Arverni,
In riding near or far
Had huntsmen, hounds, and harpers
Round his silver-mounted car.

In his high hall, at the head table, there
Was where his high bard fed.
The king's son gave him bread
And a princess poured his mead.

Twenty-four golden coins he was always given
When a girl wed in the hall,
And a raid conveyed him spoil,
A red bull or black bull.

Stallion or falcon, greyhound, swan, or bow,
Or a book to look upon
Or a bright jewel-stone,
For the asking, were his own.

Around him younger men in green linens
With golden torques were seen
Learning to link the tune
Quietly for the queen.

No churl's son could learn these three professions:
Futile for one to be
Scholar or smith, or essay
The arts of poetry.

They trained, the bards, and drank with fighters, rode
On raids by day or by night.
They tripled what they taught.
They fought as well as they wrote.

Tough and gay, they had the gift and the knack,
The know of it all, the craft,
The light in the heart, the lift
Of music when they laughed.

The wildness of the sea they were in fight,
Fine nets for the love of girls.
So it was once in the world.
What are we, sons of churls?

NOTE: Shaft and wings, *paladr* and *esgyll*, respectively, indicate the first couplet and the last of the old Welsh verse-form known as the *englyn unodl union*, of which the pattern of this poem is an approximation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The advent of the typewriter on the American scene opened for the working woman the way to office employment, a field previously reserved for men. How best to operate the new gadget was hotly debated, and interest in contests between the two-finger and ten-finger factions was sufficient to fill Madison Square Garden. These droll footnotes from our social history are taken from a forthcoming book by BRUCE BLIVEN, JR., The Wonderful Writing Machine, *to be published this spring by Random House.*

WHEN TYPING WAS IN FLOWER

by BRUCE BLIVEN, JR.

1

THE phrase "learning to type," as it is now used, means learning to type by touch using all eight fingers and both thumbs — although many nonprofessionals manage to operate the machine successfully with inferior techniques. The prolific writer Irwin Ross, for instance, goes like a bat out of a cave using only one finger *of one hand*, as if testing to see whether the keys are red-hot. His is a most unusual method, for the average hunt-and-peck operator employs at least two fingers, or four, and may, from time to time, sneak in a fifth. Modern nontouch typists are modest about their abilities, however, and say when questioned, "I don't *really* know how to type; I just use my own system."

By today's standards, no one knew how to type for fifteen years after the typewriter came onto the market. Ten-finger touch technique was not thought of until 1882, and it didn't catch on until 1888. A daring spirit, Mrs. L. V. Longley of Cincinnati, proprietor of Longley's Shorthand and Typewriter Institute, was the first person on record with the audacity to propose that typists should use all the fingers of both hands. She wrote and published a pamphlet setting forth her incendiary ideas in 1882, and she had been teaching her students the method for some time before she got it down on paper. Mrs. Longley's system was not a touch method. She was not concerned about where the typist kept his eyes. She simply thought it absurd to let four good fingers, the third and fourth of each hand, go to waste.

Conservative opinion felt that Mrs. Longley was off her rocker. As late as 1887 a trade magazine, the *Cosmopolitan Shorthander*, blasted away editorially at Mrs. Longley's radicalism and the harebrained notions of the few who were following her lead: "Unless the third finger of the hand has been previously trained to touch the keys of a piano, we believe that it is not worth while to attempt to use that finger in operating the typewriter. The best operators we know of use only the first two fingers of each hand, and it is questionable whether a higher speed can be attained by the use of three."

Mrs. Longley might have lost the argument if another rebel, Frank E. McGurrin of Salt Lake City, had not appeared on the typewriting scene. McGurrin was the official stenographer for the Federal Court in Salt Lake City, and a sensationally good typist. He had taught himself. He had worked out his own ten-finger system on a Remington Model 1 in a law office in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where he had formerly been a clerk. And he could really make that typewriter jump. Not only did McGurrin use ten fingers. He had also memorized the keyboard, and he was able to write without looking at his hands at all — blindfolded if necessary.

Naturally McGurrin was proud of what he could do. He began to give demonstrations of his wondrous ability, first to gasping audiences in Salt Lake City and later throughout the Western cities. Despite a rather mild, amiable appearance, there was a certain streak of truculence in McGurrin's nature. He was positive that he was the fastest typist in the world, and whenever he heard about anyone who might be considered a contender for the title, McGurrin hurled his challenge. He was ready to take on all comers in a match race at any place, any time. And he was ready to bet a substantial sum of money that McGurrin would win.

Now Cincinnati had another typewriter teacher besides Mrs. Longley, a certain Louis Taub, who took a poor view of ten-fingered typists. He believed, like the editors of the *Cosmopolitan Shorthander*, that four fingers were plenty. Moreover, Taub thought that the Remington and Remington's shift for capital letters were outmoded by the Cali-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graph and Caligraph's double keyboard with its two keys per letter, one upper and the other lower case. Finally, Taub felt reasonably certain that he was the fastest typewriter operator in the world.

McGurrin reddened just above his high stiff collar. He challenged. Taub accepted. McGurrin agreed to travel to Cincinnati — anything rather than allow the taint on his reputation to stand. The race was to be in two parts: 45 minutes of direct dictation and 45 minutes of copying from an unfamiliar script, and the man with the larger combined total number of words would win. The stake was $500.

Never before in U.S. history had a duel been fought with typewriters, and the event stirred up an extraordinary amount of public interest. Both the Remington and the Caligraph company officials were torn between anxiety and hope. Mrs. Longley was in a state.

McGurrin won easily, just as he had predicted, on July 25, 1888. He won both separate events as well as the aggregate. Typists all over the country noticed an extraordinary feature of his triumph. He had actually gone faster working from copy than when he had taken dictation. He had kept his eyes glued to the test material, never losing his place, never looking at his hands. Poor Taub, on the other hand, could only take in an eyeful at a time. He had fallen farther and farther behind, wagging his head like a spectator at a tennis match as he turned from script to keyboard and back again to script.

McGurrin v. Taub was a curiously decisive battle. It was immediately clear to everyone, Taub especially, that a good four-finger man didn't stand a chance against a good ten-finger man. It was clear that a speed typist had to memorize the keyboard, and it followed, from that, that the double keyboard was doomed because it was too big to negotiate by touch alone, a point that Caligraph unfortunately missed.

Before long the *Cosmopolitan Shorthander*, without a word of apology for the nasty things it had said about third fingers, was over in McGurrin's corner, editorially, where Mrs. Longley had been for six years. A few months later, in 1889, Bates Torrey, of Portland, Maine, in a pamphlet, "A Manual of Practical Typewriting," used the word "touch" to describe the system McGurrin used, the first time the ten-fingers-don't-watch-your-hands method had had a convenient name.

2

For the next thirty-five years typewriter speed contests held the public interest, and typewriter speed queens and kings were celebrities of a minor luminosity. Speed typing drew crowds and inspired hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of free newspaper and magazine publicity.

One aspect of McGurrin v. Taub was most disturbing: even the *loser* was a male. Men, in their smug way, may have been pleased with this fact, but it did not jibe with a great deal that had been written about woman's natural affinity for the typewriter: her nimbleness, her dexterity, her innate grace, and all that sort of thing. Nor did it help the sales argument that, if you bought a typewriter, a girl went with it as extra equipment. It began to look as if businessmen should have been hiring male typists instead, a reversal that could have killed off the infant industry just as it was getting nicely under way.

A book publisher, of all people, was directly responsible for finding the way out of this dangerous impasse. D. Appleton & Company had an encyclopedia on its Fall, 1888, list. The firm wanted publicity. It wanted to let the encyclopedia-buying public know, in particular, that the work was right up to the minute and that, for accuracy's sake, expense had been no consideration. It devised the perfect stunt. It would hold a special contest to determine how fast a very fast typist could go and include the result in the article on the Typewriter under "T." Each of the major typewriter manufacturers, Remington, Caligraph, and Hammond, was invited to compete.

Remington held a preliminary speed contest to see who should have the honor of representing the industry's oldest typewriter name. Good publicity in it, Remington figured.

A young lady, Miss Mae Orr, a mere child but the head of her own firm of public stenographers and typists, with an office at 120 Broadway, entered Remington's pre-Appleton contest. Like McGurrin, Orr was a touch typist and exceedingly fast. She had been busy with her typing service, however, and did not hear about the Remington preliminaries until the morning of the very day, so she had no time to practice. She won anyhow, but not by much.

In the few days before the main Appleton event, Orr practiced hard, for she didn't want to let Remington or Orr's typing service down. She needn't have bothered. Orr did close to 100 words a minute.

The D. Appleton & Company editors were terribly embarrassed. They knew that a very fast typist could do 80 wpm, for dozens had done so. But there was Orr, in a class by herself, ridiculously far ahead of all the others. They didn't know what to say. They didn't want the article in the encyclopedia to look like a Remington-Orr house ad. So, to be on the safe, accurate side, they omitted the whole bothersome sentence.

Nevertheless Orr, whose fingers were by now well loosened up, decided to challenge McGurrin. McGurrin came storming to New York in August and, to the dismay of all those devoted to woman's emancipation, battled Orr down. He beat her by three fifths of a word — 95 and *four* fifths to 95

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and *one* fifth — but there were those among the spectators who felt that McGurrin had frightened Orr into defeat. Orr had actually gone faster than McGurrin, but she had made a lot more mistakes. It was only on net speed, after a deduction for errors, that the brute had triumphed. At Toronto, two weeks later, in a return match, Orr seemed more calm. Her fingers fairly flew. She made some mistakes, but her net speed was 98.7, several words per minute better than McGurrin.

Another great lady champion, probably the greatest of all time, emerged in 1905. Her name was Rose Fritz. Speed typing had been rather informal between 1888 and 1905, with lots of challenge matches and lots of exhibitions, but no satisfactorily clear-cut national championship to settle the conflicting boasts of various contenders. In 1906 the trade magazine *Office Appliances* put up a beautiful trophy. It was to become the permanent property of anyone who won it three consecutive times, which seemed well-nigh impossible at the time, for the landscape was dotted with first-class competitors. The donors had not figured on Miss Fritz. She retired the cup in her first three tries. *Office Appliances*, with the help of donations from most of the typewriter manufacturers, put up an even bigger, fancier cup. Miss Fritz won, for the fourth consecutive time, in 1907. And again in 1908. And again in 1909, with a net of 95 words per minute. Whereupon Miss Fritz, tucking both her trophies under her arm, retired from championship competition, undefeated and unparalleled, and let a mere man, H. O. Blaisdell, who had been finishing second to Fritz with dogged regularity, capture the crown in 1910.

Both Fritz and Blaisdell raced on Underwoods, and by the time they had chalked up eight consecutive victories between them, all the other typewriter manufacturers were slightly bored with speed championships. The Underwood No. 5, the machine of champions, was fast, but no faster than Royal, Remington, or L. C. Smith, to name a few. All speed typists realized that a champion like Rose Fritz, for instance, would have won on any old typewriter, and that in typewriter racing, unlike horse racing, the jockey is practically everything. The point had been proved repeatedly, because several speed kings and queens *had* switched from one company's stable to another's, and it had had no appreciable effect on their speed. But the man in the street couldn't help thinking that Underwood, since it always took the speed title, must be faster than other typewriters.

Underwood did have something no other company had. It was a genius named Charles E. Smith. He was the coach of the Underwood racing stable, its talent scout, and the inventor of a set of special speed typing techniques. Year after year Smith thought up some improvement in racing form and taught it to his protégés, and unless a competitor had the latest Smith secret he hardly had a chance.

The squad worked hard. A huge, loftlike room in a building at 30 Vesey Street was its gymnasium, and the purr of typewriters doing 100 words a minute and better filled the air eight hours a day, five days a week. Each typist had his own racing typewriter, an Underwood, naturally, and never let anybody borrow it, or thought of using another, for it was custom-adjusted to suit his fingers. He carried it to matches, or on exhibition tours, in a big, plush-lined case with wardrobe-trunk-type latches and special protective fittings to guard against accidental bumps or jars, and he worried about it the way a concert violinist worries about a Stradivarius, holding the huge thing on his lap, if necessary, rather than letting it be consigned to a baggage car. The machines were stock models but souped up almost beyond recognition, like a hot rod's racing automobile — especially the multitoothed wheels which controlled their carriages, which had been filed to hair-trigger delicacy; they'd let the carriage move on to the next space if anybody gave them so much as a sharp look.

The typists had to struggle to combine speed with stamina, for the championship professional course was a full hour's run. The racers had to build up endurance, and had to learn to pace themselves like mile runners. The exertion was tremendous. After an hour's race, the floor around the typists' chairs was literally wet from the perspiration that had dripped down their arms and off their elbows.

An ideal spectator sport needs a clear-cut, obvious denouement — a knockout, a touchdown, a home run, or something equivalent. Typewriter racing had no dramatic punch line, and this, as much as Smith's strangle hold on the sport, may have been its downfall. The end came with a whimper rather than a bang. Typewriter races by the hundreds are still held every year, but are small-fry stuff by comparison with the Golden Era.

Some great racers are still around and still in excellent form, notably Albert Tangora, a professional who does exhibitions wearing the Royal colors, holder of the world's record of a net 142 five-stroke words per minute set in Chicago in 1941 using a Royal Standard. (Tangora doesn't mention the fact — unless he is asked directly — that Smith trained him to race on the Underwood, and that in 1923, before the five-stroke definition of a word had been adopted, he did 147 net actual words per minute on his Underwood No. 5.) It is barely possible that speed typing contests may have a revival. But the chances are heavily against it. And for one dominant reason: all standard typewriters are a whole lot faster than typists. And Smith's squad showed, to almost everyone's satisfaction, how fast typists can be.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Men

For going on sixteen years the calm, courageous common sense of ELMER DAVIS *has helped to clear the air in this country. His style is that of a Hoosier — pithy, accurate, and penetrating; his new book,* But We Were Born Free, *published by Bobbs-Merrill, has gone through many printings this spring, and his Sunday broadcasts over the ABC network are listened to by millions. In the paper which follows he has scrutinized the latest and most controversial book about the Junior Senator from Wisconsin.*

McCARTHY: HIS ENEMIES AND HIS FRIENDS

by ELMER DAVIS

1

In a hysterical introduction to *McCarthy and His Enemies:* The Record and Its Meaning, by William F. Buckley, Jr., and L. Brent Bozell (Regnery, $5.00), William Schlamm claims that the authors — one of them the famous expert on God and man at Yale — have "liberated a territory which for four years was terrorized by the nervous shriek." The territory is that of argument about McCarthy; the nervous shriekers who have terrorized it are the people who disagree with McCarthy — "the entrenched and the conformists, the Babbitts and the snobs — utter fools," all of them. You would think from this that nothing had ever been said on McCarthy's side of the argument — that the liberals (all of whom by definition think the same thing, so that anything any liberal says must be the opinion of them all) had had all the argument to themselves.

Well, enough for the prologue, except that it calls General Eisenhower "the gentlest President this republic has ever known." The book itself is much more temperate, though the authors seem to share some of Schlamm's more dubious dogmas — notably, that there is a party line to which all liberals must and do adhere. Nevertheless, they have tried to be fair; opinions will differ as to how well they succeeded, but they did try.

Their book, however, is mistitled; it deals with only some of McCarthy's enemies. Better than half of it is devoted to his original attack on the State Department and the subsequent investigation by the Tydings committee. There are a few casual references to others of his exploits, but there is nothing about those that took up most time — the long and futile investigation at Fort Monmouth, the destructive attack on the Information Agency, or the antics of Cohn and Schine; and naturally nothing about McCarthy's lucrative authorship for Lustron, or his saving the lives of the Malmédy murderers. There is a brief final chapter on General Marshall, which does much to illuminate the bias of the authors; but most of the book is McCarthy versus Tydings.

From this examination neither Senator comes out with too much credit, though in Tydings's defense it might be noted that where there is a conflict of evidence the authors incline to believe what they want to believe. But so do many other people in this argument — by no means all of them on the same side. The Tydings committee, Buckley and Bozell believe, should have ascertained whether there were reasonable grounds for questioning the loyalty of State Department employees. They should have looked into every possibility. Instead, they investigated McCarthy's charges — in the course of which Senator Tydings, losing his temper, was sometimes pretty rough on McCarthy. Well, McCarthy's charges were what had made the noise, but the authors hold that the narrowing of the investigation to them was arbitrary and unwarranted; further, that "the hearings and report demonstrate beyond reasonable doubt that the Tydings committee, determined from the first to vindicate the State Department, consciously set out to destroy McCarthy."

In support of this view are cited a number of items — a story in *Newsweek* whose truth the authors say Tydings later acknowledged; the failure to go into the nineteen questions asked by Senator Lodge and reported in his "individual views" appended to the committee reports; the omission of a number of other points outside the McCarthy charges; the failure to turn over the Amerasia case to "a body of disinterested legal experts"; the publication of attacks on Louis Budenz's private life in the appendix to the report of the hearings (this was certainly unjustifiable); allegations unsupported by any known evidence against Alfred Kohlberg; and the failure to explain "a profoundly disturbing revelation" made by McCarthy on the Senate floor — the famous "FBI chart" of 1946 showing the number of Communists, sympathizers,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and suspects in the State Department. J. Edgar Hoover later said that the FBI had made no such chart, and the authors say that McCarthy merely "relayed information from a report [from a State Department security officer] that he had every reason to regard as authentic." The committee, say the authors, should have found out all about this; instead they merely got a statement from the State Department that none of those people were left in its service except people who had been investigated and cleared.

A man may be (or may not be), say the authors, both a security risk and a patriot, but hardly in the State Department, where the rules on loyalty and security risks are almost the same. The security standard was based on reasonable doubt; the McCarran rider gave the Secretary absolute discretion to fire anybody he distrusted; yet, in the two and a half years before McCarthy came in to save the nation there were no loyalty-risk dismissals, and only two for security risk.

Fortunately, the authors say "an evaluation of a security program must not be based on the number of scalps offered up to the public every fiscal year." Fortunately, for we have now had a year of Republican administration of State Department security under that iron man, Scott McLeod; and he had to admit that there had been only eleven cases in that time, in seven of which action had been previously started under the Democrats. What this book calls "the criminal nonchalance of State Department security practises" doesn't seem to have been so nonchalant as you might suppose (though of course even one loyalty risk is too many). More to the point is the observation that during the two years after McCarthy's attacks began, fourteen more people were fired. How many of these McCarthy had named is unknown, but the authors plausibly argue that thanks to him the Department was prodded to act on evidence it had had around all along. The Loyalty Board occasionally overruled State Department exculpations — but not often, for its chairman, Hiram Bingham, "was after all a Truman appointee"; so Mr. Buckley and Mr. Bozell evidently don't trust even that stern Republican.

Yet the authors add that "McCarthy's own behavior during the Tydings episode was far from exemplary. He showed himself to be inexperienced, or, worse still, misinformed. Some of his specific charges were exaggerated; a few had no apparent foundation whatever." For example, "he never redeemed his unredeemable pledge to reveal the names of 57 card-carrying Communists" in the State Department. Since McCarthy's peculiar arithmetic — 205–57–81 — is one of the things that most people know about him, the authors have gone into that in some detail. There is no conclusive evidence, the authors hold, whether at Wheeling (his first speech) he said 57 or 205. Later, the figure was 57 "card-carrying Communists" whom he could name, though he never did.

Actually, the authors observe, there were no card-carrying Communists anywhere in 1950; the cards had been recalled some years before. McCarthy told them afterward that it was merely a figure of speech, meaning Communists under party discipline. Perhaps, they meditate, "the complexities of the Communist problem were lost on him in the early days; or perhaps he deliberately sensationalized the evidence he possessed in order to draw attention to the gravity of the situation."

If that was what he was doing, he was following the distinguished example of Nikolai Lenin. Put on trial in the party for slander, Lenin coolly said: "I purposely chose the tone calculated to evoke in the hearer hatred, disgust, and contempt. That formulation is not designed to convince but to break the ranks; not to correct a mistake of the opponent but to annihilate him, to wipe him off the face of the earth." McCarthy's language and Lenin's about their opponents are so similar that one cannot help suspecting some similarity in their characters.

Whatever the explanation of McCarthy's language may be, it casts some doubt on his qualifications as Grand Inquisitor — except, of course, in the Dostoevskian sense.

2

Nine cases of the 81 "Communists" that McCarthy mentioned to the Senate were examined in detail before the Tydings committee; and Buckley and Bozell do not give McCarthy too much credit. They think that "on balance, Dorothy Kenyon is and has been a loyal American"; but they believe that her joining of Communist fronts made her a security risk and disqualified her for government service.

In the case of Haldore Hanson, Louis Budenz said he was a Communist, so "the committee and the Department were both obliged to find against Hanson." They were if they believe every word uttered by Budenz; some do not.

The available evidence against Philip Jessup, the authors say, "does not substantiate McCarthy's statement that he pioneered the smear campaign against Chiang Kai-shek"; but wittingly or unwittingly he gave it valuable assistance — that is, if you believe all the charges that the McCarran Committee later leveled at the Institute of Pacific Relations. The authors accept the fact that a Senate committee refused to approve Jessup as a UN delegate; they ignore the fact that the swing man on that committee, Senator Alexander Smith, expressly declared his disbelief in all the charges against Jessup, but voted against him because he was "controversial" — that is, because charges had been made.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finally there was Owen Lattimore. McCarthy "got off on the wrong foot" by calling him the top Russian spy in this country; but "McCarthy did give the committee enough leads to enable it to blow sky-high Lattimore's pretensions to being a disinterested and sedentary expert on the Far East." Also Louis Budenz had said he was a Communist. Hence, the authors conclude, "McCarthy exposed one of the most important political operators of our time." Lattimore, the authors remind us, was indicted by a grand jury; they do not note that in this country guilt is determined by a petit jury, and that the action of the grand jury might have been stimulated by the repeated demands made on the Attorney General by the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee.

They think "McCarthy cannot be called a smearer because he chooses to rely on the integrity of Budenz"; but even in dealing with the wicked Lattimore he indulged in "censurable exaggeration"; "he accomplished that rather improbable feat — he smeared Drew Pearson"; in his attack on James Wechsler he was "asking for a special form of penance" from ex-Communists; some of his attacks on other newspapers were "uncouth rather than vicious," but the attempts to scare away advertisers from *Time* and the Milwaukee *Journal* were worse than that.

Also, the authors hold that McCarthy is wrong in supposing that all people who oppose him are pro-Communist; there are people who believe "that while his activities hurt Communism some, they hurt American institutions more"; that even those who distort facts about him may be "guilty of imponderable crimes against justice," but it does not follow that one of these crimes is pro-Communism; even opposition to a tough loyalty program "raises interesting questions about the wisdom and the vision of the Liberals, but not about their loyalty." People get in McCarthy's way every time he tries to advance the goal they have in common, but they may very well do it because they are "dolts rather than traitors."

"It is certainly not characteristic of McCarthy," the authors admit, "to come forward with dispassionate recitations of the facts"; he is a prosecutor, who tries to make things look good for his side. But it might be doubted from the admissions made by the authors that he is a very reliable prosecutor. "It is clear that he has been guilty of a number of exaggerations, some of them reckless; and perhaps some of them have unjustly damaged the persons concerned beyond the mere question of their loyalty." They have indeed; yet the authors say that "his record, given his métier, is extremely good." Certainly plenty of prosecutors have been unfair to defendants; but if there are two possible explanations for a man's behavior "McCarthy insists that we cannot afford to act on any but the hypothesis that favors our national security." It is a method, the authors admit, "in many respects as revolutionary as the Communist movement itself" (it certainly makes accusation equivalent to conviction); "we live in an unbrave new world, in which certain cherished habits of mind are not only inappropriate but suicidal."

3

WELL, what is this unbrave new world? "The United States is at war against international Communism, and McCarthyism is a program of action against those in our land who help the enemy." Here is that blend of truth and exaggeration which is characteristic of McCarthyism. We are certainly not at peace with *imperialistic* Communism (if it stayed at home in Russia it would give us little trouble); and we never shall be until Communist leaders cease to believe in Communism, and dare to admit it. But we are not dropping hydrogen bombs on Moscow, nor is Moscow dropping them on us; precisely what action is useful in this situation, at any particular time, is not easy to determine. Indeed, the damage McCarthy has done to the State Department and the army has helped the enemy far more than anybody he has attacked has helped the enemy. And when he is wrong, as he so often is, it is not clear why he should be allowed to hit the innocent.

Here is one of a number of points which make the reader wonder just how Buckley and Bozell collaborated. The book often reads like the work of a man (I have no idea which one) with reasonable ideas, who wants to be fair, revised and stiffened by somebody of a much sterner sort. On pages 299–301 there is a convincing analysis of why McCarthy is wrong in holding that people who disagree with him are Communists or pro-Communists; yet only a few pages earlier the authors (or one author) were apparently very happy over "McCarthy's blows to the soft underbelly of American Liberals." They point out that McCarthy's speech attacking Archibald MacLeish, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., "Richard" DeVoto, and other advisers of Adlai Stevenson did not call these men Communists. (Naturally not; McCarthy was not on the Senate floor or before a committee, and had no immunity against a libel suit.) The men he was attacking, according to Buckley and Bozell, were only "atheistic, soft-headed, anti-anti-Communist ADA Liberals."

And such men had better look out. "Some day, the patience of Americans may at last be exhausted, and we will strike out against Liberals. Not because they are treacherous like Communists; but because, with James Burnham, we will conclude that they are mistaken in their predictions, false in their analyses, wrong in their advice, and injurious to the interests of the nation."

For what it comes down to is that it doesn't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much matter whether a man is a Communist or not. "We intend to eliminate traitors not so much because treason is wicked but because it gets in the way of American interests. . . . When we speak of personnel who frustrate the advancement of American interests we speak of a group which includes some men who are not traitors, men whose only fault may be that they are incompetent political analysts, men of bad judgment. The merely incompetent men must go out with the traitor." There couldn't be much argument against that except the question, what is the national interest at a particular time? The authors pour scorn on the liberals who ask that; but a little earlier they had expressed more exactly what they mean — and what, if it comes to that, we all usually mean — "the national interest *as we see it*." And under our system, they correctly observe, that decision is made "by the people acting through their elected representatives."

So it is; but it seems doubtful whether the authors often agreed with the decision during the Truman and Roosevelt administrations. They had a perfect right to disagree with it, of course; but the nation's record would indicate that the judgment of the men in office was on the whole better than that of their critics.

4

The right approach in sensitive agencies, the authors think, is the McCarran rider — the head man can fire anybody he wants to fire. Loyalty and security boards should not insist on quasi-judicial procedures which are inappropriate in such cases; the presumption of innocence will remain the major barrier "so long as these adjudications resemble criminal trials"; justice is not the major objective, the national interest is the major objective.

The board which hears cases in the State Department (whether in any department is not clear) should consist of security officers; the decision to fire a man on security or loyalty grounds should be made by the chief security officer because the chances are overwhelmingly against the Secretary's knowing enough about Communist infiltration techniques; but on "policy risks" (that is, people who might not go along with the Secretary's decisions) the Secretary should do the firing.

With this last point everybody would agree; you can't have a man in any department who won't go along with his boss's policies. But just exactly where to draw the line again leaves the way open to argument. The authors of this book would take a very stiff line; they think George Kennan belonged out because his name stood for the policy of containment; John Stewart Service and John Carter Vincent were damned because they stood for a China policy that didn't work (the authors are sure they know why it didn't work); and it is strongly hinted that Charles Bohlen might well have gone out too, because he wouldn't condemn the Yalta agreement.

"This is not by any means," the authors assure us, "to suggest that the State Department should embark on a wholesale purge of its personnel after each national election." But we are far, they hold, from the British position of having a completely nonpartisan and indeed "indifferent" civil service. That "it works in England," they say, is no answer at all. Well, many things work in England that wouldn't work here; but perhaps the most remarkable thing about this book is that nowhere do the authors mention Canada. Now Canada is, with the possible exception of Australia, the country most like the United States; it is a rich country, a large country, a powerful country for its population; and it was attacked by the same Communist methods that hit us. Yet there is no McCarthyism in Canada; and attempts to filter it over the border immediately rouse almost as much and as heated resistance as ever met the invasions of William Henry Harrison or Jacob Brown.

Canada is not shot through with Communist infiltration, nor is it feeble in resisting it. But it does not conduct its investigations through parliamentary committees, headed by men who are looking for the power they can get from publicity. It puts the work in the hands of responsible men and, as William H. Hessler has said, does not allow it to become a "political circus"; so far as we can see, it gets at least as good results in dealing with real subversives, and does not allow smearing of people whose subversion is open to grave doubt.

The authors make one suggestion that could be a very good one: that there should be a joint standing committee of House and Senate "patterned on the Committee on Atomic Energy," whose members should be permitted to receive copies of all security information in executive files (except the names of confidential informants and so on) and would be told by Congress to keep it confidential. The substitution of one committee for three competing for publicity (and working over, very often, the same people) would certainly be an improvement; especially if it were like the Atomic Energy Committee, which almost alone of Congressional committees knows how to keep its mouth shut. But people in this business have no desire to keep their mouths shut; set up such a committee of both houses, and who would be on it? McCarthy, McCarran, Jenner, Velde, Clardy — the same old crew, leaking everything they hear.

And the authors are sure that we need McCarthy and McCarthyism — which existed while he was still signing pamphlets for Lustron, and indeed while he was a judge in Wisconsin, notable chiefly for the ease with which you could get a divorce in his court. "For nearly three decades a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An unusual DEMONSTRATION OFFER to readers of TASTE and INTELLIGENCE

This remarkable opportunity is offered for one reason only—to DEMONSTRATE the kind of rewarding new books you can now get at substantial *cash savings* through the Atlantic Monthly Book Club.

If you act now, you may take any THREE of the fine books pictured here—all for only $2.95 with membership. Mail the coupon without delay.

Take any THREE of these books for only $2.95 WITH MEMBERSHIP

Values up to $16.75

LOOK AT THE BOOKS pictured above, and you will know instantly why the Atlantic Monthly Book Club has attracted so many readers of taste and intelligence.

Now this Club makes you an extraordinary offer: Choose any THREE of these excellent books for yourself, and receive them at once for only $2.95 with membership! They are worth up to $16.75 in publishers' retail editions.

Why this offer is made

Each year, perhaps a score or more books are published with a special appeal for the more discriminating reader. However, their very excellence usually prevents them from being chosen by any of the "mass market" book clubs.

Through the Atlantic Monthly Book Club you can now get these outstanding volumes at *substantial cash savings*—sometimes as high as 40% and more. You take only those books you want; as few as four a year if you wish. You may receive and examine them *before* you pay for them. And each book is described to you well IN ADVANCE by the club's distinguished Board of Editors—Edward Weeks, Charles Morton and Charles Rolo.

Valuable Bonus Books, Too

With every fourth selection you purchase, you receive a valuable Bonus Gift Book. Thus you save money in *two ways*. And you may resign any time after you accept four selections.

Simply pick any three books described at the right. They are yours for only $2.95 (plus few cents for shipping) as a special demonstration to new members!

Mail the coupon now to ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB, Dept. A-4, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

MAIL ENTIRE COUPON TO:
The Atlantic Monthly Book Club, Dept. A-4
8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

Send me at once the THREE titles I have checked below, two as my enrollment gifts and one as my first selection, and bill me only $2.95, plus a few cents for shipping. Forthcoming selections will be described to me IN ADVANCE, and I may decline any book simply by returning a printed form. You will send me a valuable FREE BONUS BOOK each time I purchase four additional selections or alternates. My only obligation is to accept four selections or alternates in the first year I am a member, and I may resign at any time after accepting four such books.
Guarantee: If not completely satisfied, I may return my first shipment within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

CHECK YOUR 3 BOOKS HERE

☐ **LELIA: The Life of George Sand.** *By Andre Maurois.* Full length portrait of the extraordinary being that was George Sand—unconventional queen of French letters. Illustrated. *List price: $5.00.*

☐ **RUSSIAN ASSIGNMENT.** *By Adm. Leslie C. Stevens.* "Perceptive and absorbing personal record of more than two crowded years in Russia."—N. Y. Times Book Review. *List price: $5.75.*

☐ **WHO LIVED HERE: Historic New England Houses and Their Occupants.** *By M. A. DeWolfe Howe.* Handsome, large-format treasury of old homes, with photographs by Samuel Chamberlain. *List price: $6.00.*

☐ **MEN AT ARMS.** *By Evelyn Waugh.* Superb and witty novel of a tradition-laden British regiment, which is invaded by "temporary" officers. *List price: $3.50.*

☐ **PERIOD PIECE.** *By Gwen Raverat.* Pungent book of reminiscences by Charles Darwin's granddaughter. "Every page is a delight"—The New Yorker. *List price: $3.75.*

☐ **THE WILD PLACE.** *By Kathryn Hulme.* An American woman's dramatic experiences running a D.P. camp in Germany. *List price: $3.75.*

☐ **HORNBLOWER AND THE ATROPOS.** *By C. S. Forester.* Latest novel of Horatio Hornblower—crowded with sunken gold and breath-taking action. *List price: $3.50.*

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____ A-5

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

handful of prophets — an American Resistance — tried to alert the nation to the Communist threat." It is conceivable that if they failed to alert us as much as they hoped, it was because the Fascist threat — *which this book never mentions* — was more immediate and more dangerous. The defeat of that threat undoubtedly made many people realize that there was still another threat behind it, but this is concealed from the authors; they ascribe the growing realization only to the fact that "one spy scandal after another rocked the nation" — which is part of the truth but far from all. "By 1950 a genuine mobilization was under way, and Senator McCarthy — having been fairly recently mobilized himself — became one of its leaders." And now, if he should be discredited, "the mobilization will lose momentum, and perhaps grind to a dead halt."

This seems doubtful, in view of the authors' insistence that McCarthy has merely "hardened an existing conformity" in American opinion — conformity which excludes only Communist ideas. In spite of that, McCarthyism has aroused "the resolute and impassioned opposition of the intelligentsia" (apparently meaning the liberals — which is a surprising and in my opinion unwarranted implication that there is no conservative intelligentsia). But the intelligentsia, say Buckley and Bozell, "are confused, they have misread history, they fail to understand social processes"; also, they don't really feel the faith they express in democracy. If they did, presumably they would go along with the opinion of an entirely hypothetical majority without ever trying to change it.

Communism, say the authors, has had a fair hearing in this country (as it has); we have rejected it (as we have); now we are at war with it, and there are many courses of action open to us. "McCarthyism is a weapon in the American arsenal; to the extent that out of ignorance or impetuosity or malice it urges the imposition of sanctions on persons who are not pro-Communists or security risks, we should certainly oppose it"; we should "go to the rescue of well meaning Liberals." But so long as "it fixes its goal with its present precision, it is a movement around which men of good will and stern morality can close ranks."

Which again raises the question, how precise is the present precision of McCarthyism? Some light on the authors' point of view is thrown by their final appendix on what they call "the George Marshall episode."

This was McCarthy's speech on the Senate floor, and of course under senatorial immunity, in June, 1951, accusing General Marshall of participation if not leadership in "a great conspiracy, a conspiracy of infamy so black that when it is finally exposed, its principals shall be forever deserving of the maledictions of all honest men." And so on, for sixty thousand words. It is true, as the authors point out, that McCarthy did not call Marshall a traitor in plain language; but "it is unreasonable to conclude that he was charging Marshall with anything less than pro-Communism," on the contention that "on those issues on which the interests of the Western powers and those of Russia conflicted, Marshall consistently sided with the policy urged by Russia." And they do not exculpate McCarthy, as they might plausibly have done, by saying that he was merely the mouthpiece for an attack written and designed by somebody else.

Nevertheless, Buckley and Bozell point out that McCarthy's conclusions were "based on a dangerous and unusual brand of reasoning" which, logically carried out, "would also brand Roosevelt and Truman as disloyal" (and, it might be remarked, President Eisenhower too). The authors, so far as can be gathered from their somewhat obscure language, do not charge any of the three Presidents with treason; and they assure us that "Marshall's loyalty is not doubted in any reasonable quarter."

Buckley and Bozell stand up for the loyalty of George Marshall. This is the greatest lift to American prestige since Cohn and Schine, after two or three hours in London, announced that Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich was doing a pretty good job for a man who had been there only two or three months.

Further, for imputing treason to Marshall "McCarthy deserves to be criticized; his judgment was bad." But those who think that something else was bad and not his judgment are answered by the argument that he was quite right in "cutting Marshall down to size; he probably merits the title of America's most disastrous general."

Well, he commanded the United States Army in the biggest war we ever fought, and we won it. The books published by Mr. Regnery usually argue, if not that we should not have won it, at least that we should not have fought it; that we should have left Hitler the master of Europe and the Japanese the masters of Asia. We could hardly have helped fighting that war when the Japanese had attacked us and Hitler had declared war on us; but the argument is that we provoked them by our earlier measures — Lend-Lease and so on. Those measures were taken, however, by what Buckley and Bozell call "the people acting through their elected representatives" — the President and Congress; if it is wicked for the liberals to argue against what is so far a purely conjectural majority, it is difficult to see why Buckley and Bozell argue against measures adopted by an actual majority, manifested in repeated votes of Congress. If such measures, or the reaction to them, bring on a war, it is the business of the army to fight it, and if possible to win it. Marshall won it.

What shall we say, then, of men who call him "America's most disastrous general"? Well, it might be charitable to emulate their own charity to the liberals and conclude that they are "dolts rather than traitors."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHICH WRITING COURSE SHALL I CHOOSE?

Our suggestion: Look before you buy!

With all the claims and counter-claims these days, it's no wonder a prospective writing student becomes confused.

One school hints that you need but climb aboard their wagon and ride to sudden riches. Another suggests that writing is so easy you ought to be ashamed for not taking it up ages ago. And of course every school, including ours, insists that theirs is the best in the world and that their instructors are too (if they are not actually out of this world).

Well, there is only one way to make sure, and that is to examine the course itself. Our course is just as fine as we can make it. We believe our text, revised every few years by the man who wrote it, is the most up-to-date on the market. But you are not going to believe that unless you have a chance to see it.

So if you are really doubtful about choosing your writing course, shop around! Fill out and mail the coupon below and we'll send you a sample chapter of our text. Ask the other courses to do the same. Then take the one that seems best suited to YOU. We believe most of you will prefer ours, because the Magazine Institute Course deals with *today's* writing problems in *today's* language, and is operated by men and women who are active in *today's* book and magazine market.

Our Staff Includes:

ROBERT SMITH

Author: *Hotel on the Lake; The Human Image; Baseball; One Winter in Boston; Writing Fiction; Little League Catcher; Heroes of Baseball* and many short stories.

ROBERT ARTHUR, well known writer of detective fiction; former writer-producer Mutual Broadcasting Company; former editor Dell, Fawcett, and Street & Smith Publications; short stories in *Argosy, Colliers, Blue Book,* etc.

JACK WOODFORD, author of *Trial and Error; Writer's Cramp;* 40 published novels and over 2000 short stories; former script writer for M-G-M, Warners and Universal Films. And other successful writers and editors.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE CHAPTER TODAY

Write for FREE catalog describing the Magazine Institute Plan and providing other information of value to beginning writers. Inquirers also receive THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD, which lists unsolicited testimonials from successful Magazine Institute students. Fill out the coupon below and mail it TODAY.

IMPORTANT:

To receive sample chapter of text be sure to mention Dept. 15-F

The MAGAZINE INSTITUTE

Rockefeller Center

50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

(Licensed by the State of New York)

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC.
Dept. 15-F
50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center
New York 20, N. Y.

Please send, without obligation, sample chapter of course and your current catalog to:

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(Inquiries Confidential • No Salesman Will Call)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

This is being written at the fag end of March when the eyes and mind find their greatest refreshment in anticipation of the May to come. Signals are plentiful that it is on its way. The buds on the magnolias along Commonwealth Avenue are ready to shed their velvet hoods, and in the Public Garden there is just a shadow of green in the tracery of the beeches. The vinegar sunlight has got into the Boston pigeons, and on the window ledge they puff and bow and pair with a persistence most distracting to an editor who is dictating. The dogs feel it. In their cavorting, the Poodles bounce as if they were inflated. There is a young lady Weimaraner who shows her flirtation for my Kerry Blue by cutting a swath around him faster than I can spin and then suddenly pouncing on him with all her springing weight. If I didn't keep him on a lead, they would be in the next county; and one way or another these cartwheels wind us into a lovely mess. Dear to me are a pair of Boxers who tow a middle-aged matron through the Common; and if she ever makes the mistake of getting off her heels, she is accelerated through space as though she were the White Queen.

You show your anticipation by what you buy. Men buy varnish for fly rods, paint for their boats, a gay golf shirt of wool for the early rounds, a hedge clipper. If they are feeling particularly jaunty, they buy a bow tie in polka dots, and they fool around with the notion of wearing a fancy vest.

Women buy hats. You can see the glow of satisfaction on their faces as they start for home with a new hatbox. Since I am still recovering from the lumps I received some months ago when I spoke my mind about open-toed shoes, wedgies, and those other horrors of the female foot, I shall be discreet in what I say about the bonnets for spring. To men it seems strange that women are so obsessed with the front view. A good hat should be becoming from the side and back as well, but in these days of cropped hair and scraggly napes, few are. To men it seems strange that women's hats are so typed: the short stouts have such a definite preference for inverted soup plates, the Helen Hokinsons for the high baskets, the brisk and lean for navy blue and white. Fur bands for the blondes in mink, and poke-your-eye-out feathers for those who wear bracelets by the pound.

Easter brings a change: bright spring flowers mounted on white pancakes of straw, a little difficult to balance if the brim be wide and the west wind strong, but a change and a tonic for both sexes. A week before Easter a man will see one or two hats so fetching he wishes his wife had bought them; and if he be a nonesuch he may actually buy one out of a window and bring it home. This has been known to succeed.

But a week after Easter the streets are full of similarities; five women out of six are crowned with that clutch of pansies, cornflowers, roses, daisies, or violets; and now when the eye begins to rove, you are likely to notice a young woman, a very young woman, her hair sleek and glossy and no hat at all. Men are hard to please.

Writer on the way

***Scenes and Portraits*, Van Wyck Brooks's** "memories of childhood and youth" (Dutton, $4.50), is a book charming and reticent by turn. Every autobiographer must determine how far he will take the reader into his confidence, and in Mr. Brooks's case there are times when even as I applaud I wish he had told us more. Many of the places he describes are familiar to me, and I share in his nostalgia for New Jersey and, in particular, Plainfield, where his father was one of the less well-to-do. His dearest friend was Max Perkins, who introduced him to New England, first to the Evarts homestead at Windsor, Vermont, and then to Cambridge, where they shared their undergraduate years at Harvard. New England, even when he came to write about it, was always a little "alien" to Van Wyck Brooks, and we can see that he was not an easy man to teach. In a fine passage of self-analysis he tells us why Copey found him "wilful and stubborn," and why he learned more from Irving Babbitt than from any of the other great teachers then in Cambridge.

Van Wyck Brooks in London after graduation was alone and on the periphery. He worked in a literary agency and he kept his literary aspirations

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The editor went that way

There are two ways, usually, to find facts. One, go out and dig them up yourself. Two, go find an expert. When it came to writing the "Helicopter" article for World Book Encyclopedia, both methods were used.

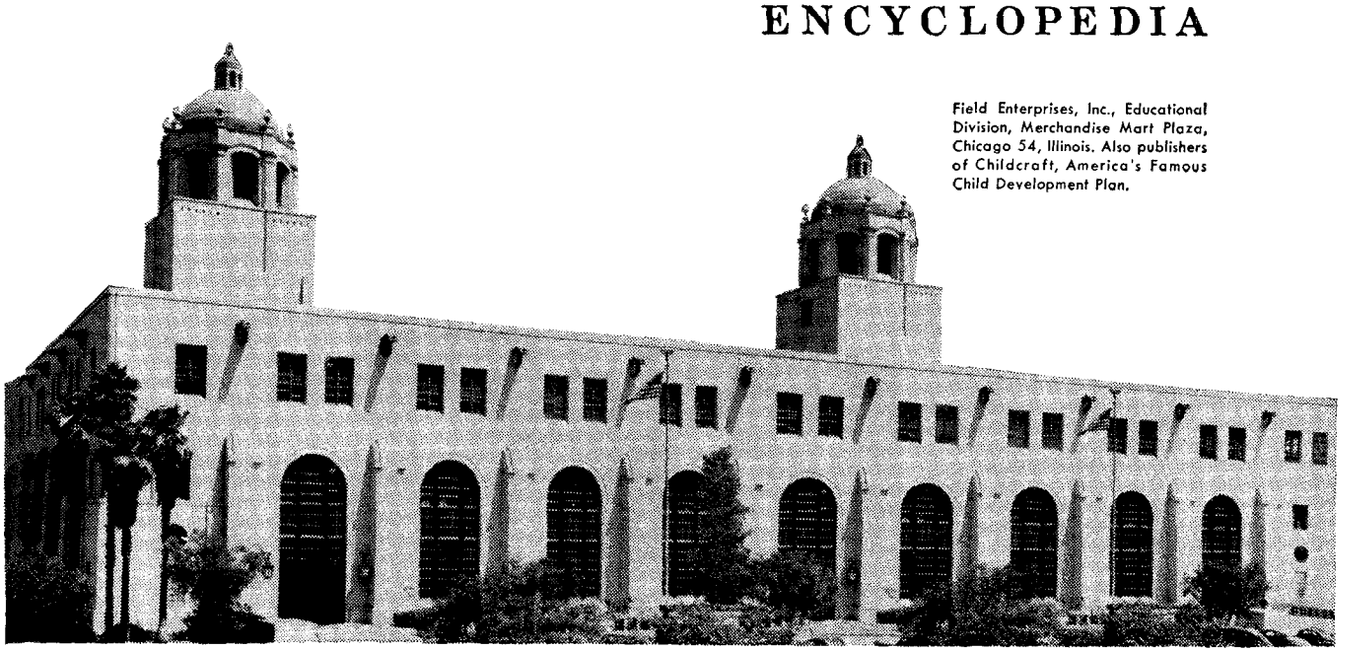
The expert consulted is a world-renowned aeronautical engineer who built the first practical single motor helicopter. It was he who wrote the helicopter article for World Book.

And as for the "go out and dig up the facts for yourself" way, a World Book editor went on a flight in a helicopter so he'd understand first hand how it works. His experience was invaluable in editing the article and in planning the informative 2-page diagram on how a helicopter flies.

Simplicity is one of the requirements for every World Book article, along with completeness, authenticity, readability. All these help, year after year, to keep World Book first choice of America's schools and libraries.

World Book
ENCYCLOPEDIA

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois. Also publishers of Childcraft, America's Famous Child Development Plan.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alive by doing the hack work of the moment — abridging the autobiography of Geronimo, writing articles on American railroads and Tammany Hall and the "Religion of Theodore Roosevelt." He saw the great at a distance — Henry James on a lecture platform, Barrie passing him on the street; and the less great he saw and kept at arm's length. He writes vividly of the intellectuals, most in thumbnail sketches, a few — Max Perkins, Hans Zinsser, and J. B. Yeats, the Irish painter and father of the poet — in affectionate detail.

The book shows us how a young teacher, critic, and interpreter summoned the resolution and ability to free-lance. His nostalgia is sometimes exaggerated, as when he tells us that there were more than a hundred millionaires living in Plainfield; his English sometimes spotty, as when he writes of Max Perkins's office: "two pictures always faced him on the wall behind the desk"; the personal connections sometimes vague, as in the long dim account of Madame Ruttkay — but these vagaries are counterbalanced by the clarity and eloquence with which he approaches his first important book, *America's Coming-of-Age.*

A floating factory

To anyone who has seen or smelled a dead whale, a book about whales, blubber, and the Antarctic will seem pretty lugubrious unless in it one is made privy to the real story of the men who do the whaling. In 1950, **Dr. R. B. Robertson,** who has just published his ***Of Whales and Men*** (Knopf, $4.50), accepted an appointment as the Senior Medical Officer for a pelagic whaling expedition which would take him to the Antarctic on a voyage of not less than eight months. He was a Scot, thirty-seven years old, a veteran of two wars, and he knew how to handle men although unfamiliar with the Norwegians who formed such a large part of his crew.

Dr. Robertson had medical and psychiatric cases different from anything he had known in Libya or Abyssinia. His floating factory was a lummox of a ship, not much smaller than the *Queen Mary,* with a stern runway up which the blue whales (a poor day's catch worth $72,000) would be hauled and then be dissected and stuffed into stewpots. He would cover some 48,000 miles and in the course of the voyage would come to know as intimately as only a doctor can the good ones, the bad ones, and the mediocrities in this extraordinary gang of seamen, harpoon hunters, bone-saw men, chemists, and engineers. There were fifty gallons of ethyl alcohol in the laboratory stores, which he was advised to keep away from natural-born bootleggers; there would be gales, icebergs, and injuries to contend with; best of all, there would be human nature — hardy, resourceful, gutty, and sardonic — to observe and to record. Dr. Robertson could never have written this breezy book had he been less well liked by the crew.

Ideals in education

In his ***Essays on Education*** (Yale University Press, $2.75) **A. Whitney Griswold,** President of Yale, shows himself to be humane and witty, eager and firm-minded. His papers are stiffened with solid facts and a scholar's indignation. He denounces the prevailing attitude that the liberal arts, and in particular the humanities, are a luxury in our time of crisis. On the contrary, he argues, they are "the stimulus and discipline of the mind that best fits it for individual responsibility." The key word here is "individual," for President Griswold repeatedly asserts that individual intelligence, individual achievement, individual dignity, are our brightest objectives and that our civilization cannot survive if these are suppressed.

He blames the lack of money and an ambivalent public attitude for much of the trouble in our schools. We prize and distrust scholarship; we will not pay for decent classrooms and adequate teaching in our public schools; we are deluded by a narrow vocationalism, and confused as to the real purpose of a university. We ask for athletic entertainment and social advantages; we infringe upon the college's freedom of inquiry. Consequently, we do not always receive genuine education.

His ideal is the whole man, who knows how to enjoy the leisure which machines have given him, "who prefers the better because he understands the worse," who knows that privilege means responsibility. This idealism he has transmitted to the reader in essays that are genial, practical in their recommendations, and admirable in purpose.

An Antilles legend

Patrick Leigh Fermor's *The Violins of Saint-Jacques* (Harper, $2.75) is an elegant, baroque fantasy, filled with brilliant color and lush detail, ending with a display of fireworks and yet maintaining an effect of reality most unusual in a novel of this type. It purports to account for an Antilles legend of music undersea, and the author keeps perfect balance between the fairy-tale glitter proper to a half-legendary story and the human details which turn legend into fact. The volcanic island of Saint-Jacques in the French Antilles is described by Berthe de Rennes, who went there as a young woman at the turn of the century to be governess and companion to the daughter of a distant cousin. She found the island, her charming, gently eccentric relatives, and the lazy, luxurious colonial life equally enchanting. Even the difficulties of a society much given to intrigue and brawls were of small moment, although they make for lively reading. The final explosion, human and volcanic, is a fascinating business. Berthe pays the traditional price for a trip into magic country — that is, she can neither return nor settle back comfortably in the normal world. The reader, luckily, can have all the fun while remaining safely on solid ground.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A really extraordinary achievement,

a masterly synthesis of all of the diverse fields of scientific knowledge that bear on the problems of relations between population and resources . . . absorbing reading." —MARSTON BATES, *N. Y. Times*

"If we choose to remain ignorant of the facts in this great book, we choose a fool's paradise."—H. J. MULLER, *Nobel Prizeman*

by HARRISON BROWN $3.75

THE CHALLENGE OF MAN'S FUTURE

THE VIKING PRESS

An American liberal, an ex-Communist, tells of the strange appeal that Communism once had for men of good will like himself. This provocative book tells what the experience meant to him, how he got out, and what we should do now to fight Communism at home. $3.50

WHERE WE CAME OUT

by GRANVILLE HICKS

"A spectacular story" —EDWARD WEEKS, *The Atlantic*

JOHN MASTERS, with his fourth novel of India, achieves major stature and a new pinnacle of success!*

A superb story of modern India in ferment, by the author of *Nightrunners of Bengal, The Deceivers,* and *The Lotus and the Wind.* "The growing tension as plot after plot fails or succeeds, the violent acts in which all sides are involved, the sense of urgency and the threat of collapse, make this a brilliantly exciting story." —GILBERT HIGHET, *Harper's*

BHOWANI JUNCTION

*A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection $3.75

Rowdy, rollicking, warm and wonderful

—the most irresistible book Fowler ever wrote!

This uninhibited volume started out to be a sober biography of that incredible man, Sadakichi Hartmann, art critic, poet, and moocher extraordinary, who for some eighty years never once retracted his ardent claim to genius. With the bibulous help of several friends, including John Barrymore, W. C. Fields and John Decker, Gene Fowler somehow never finished that masterly life story. Instead, he gives us an utterly delightful and zany account of those gatherings when Hartmann's alleged friends met to pay him ribald homage, to outdrink each other when possible, and to indulge in some of the funniest and wildest discussions ever to be set down in a book.

Photographic endpapers $3.75

MINUTES of the LAST MEETING

by GENE FOWLER

The new Caldecott Medal winner

A magnificently illustrated tale of the irrepressible Madeline in Paris. $3.00

MADELINE'S RESCUE

by LUDWIG BEMELMANS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS *The Editors Like*

Fiction

THE HORSEMAN ON THE ROOF *by Jean Giono.* (Knopf, $4.00.) The adventures of a high-minded, peppery Italian officer who, caught in the cholera plague of 1838, virtually bushwhacks his way across Provence make a continually interesting, almost picaresque novel.

THE SNAKE LADY AND OTHER STORIES *by Vernon Lee.* (Grove, $3.50.) Violet Paget, who wrote as Vernon Lee, was a late Victorian specialist in baroque fantasy and semisupernatural terror. The stories reprinted here are fine stuff for anyone who enjoys a cauld grue.

THE NEWCOMER *by Clyde Brion Davis.* (Lippincott, $2.75.) Young Henry Trotter records his agonies and errors in establishing himself at a new school with all the seriousness of a statesman writing his memoirs. The book is a beguiling, tongue-in-cheek tour de force.

THE SECRET STREAM *by Marcel Aymé.* (Harper, $2.75.) A Jack the Ripper murder sets off uproar with political complications in a French town, and while the author's thesis (poverty=virtue; steady income=depravity) is dubious, he spins an absorbing tale.

Army and Navy

COMMAND MISSIONS *by Lt. General L. K. Truscott, Jr.* (Dutton, $7.50.) A commander in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and France, the author tells of his experiences vividly and with considerable literary skill, and is extraordinarily forthright, for a general, in his comments on his colleagues.

THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE AND ADMIRAL RICKOVER *by Clay Blair, Jr.* (Holt, $3.50.) The backstage dissension in the Navy over the development of the atomic submarine is described here from the point of view of Admiral Hyman Rickover, who originated the scheme, and it's as fascinating as a good sea battle.

THE MIDGET RAIDERS *by C. E. T. Warren and James Benson.* (Sloane, $4.50.) The story of the human torpedoes and midget submarines used by the British Navy during World War II is hair-raising, for these contraptions, dangerous at best, were also prone to alarming and improbable accidents.

Literary Men

JOHN KEATS: THE LIVING YEAR *by Robert Gittings.* (Harvard University Press, $3.50.) In this study of Keats's life and reading during the year of his greatest poetry, Mr. Gittings plausibly redates a sonnet and turns up an unsuspected lady.

IT ISN'T THIS TIME OF YEAR AT ALL! *by Oliver St. John Gogarty.* (Doubleday, $3.50.) The witty, opinionated memoirs of an Irishman who seems to have known everybody, tried everything, and loved every minute of it.

THE PROUSTIAN VISION *by Milton Hindus.* (Columbia University Press, $4.00.) The author's discussion of Proust's ideas on love, philosophy, society, and kindred topics is highly individual but well reinforced with references to Proust's work.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

"It is a difficult thing to be an American," Archibald MacLeish observed a couple of decades ago, and apparently we still find it something of a problem, judging from the stream of articles and books explaining American life to Americans. I would wager at long odds that no other country in the free world remotely approaches the United States in its per capita production of words dedicated to probing or boosting or blasting the national way of life. Last month I paid my respects to Louis Kronenberger's *Company Manners*, a sparkling inquiry into American culture with a pointedly critical accent. Now there appears another rewarding addition to the literature of self-scrutiny: ***God's Country and Mine*** (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $5.00) by **Jacques Barzun,** who came to the United States from France after the First World War ("in short pants and ignorant of baseball") and who describes his book as "A declaration of love spiced with a few harsh words."

My declaration of enthusiasm for Mr. Barzun's essay as a whole must be prefaced with a few harsh words about the early pages. In dealing with Europe's anti-Americanism, Barzun sometimes slips into the key of, We're better than you — so boo!; and his vague references to "goosestep," "frozen hierarchies," and "barked command" make one wonder whether he has taken a good look around Western Europe since 1945. It would have been more in keeping with the over-all wisdom and acuteness of his book for him to start off by reminding us that a nation which loves to preach righteousness to others should stop petulantly overreacting to foreign criticism, a good deal of which is corroborated, with minor variations, in the comments of loving observers such as Barzun himself.

Mr. Barzun, as faithful readers of this magazine know, is a scholar endowed with a lively intellect, a civilized wit, and a fluent, graceful prose style which is always a pleasure to read. His new book ranges, discerningly and entertainingly, over most aspects of American life. Many of the complaints that Americans and foreigners advance against this way of life are traceable, says Barzun, either to the forcing of the pace by machinery or the balking of the individual will by the supremacy of the many. These complaints, in effect, are bound up with the blessings of mass-production democracy; and those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

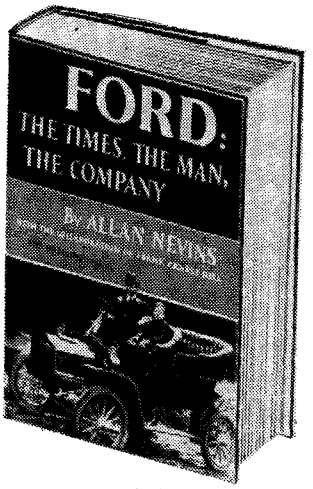
Allan Nevins'

FORD

THE TIMES, THE MAN, THE COMPANY

"A landmark contribution to American industrial history . . . So long as there is any curiosity about either the man or the car, Allan Nevins' book will be sought out and read." — *Front page review, N. Y. Times Book Review.*

Prepared with the collaboration of Frank Ernest Hill, under the auspices of Columbia University.



64 pages of illustrations.
704 pages. *$6.75*

Alan Moorehead's

RUM JUNGLE

One of today's finest journalists takes you into Australia's wilderness country — a vast, incredibly wild region of animals and aborigines. Here is a humorous, anecdotal description of one of the world's last frontiers.
32 pages of photographs. *$3.50*

Charles A. Lindbergh's

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

The greatest adventure story of our time continues as an outstanding best-seller. "It has a timeless quality and an authentic strength and beauty that should cause it to be read by this generation and by many following — as long, in fact, as anyone is left who cares for fine writing and high courage."
— *J. P. Marquand, Book-of-the-Month Club News*
Profusely illustrated *$5.00*

Reinhold Niebuhr

CHRISTIAN REALISM AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS

Essays on Political, Social, Ethical, and Theological Themes.
$3.00

Susanne K. Langer

FEELING AND FORM

A Theory of Art Developed from PHILOSOPHY IN A NEW KEY.
Illustrated *$7.00*

Alan Villiers

THE WAY OF A SHIP

The History, Handling, Performance, and Heroic End of the Cape Horn Ship.
Illustrated *$7.50*

James A. Pike

BEYOND ANXIETY

The Christian Answer to Fear, Frustration, Guilt, Inhibition, Indecision, Loneliness, Despair. *$2.75*

George Santayana

THE LIFE OF REASON

A special new one-volume edition, revised by Santayana. *$6.50*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Publishers of the DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY and the DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN HISTORY

At all bookstores

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harper Highspots

GENERAL MARK W. CLARK

From the Danube to the Yalu

"Years of head-knocking with the Russians taught me what it is the Communists respect," says General Clark. In this urgent and outspoken book, the former Commander-in-Chief in the Far East looks back on his seven-year struggle against Communist power and gives a blow-by-blow account of the events which determined the Korean Armistice and all that has followed from it.

Illustrated with 16 pages of photographs

$5.00

WILLIAM S. WHITE

The Taft Story

An informal, intimate, unbiased portrait of "Mr. Republican"—by a member of the *New York Times'* Washington Bureau.

"Magnificent . . . an objective and understanding study of one of the most important figures of our time."
—ARTHUR KROCK

Illustrated with 16 pages of photographs.

$3.50

ANNE PARRISH

And Have Not Love

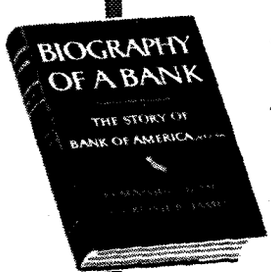
The new novel by the author of *The Perennial Bachelor* and *A Clouded Star*—the fascinating portrait of a supremely selfish woman. $3.50

JOHN BROOKS

A Pride of Lions

The author of the best-selling *The Big Wheel* tells, in his new novel, the deeply human story of an American town and an American family. $3.50

MARQUIS JAMES AND BESSIE R. JAMES



Biography of a Bank

THE STORY OF BANK OF AMERICA

The noted historian and Pulitzer Prize biographer tells the story of the world's largest bank, and the amazing careers of the Gianninis, father and son, who defied outmoded conventions to make Bank of America a mighty institution—and the servant of millions of plain people as well.

8 pages of illustrations. Indexed.

$5.00

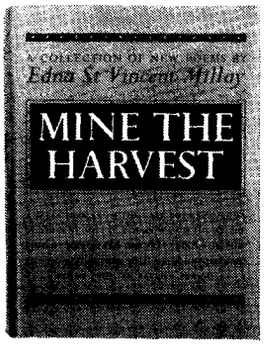
AT ALL BOOKSTORES

HARPER & BROTHERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARPER & BROTHERS HAS THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE

PUBLICATION OF AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK OF POEMS —



THE FIRST IN 14 YEARS BY ONE OF AMERICA'S BEST AND BEST-LOVED POETS

Edna St. Vincent Millay

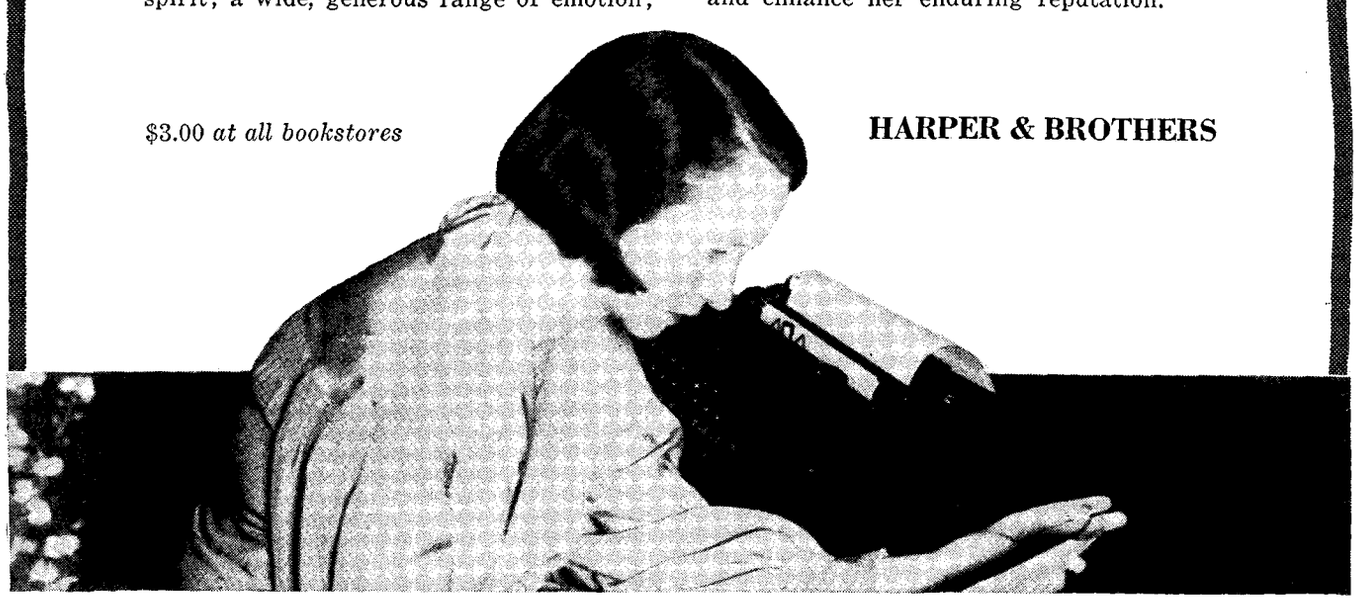
MINE THE HARVEST

This collection of new verse, which Edna St. Vincent Millay was preparing for publication prior to her death in 1950, will surely be the most distinguished volume of poetry to be published this year. It contains more than 60 poems — none of them ever before printed in book form.

The poet's sister, Norma Millay, has selected the poems included in *Mine the Harvest,* and they display extraordinary gifts in abundance: caustic wit and warm, comic spirit; a wide, generous range of emotion; courage; an enduring love of beauty in all its forms — the virtues of a fine, passionate nature, made eloquent by a pure lyric gift. Among the pages of *Mine the Harvest* are some of the finest sonnets Edna St. Vincent Millay ever wrote — and in all the poems, the experimental as well as the traditional, readers will find lines of passion, lyricism and unforgettable beauty. An unforeseen pleasure for her admirers, this book will further widen her considerable audience — and enhance her enduring reputation.

$3.00 *at all bookstores*

HARPER & BROTHERS



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Margery Sharp

THE GIPSY IN THE PARLOUR

Margery Sharp at her most scintillating, with another of those astonishing heroines so dear to the hearts of her readers. Cluny Brown and the irrepressible Julia of THE NUTMEG TREE will have to make room for Charlotte, a golden-haired Amazon with a bent for hand-picking all wives in the Sylvester family — until Stephen finds his "gipsy." $3.50

H. E. Bates

THE NATURE OF LOVE

One of the great storytellers of our time — as witness LOVE FOR LYDIA and FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE — H. E. Bates is at his best in these three intensely dramatic novellas of fatal passion. A leading best seller in England. $3.50

AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

LITTLE, BROWN • BOSTON

who simply damn American civilization out of hand are implicitly registering a preference for scarcity and hierarchy. Barzun himself finds that our society — with its philosophy of distributing goods on the largest possible scale, its basic wish to make things fair and free — is animated by a noble ideal. The human problems created by the machine are not necessarily insoluble.

Within this affirmative framework, Barzun is a trenchant critic. We have become, he observes, a society of "viewers and voyeurs"; we live in a "Guff Stream," and are starved for entertainment with some personality and mind. He delivers telling thrusts at certain medical practices, at the postal service, at Manhattan's Customs and debarkation procedure ("the foulest . . . the world over"); and his chapter on New York City ("a squatter's camp") is possibly the most devastating ribbing ever administered to that metropolis in the space of 4500 words. Barzun's suggestions for our betterment range from the sphere of ethics to the sphere of gadgets; from railways and automobiles to, literally, the kitchen sink.

God's Country and Mine is Mr. Barzun's ninth book, and it should be his most successful.

The proper study of mankind

The American passion for national self-scrutiny, which I referred to earlier, stamps us as the people in whom the spirit of the age finds its strongest expression: for this, pre-eminently, is the Age of Self-Examination in the largest sense. With a frame of reference which dwarfs that of only fifty years ago, man is insistently examining every facet of the question: What does it mean to be a man; what sets us apart from the animal and the machine? Two recent titles explore this issue in complementary ways — one on the plane of ideas: ***The Measure of Man*** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50) by **Joseph Wood Krutch;** the other more in terms of concrete individual experience: ***The Journey*** (World, $3.50) by **Lillian Smith.**

Mr. Krutch's starting point is that Darwin, Marx, Freud, and their followers have bequeathed to us a heritage which has sapped man's belief in himself: which has pictured him as the "product" of national selection or history, as the victim of repressed instinctual drives, as "nothing but" an animal or a lump of matter. Today's thinking, says Mr. Krutch,

The vivid and stirring saga of an American railroad family

TAYLOR CALDWELL'S
new novel
Never Victorious Never Defeated

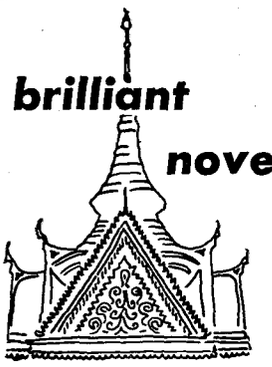
THE author of *Dynasty of Death, This Side of Innocence*, etc., tells of the fortunes and misfortunes of five generations of the deWitt family and their struggle for control of the giant Interstate Railroad. A rich and colorful novel of American life from 1866 to 1935. Here is Taylor Caldwell writing in the vein of her greatest successes.

549 pages. $3.95

At all bookstores

McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO., Inc.
New York 36

A brilliant novel



- of conflict and change, of static splendors and Viet Minh ravages in Siam today
- of a generous man of good will, caught by the "voluptuousness of routine and civilized triviality," fighting to maintain the illusion that was his life
- of personal anguish, friend turned foe, and of beauty — soft, crumbling, and dangerous

A Single Pilgrim

By NORMAN LEWIS

"Excels in the extraordinary, half modern, half ancient scene . . . A very sensitive writer . . . puts down this chaotic world with astonishing ease and eye."—V. S. PRITCHETT

$3.00 at all booksellers

RINEHART & COMPANY • N. Y. 16

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

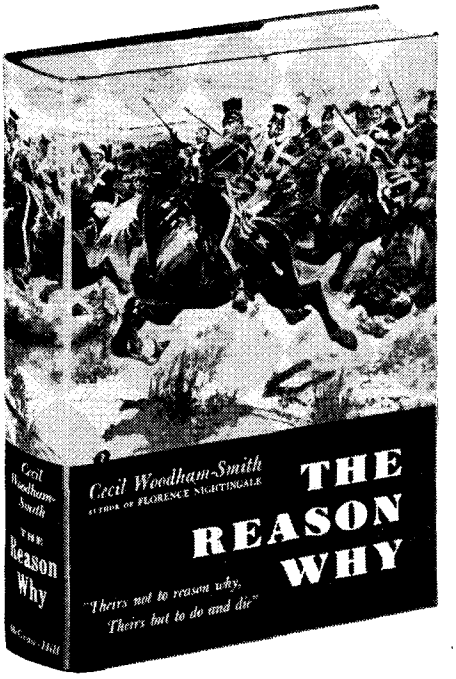
tends to discount man's freedom of choice and the validity of his value-judgments. Krutch's essay seeks to show the flaws and paradoxes in the assumptions on which such thinking rests, and to give cause for sustaining the belief that man, though he has his realm of contingency, also has his realm of freedom.

While I was in sympathy with Krutch's intentions and often in agreement with his judgments, I found his book somewhat disappointing. The trouble, I believe, is that he is caught in a dilemma. He is far too sophisticated a thinker to preach salvation through Regression; at the same time he betrays a considerable distaste for most of the content and procedures of modern thought. The result is that he tends to stop short at voicing his grievances against flagrant pretensions and does not come to grips with the really complex problems. Simply to reproach anthropologists for affirming relativism while slipping into value-judgments is to leave untouched the challenge which anthropology presents to those who would uphold absolute values.

Mr. Krutch's strictures on the ill-effects of nineteenth-century thought reflect that very victim-of-the-past attitude which he strenuously deplores. They constitute, moreover, a one-sided, oversimplified critique. For the theories stressing the conditioning effects of childhood experience and environment have, whatever their liabilities, made a vast humanizing contribution. It is not quite enough to muster arguments showing that man has *some* freedom: the crude dogmas of materialism-mechanism-determinism, which Krutch spends much time refuting, have been exploded, as he recognizes, by contemporary science. The perplexing problem is to arrive at a better understanding of the extent and limits of freedom of choice.

The really important point that Krutch has to make — the crux of his essay — is that the so-called social sciences are crassly behind the times in their basic assumptions. The physicists have found the atom free to hop; and Einstein, by abolishing the distinction between Matter and Energy, between the material and the non-material, has suggested that the distinction between Body and Mind (or Spirit) may well be unreal. But the theories and methods prevalent among the "human engineers" remain materialistic, deterministic, mechanistic.

This extraordinary story behind the ill-fated charge of the Light Brigade is "history at its most vivid and most fascinating."
—SAMUEL SHELLABARGER



by CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH

THE AUTHOR OF *Florence Nightingale* tells the incredible story behind one of the most tragic blunders in history — the charge of the Light Brigade. She has unearthed fascinating and devastating evidence, from yet unpublished papers, as to "the reason why" over five hundred met death in a charge that has since become legendary. The key to the mystery lies in English tradition, in the Army system at the time, and in the lives and personalities of two extraordinary men, the Earl of Lucan and his brother-in-law, the Earl of Cardigan, who respectively ordered and led the charge.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith has created a remarkable, fully rounded picture of these men — their inordinate stupidity, arrogance, and inability to command. Upon them, and upon the system which enabled them to rise to power, she lays the blame for the catastrophe. The scenes of the Crimean War are intensely graphic, the description of the actual charge unforgettable.

"A fantastic, glittering tale that you wish you hadn't finished — and every word is true."
—*Daily Express* (London)

Illustrated with maps and halftones

$4.00 at all bookstores

McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO., Inc. • N. Y. 36

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Your Command!

TWO

Royal Entertainments...

The gifted author of
THE HOUR AWAITS
invites you to dine with royal guests — plunged from elegance to peril

Invitation *from* Minerva

By MARCH COST

There is a special magic in this subtle and exciting novel. When stark disaster hits Princess Babenberg's Tyrolean castle the masks of charm and gentility are stripped away. $3.50

A novel of wit, suspense, significance — of a modern king invited back from exile!

Temptation *for a* King

By JOHN H. SECONDARI
Author of *Coins in the Fountain*

Julian IV, surrounded in his Sorrento villa by the conflicting claims of his court in exile, his family, the press and the politicians, must reach his own decision. Here is pungent commentary on human behavior and love, and on the astonishingly diverse ways in which truth can be sought. $3.50

At all bookstores
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

There is a good deal of telling stuff in Krutch's attacks on "human engineering" and its ignoble Utopias.

In Lillian Smith's *The Journey*, the author makes a return journey to her native South, a pilgrimage to her roots and to the scenes of her childhood; and out of this grows the account of a quest for human understanding, for "an image of the human being I could feel proud of . . . something that can fuse past and future, and art and science, and God and one's self into a purposeful whole."

Miss Smith, I need hardly say, is not offering us another of those handbooks of encapsulated Uplift and bland Enlightenment which appear to have substantiated the formula: God-plus-Freud, reduced to the specific gravity of Dale Carnegie, equals smash best seller. The insights Miss Smith offers cannot be expressed in pat propositions. She uses discourse, to be sure, but essentially her method is that of the creative artist. A thought recorded by Saint-Exupéry will perhaps help to suggest the texture of *The Journey:* the meaning of life, he wrote, "is not something discovered; it is something molded." Miss Smith seeks to evoke the feel of lived experience; to show us a process of molding.

In this fashion, she writes about love, responsibility, and honor; about the meaning of prayer and the need for art; about the fears which make man build terrible defenses against truth; about the paradox that though man is separate and lonely, he achieves his integrity by reaching out for a wholeness that can never be his. From a paraplegic learning to walk, she learned the passionate meaning of movement and saw the creative spirit spelling itself out. A friend whose young son lost both of his arms, and whose husband was killed in Korea, brought home to her how amazing are the potentialities mobilized when human brokenness is faced with honesty and courage.

The Journey is a book which testifies to the dignity of man with eloquence and awe, but also with a deep sense of life's complexity: a deep sense that anxiety and conflict are an inescapable part of the human condition.

What price desertion?

On January 31, 1945, Private Edward Slovik was executed in France

PERSPECTIVES USA

Edited by
IRWIN EDMAN

7

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER
FRANCIS STEEGMULLER
JOHN HALL WHEELOCK
ERNEST NAGEL
GEORGE BOAS
E. B. WHITE
HOWARD MOSS
CLYDE KLUCKHOHN
LOUIS KRONENBERGER
JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER

Book Reviews and Illustrations

$1.50 per issue $5.00 per year

Published by Intercultural Publications Inc., 2 West 46 Street, N. Y. 36. Address subscription orders to Paragon Mailing Service, 1 Lefferts Ave., Brooklyn 25, N. Y. Bookstore distribution through Viking Press, 18 East 48 Street, New York 17.

GORDON McDONELL'S

new suspense story

INTRUDER FROM THE SEA

The author of *My Sister, Goodnight* writes a thriller about a nice quiet American family unwillingly playing the game of counter-espionage — when a long-forgotten friendship leads them into the midst of an FBI chase and a spy ring.

$3.00 at all bookstores

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY · BOSTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by a firing squad of fellow Americans for desertion to avoid hazardous duty. Some forty thousand other Americans were adjudged deserters in the Second World War, and forty-nine received approved sentences of death. But in forty-eight cases the death penalty was commuted. Thus Private Slovik has the grim distinction of being the only American done to death for desertion since the Civil War. Why Slovik?

After trying to get the Slovik story from the Pentagon for seven years, **William Bradford Huie** was suddenly granted access to all of the documents; and Slovik's widow helped Huie with personal information and letters. The result is a tremendously moving book which may well make Slovik's fate a *cause célèbre* — ***The Execution of Private Slovik*** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce—Little, Brown, $3.50; New American Library, paperback, 25¢).

Mr. Huie is a writer who has shown a fondness for the stance, *J'accuse*. But in this case, while exploiting to the full the elements of pathos and drama in his story, he has presented the facts with fairness to all concerned as well as with great journalistic skill; he has brought into sharp relief the element of genuine tragedy in the life and death of Eddie Slovik.

Born in Detroit in 1920, Slovik had the typical family history of the dead-end kid. A series of petty thefts and other offenses eventually landed him in the reformatory for four years. His former supervisor there has stressed that Slovik was no "cop-hater," but a weak, goodhearted kid, haunted by a sense of his bad luck and eager to straighten himself out. After his release, he got a good job and married a partially crippled but strong-willed girl. Passionately in love with her and enchanted with their newly furnished home, he was happy for the first time in his life. Then the Draft reached out for him.

Slovik tried after a fashion to become a soldier but he just was not up to it. His letters to his wife are a chorus of obsessive self-pity—"Mommy, I can't understand why they did this to me." In France, on his way to join the 109th Infantry, he came under shellfire, and it was too much for him. When he got around to reporting to his company commander two months later, he announced that unless he was transferred to safe duty, he would desert. Twenty-four hours after running off,

Bigger and Better!

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

Enjoy this great edition on the easy

Book a Month
PAYMENT PLAN

Pay for it as you enjoy it— like buying a book a month!

EVERY subject of interest to man—past and present—is authoritatively explained, factually illustrated and clearly presented. There are 38,182,156 words, 26,731 pages, and 33,432 illustrations, many in full color. What's more, this Big New Edition provides the most complete cross-reference indexing system ever devised to permit quick, easy access to any subject.

Scientifically selected, easy-to-read type, printed on glare-resistant paper makes EB the most practical of reference sets. For you who have wanted the distinction and benefits of owning the world's most renowned encyclopaedia, the Book a Month Payment Plan makes it easy and convenient! All 24 Volumes will be placed in your home *now . . . you pay for it as you enjoy it* on low monthly terms—*like buying a single book a month!*

GET THIS FREE BOOKLET

32 PAGE PREVIEW BOOKLET of NEW EDITION. Full Details of the Book a Month Payment Plan.

Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Dept. S-14
425 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Please let me have, without obligation, the FREE PREVIEW BOOKLET and complete details about the Book a Month Payment Plan.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____

In Canada, Write Encyclopaedia Britannica of Canada, Ltd., Terminal Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST PUBLISHED!
All the latest information about motoring abroad
PASTENE'S
Auto-Guide to Europe
By JEROME J. PASTENE
Written by a man who has lived and traveled in Europe since childhood, *Pastene's Auto-Guide to Europe* provides answers to all the questions of touring motorists.
Included in this comprehensive guide are full details on taking your car abroad, buying or renting a car in Europe, service, fuels, road conditions, auto clubs, and tourist offices. In addition to supplying itineraries for both complete tours and shorter trips in every country, the author provides invaluable suggestions on where to stay and what to see, do, eat, drink, and — perhaps most important — buy and not buy. Maps and endpapers.
$4.50 *at all bookstores*
McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO., Inc., N. Y. 36

"THE WORLD'S NEXT GREAT RELIGION." — Julian Huxley
Humanism as the Next Step
By LLOYD and MARY MORAIN
THIS book not only sets forth the basic ideas of Humanism, but applies the Humanist philosophy to today's problems of personal needs and emotional security. It is the only popular, authoritative book available on what many call the most fitting religion for the 20th century.
At your bookstore, $2.00
THE BEACON PRESS • Boston 8

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS
supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices. (*We also supply all current books at retail store prices* — postpaid, *as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of The Atlantic Monthly.*)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. A, New York 36, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines. Please list.

BULLFIGHT POSTERS!
Authentic full-color Bullfight Posters, printed in Spain: from Plaza de Toros de Madrid, Granada, Seville, y Valencia. Featuring Spain's most renowned matadors: Manolete, Bienvenida and others. Printed in vivid colors with complete description in Spanish of matadors, dates, bulls. Genuine collectors' items; ideal for den, patio, bar. Each 21" x 40". 2 for $3.00 ppd; complete set of four, $4.00 ppd.
Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Order from Importer:
MANUEL SEPULVEDA ANDALUZ
29 Sixteenth Avenue, San Francisco 18, California

he gave himself up and handed in a written "confession." Offered a second chance, his answer was: "No, Colonel. Give me safe duty or give me my court-martial."

Slovik and others deserted in the knowledge that no one was actually executed for this crime, and that it would gain them the safety of prison followed by a pardon after the war. The decision to implement his sentence was a decision that these assumptions could not be allowed to stand.

Three factors appear to have caused the break with precedent to doom Slovik in particular. His written refusal to bear arms made his guilt peculiarly flagrant. His timing was unlucky: his case was reviewed at a period of crisis when brave men were fighting desperately to stem the German counteroffensive. Thirdly, his record of juvenile delinquency, blacker in print than in reality, was cited as evidence that he was not worthy of clemency.

Mr. Huie's book puts to the reader a number of questions not easily answered. At the heart of the matter there is this dilemma: Can we, nowadays, accept killing a man like Eddie Slovik because he lacks the guts to fight? Can we, on the other hand, in this age of global conflict afford to let soldiers refuse to face danger with relative impunity?

Philip Marlowe, Private Detective

About ten years ago, a discerning friend urged me to read a mystery writer called **Raymond Chandler**, and since then I have been one of Chandler's more zealous *aficionados*. It sometimes saddens me to think that there are numerous persons of good taste who have not made the acquaintance of private detective Philip Marlowe, the hard-boiled *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* who, with his trusty Oldsmobile, goes out to do battle with the hard boys and the crooked cops, the dope peddlers and blackmailers and murderous sirens of Los Angeles and surrounding California — and as often as not doesn't even collect his $25 per diem and expenses. To those who haven't bothered with Chandler out of a justifiable distaste for the run-of-the-mill murder mystery, I submit that his work is as superior to the aforesaid product as Beluga caviar is to salmon's eggs. If corroboration is wanted, I can cite, for one, Mr. Somerset Maugham, who has called Chandler "the most brilliant author now writing this kind of story."

Philip Marlowe has just showed up again in ***The Long Goodbye*** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00) — a little older and more prone to bitter repartee, but still as tough as they come and as rudely chivalrous behind his mask of cynicism.

Marlowe's current troubles begin when he plays the good Samaritan to a polite drunk with a scarred face and an English accent who has been pushed out of a Rolls-Royce. There is a lost dog air about Terry Lennox that "gets" Marlowe. When Lennox shows up in a daze, not sure that he hasn't murdered his wife, a luscious tramp with millions, Marlowe helps him do a bunk to Mexico. The cops give Marlowe the treatment, and presently he learns that Lennox has shot himself and has signed a confession. A farewell letter from Mexico containing a $5000 bill makes it look as if the Lennox case were closed — except for the curious fact that a lot of people are going out of their way to impress upon Marlowe that the Lennox case had better *stay closed*, or else. Before the whole truth comes to light, two more people die; Marlowe meets the loveliest woman he has ever seen and refuses to be seduced by her; he succumbs (for the first time on record) to another temptress;

a new catalogue of
CETRA®
OPERA RECORDINGS

Just issued. The world's most extensive catalogue of operatic recordings, newly revised. 48 complete operas with many "Highlight" versions. Italy's finest artists are here, many of them Metropolitan Opera stars. Accept a copy of this guide to opera on Cetra records with our compliments.
Write to Dept. L L
Capitol Records Inc., 1730 B'way, New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and he winds up with the flat taste of another disillusionment.

The Long Goodbye has not quite the same sparkle and bounce as Chandler's early novels, not quite the same profusion of similes that pucker the senses like an electric shock. But the somewhat quieter plotting makes for a more thoughtful tone, a deeper cut. I think that Mr. Chandler's fans will get their money's worth.

The hunted and the hounded

Tidal Wave (Doubleday, $3.95) consists of three short novels by **Georges Simenon** with an American setting. They show that Simenon, who came to this country in 1945, is almost as much of a master of background when the background is Connecticut or Arizona as when it is Paris or the Riviera.

Simenon once said that what he is trying to achieve in the novel is similar to what was done by classical tragedy. Starting at a moment of decisive crisis, he poses the problem of a man's destiny and seeks to give an accounting of his life: with Simenon, the gradual revelation of his protagonist's inner being is in effect the plot. He is too gifted a novelist, too much of a "natural," to create characters that lack reality; but when dealing with Americans he is not, I feel, as powerfully possessed by and as intimately in possession of his protagonists as he is in his European stories. And his plotting, as a result, is not as consistently compelling.

In "Belle," a young girl, a guest of the Ashbys, is murdered in their home. In the absence of any clues, suspicion fastens on Spencer Ashby, who was in his den on the night of the crime; and we follow Spencer through the ensuing ordeal — through a somewhat dazed (and sometimes dragging) self-examination which leads up to a climax that is a tour de force. "The Bottom of the Bottle" centers on a wealthy Arizona rancher, who suddenly finds the life he has struggled for endangered by the appearance of his younger brother, an alcoholic and an escaped convict who hates him but who needs his help to escape over the flood-swollen river into Mexico. "The Brothers Rico" has a related theme. Eddie, who has found himself a cozy and safe berth with an underworld organization, is one day ordered to track down his vanished brother, and starts reluctantly to hunt for him knowing that discovery will mean his brother's death.

A masterful portrait of a sensitive and imaginative woman whose integrity and faith stand preserved even in bitter defeat.

HARRIETTE ARNOW

Author of *Hunter's Horn*

THE Dollmaker

$5.00 at all bookstores

The Macmillan Company

60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

Bread Loaf

WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Bread Loaf, Vermont

AUGUST 18— SEPTEMBER 1

The Staff:

Special Lecturers

ROBERT FROST LINCOLN BARNETT
WILLIE LEY

In the Short Story: SAUL BELLOW, RACHEL MACKENZIE
In the Novel: WILLIAM SLOANE, ERIC SWENSON
In Non-Fiction: FLETCHER PRATT, LOUIS LYONS
In Poetry: JOHN CIARDI, RICHARD WILBUR

Middlebury College announces the twenty-ninth annual session of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, under the direction of Theodore Morrison. Established, widely-known writers and editors will provide instruction and guidance in lectures, group conferences and personal interviews. Contributing members will submit their work for criticism; Auditors will attend and participate in all Conference meetings and functions.

For catalogue and application blank, write to:

OFFICE OF THE LANGUAGE SCHOOLS

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE Middlebury 8, Vermont

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND

FDS FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND

THE ULTIMATE IN
HIGH FIDELITY
RECORDING

Capitol RECORDS

Look for this symbol on record albums you buy!

FICTION WRITING

Advanced personal instruction for a small group of qualified students, given in our Lenox, Mass. studio (one mile from Tanglewood) July 6th to August 13th.

Instructor: Mr. Robert Smith, author: *Writing Fiction; One Winter in Boston; The Human Image; Hotel on the Lake; Modern Writing;* and many other books and stories; President of the Magazine Institute; newspaper columnist and book editor. Board and room included in fee. For details and rates, write:

Jean Kelly, Registrar, The Magazine Institute
50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center
New York 20, New York

JOIN and SERVE!

WHICH CAMP?
WHICH SCHOOL?
WHICH COUNSELOR?

Atlantic's Educational Counselor will gladly give you impartial advice.
Address:
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts

GENERAL INFORMATION

Boy..... Girl..... Present Age.....
Grade..... Entering when?.....
School: Boarding..... Day.....
Military.....
Camp: General Program.....
Specialized .....
Large or small .....
Location.....
Approximate total cost .....

Other important questions:
1) Co-education?
2) Child's needs & interests?
3) Your wants?
4) Church preference?

Name.....
Address.....
.....

These stories, as I have indicated, are not top-drawer Simenon. Even so, they generate a good deal of psychological suspense; and they dramatize, with force and with compassion, Simenon's fundamental theme — "It is a difficult thing to be a man."

Potpourri

THE PROPHET ARMED: TROTSKY, 1879–1921, *by Isaac Deutscher.* Oxford University Press, $6.00.

This first volume of a projected two-volume study of Trotsky is a brilliant, readable, and controversial work. Mr. Deutscher, who is on the staff of the London *Economist,* has a great admiration for Trotsky and considers him the real hero of the Russian Revolution, or rather of the original Socialist Revolution which became transformed into Soviet totalitarianism. In Deutscher's view, Trotsky had a deeper historical sense, greater theoretical powers, and a more dynamic imagination than Lenin. This does not altogether jibe with Deutscher's thesis that Trotsky, the cosmopolitan, saw the Revolution as a step towards the Europeanization of Russia, and that he lost out because the Revolution did not, as he had hoped, spread to Western Europe. Clearly Trotsky misjudged both the temper of Europe and the stubborn backwardness of Russia, and clearly both Lenin and Stalin had a greater grasp of political realities. At any rate, Mr. Deutscher's richly documented biography solidifies Trotsky's place in history as the symbol of "the dream that failed."

A BED OF ROSES *by William Sansom.* Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.

William Sansom, one of the most gifted of contemporary English novelists, has written a fine, dramatic, sometimes funny story which has to do with love. Louise Abbott decides to put an end to a long, harrowing love affair with Guy, an actor with enormous good looks, charm, and self-assurance who is a disgusting bully and a self-centered cad. Louise sets out on a holiday to Spain only to find that Guy has followed. On the boat she meets a young man of an altogether different cut, and later, in Spain, they become engaged. Meanwhile Guy is tagging around with his latest conquest, the innocent, plumply pretty daughter of a comic manufacturer of sticks and umbrellas. In Barcelona, Guy forces himself into the company of Louise and her fiancé, and the story reaches an abrupt and startling denouement. The Spanish background is a vividly felt presence in the novel, and the descriptions of bullfighting are superb.

A PRIDE OF LIONS *by John Brooks.* Harper, $3.50.

The subject of this second novel by John Brooks — author of one of the better first novels of 1950, *The Big Wheel* — is a young New Yorker's conflict with the old-fashioned family background he has broken away from. A letter which suggests to him that something is seriously wrong with his father's health causes Tom Osborne, editor in a Manhattan publishing house, to make a trip to East Bank, a small town whose oldest families, such as the Osbornes, still love to dwell on the glory their ancestors won in the Revolutionary War. Tom's father, whose stubborn resistance to change ruined his career, has long seemed to his son a remote, rigid, and rather absurd figure, governed by snobbish prejudices and an antiquated set of values. East Bank represents to Tom a part of himself that he is somewhat ashamed of — he cannot bring himself to invite the girl he loves to meet his family. In the climax of the story, Tom finally breaks through to an understanding of his father that brings with it compassion and respect — and a fuller acceptance of himself. The novel is pitched in a minor key, and it is a bit lacking in impact. But Brooks is an intelligent and likable writer; he has a clean, firm prose style and handles his characters well.

EDWARD R. MURROW—U.N. LIBRARY—TIME—LIFE—ARMY—NAVY—STANDARD OIL CO.—HARVARD—YALE—UP—AP—CBS—NBC and countless others

All Use FACTS ON FILE to Get UNSLANTED News

THE PRIVATE NEWS REPORT THAT CONDENSES THE FACTS FROM 77 NEWSPAPERS INTO 30 MINUTES READING TIME

Countless top companies, publications, individuals like those above depend on getting the *real news*—in an *unbiased, unslanted fact form!* That's why they subscribe to FACTS ON FILE . . . for every week they receive an 8-page fact-filled News Report to let them know what is *actually* going on in every field of human activity. Each week our staff extracts and digests news facts from over 77 publications, over 100 hours of news reading—and condenses it into 25-35 minutes reading time . . . 1,100,000 words reduced to only 10,000! So if the news is important to you and your organization—you need FACTS ON FILE!

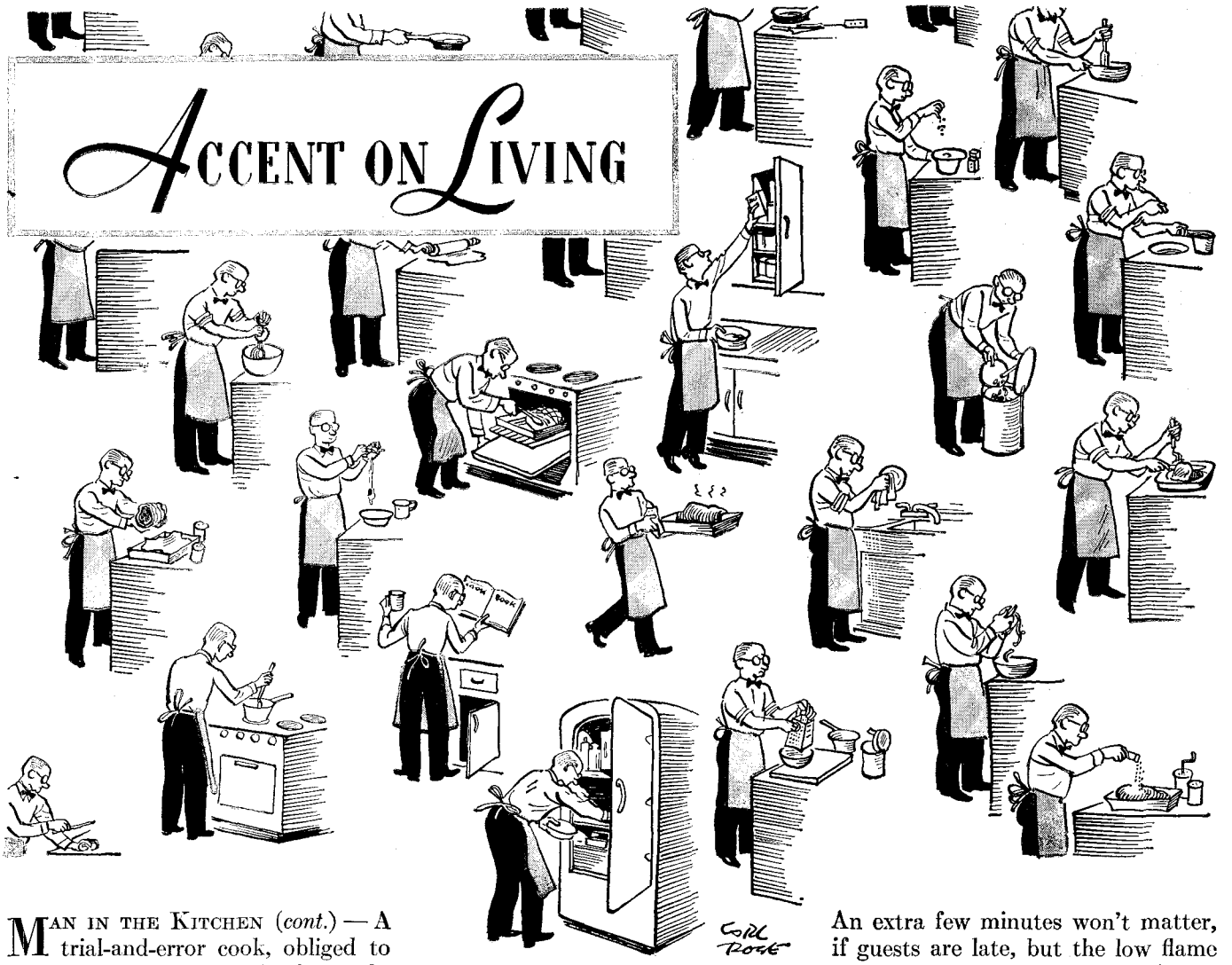
SPECIAL 3-MONTH INTRODUCTORY OFFER: Get 13 issues for only $3.00 (we'll bill you later or you may remit $3.00 now). Read FOF a full month *at our risk.* If not delighted with the first 4 issues, we'll refund your $3.00 in full. Write today to:

FACTS ON FILE

FACTS ON FILE, Dept. 81-5, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACCENT ON LIVING



MAN IN THE KITCHEN (*cont.*) — A trial-and-error cook, obliged to operate within easy reach of a cookbook or two, is bound to be stunned with satisfaction when one of his projects succeeds. This is especially true of any stray formula that he has picked up on his own and not from a cookbook. It does not occur to him that most cooks have long since mastered the process that he has just learned, and few subjects can inspire the zeal with which two non-cooks will exchange even the most elementary recipes. I am aware of this — aware too that women who read this page may regard my findings as merely belated; but I am too newly the proprietor of two sour-cream ventures to be able to keep quiet about them.

The first is a veal dish, to be accompanied by rice. (I am still working towards a better version of rice. . . .) This one is easy to prepare, needs no touching-up en route, and yields a powerful gravy for the rice without the least effort by the cook. The ingredients: eight or ten sliced onions, a two or three pound slice of veal, 1″ to 1½″ thick, cut from the leg, and one pint of sour cream. (Serves 4–6.)

Any old time during the afternoon will do for getting the veal dish started. The onions, peeled and sliced thin, are brought to the yellow with a lump of butter in a heavy skillet over a low flame. About ten minutes, perhaps fifteen, will do it, and the onions should not be allowed to brown. Then pile the onions at the edge of the skillet, away from the heat, and sear the veal briskly on both sides, turning up the flame for this interval. (I am assured by an M.I.T. chemist-cook that the searing causes the veal to exude a gelatinous substance which prevents the sour cream from curdling later on; yet all I know is that several women, good cooks all, warn me it will curdle anyhow, but mine does not.)

With the onions yellowed and the veal seared, the cook can suit the rest of the process to his convenience. All that remains is to turn the flame very low, add the pint of sour cream, stir the onions into the cream, clap on a sufficient lid, and let the whole thing simmer for the hour before serving. An extra few minutes won't matter, if guests are late, but the low flame matters a great deal, and the mixture should be barely bubbling while cooking. Just before transferring the veal to a platter and the gravy to a bowl, stir in a jigger of good cognac or, if you prefer, the same amount of a not too sweet Madeira. (A dry sherry will do, but the flavor is rather aggressive for so delicate a context.) If the rice is too much trouble, one can always pick up a quart or two from a Chinese restaurant and reheat it in a colander over boiling water, or else substitute that always dependable, no-work adjunct of the trial-and-error menu — the baked potato.

The other sour-cream recipe is mentioned here more for the purpose of expounding the case for the pressed cucumber than for enlarging the uses of sour cream. It is true that the only sauce or dressing which accompanies the pressed cucumber is sour cream, but the pressing itself is the point. Anyone who has sampled pressed cucumbers will disdain the unpressed version from that time on, and pressing serves to transform this rather uninteresting vegetable into an estima-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ble item in its own right. No extra work is required, but eight or ten hours of waiting must be allowed for.

For a trial run, then, peel three or four sizable cucumbers and slice them to about the thickness of a dime — the thinner the better. Spread the slices in layers in an ordinary mixing bowl with sloping sides, and salt each layer generously. Set a plate on top of the pile of slices — a plate of such a size that its edges are a half-inch or so short of touching the sides of the bowl. Put something heavy — a rock, a flatiron — on the plate and set the bowl in the refrigerator.

In the course of the next two or three hours, the plate will have settled until its edge is touching the bowl. It should be replaced by a smaller plate, on which the weight can continue to press the slices. Any accumulated fluid should be poured off. Eventually, the pile of slices will have dwindled to less than half its original bulk, and an astonishing quantity of fluid — especially if the cucumbers are fresh and in good condition — will have been eliminated.

The individual slice of cucumber, once the pressing is completed, will seem alarmingly limp. But, on sampling, it will prove to have a crackling consistency quite unlike any unpressed cucumber. Sour cream — a cup or thereabouts spiked with two tablespoons of vinegar — and black pepper complete the recipe.

As I re-examine these suggestions, it occurs to me that many a household — or many an apartment, at any rate — may not include in its equipment either a flatiron or a rock, such is the flimsiness of our modern belongings. In that case, a two-quart can of tomato juice will provide about the right degree of squeeze, and one could make shift with a big can of almost anything.

The common objection to sour-cream dishes, I find, is that sour cream is fattening. It probably is, but the novice cook, seeking as he must the maximum of appeal in return for the minimum of work, is advised to let the calories fall where they may.

CHARLES W. MORTON

THE ALIEN ANGLER

by ALEX FAULKNER

ALEX FAULKNER *is the New York correspondent of the London* Daily Telegraph, *a tireless prober into any aspect of American life that seems to him mysterious.*

ONE of the most baffling things to me about the United States is that in some parts of it I am not allowed to fish.

This awful truth dawned during an attempted holiday in Massachusetts, where I was told that foreigners who have not been domiciled there for a year or more are not eligible even for nonresident fishing licenses.

My American friends were incredulous. I must be joking. I must have been misinformed. Now I have it in writing from Mr. Gaylord B. Pike, the most appropriately named Chief Conservation Officer. "Please be advised to the following: Any alien who has been a legal resident of this Commonwealth for at least one year may be issued a license to fish in the inland waters of the Commonwealth. The cost of said license is $7.25."

This is a pretty serious matter. It antedates the Internal Security Act of 1950 and the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952. It cannot be dismissed as some vagary of Senator McCarthy's hunt for Communists, or even treated as a red herring; it is strictly a fresh-water problem.

It means that the most harmless and desirable type of human being, the angler, is under a cloud. No other category of foreign visitor is more likely to be a reasonable, unsubversive, well-balanced person, the sort of chap that any country in its senses would want to encourage. Nothing could be better calculated to modify the rather lurid impressions of America that tourists sometimes receive in madhouses like New York, Chicago, and Hollywood than some experience of the woods and streams of this land,

and the sort of people who are attracted to them.

It is a situation that bristles with dangers. What will happen if it becomes known abroad that in some American states only American citizens may fish and hunt? It may be that in some countries there are demagogues who will demand a policy of retaliation. Americans from the offending states may find themselves ostracized by the game wardens of Canada and Scotland and even Kenya, where an Ernest Hemingway can buy his hunting license without demur.

These disturbing reflections prompted me to investigate further. I tried to buy a fishing license in New York State. There I was told (erroneously, as I later discovered) that as an alien I could not, although I have lived and paid taxes in this state for nearly twenty years.

I asked the Fish and Wildlife Service in Washington whether there were any other states like Massachusetts, to be avoided on future holidays. But there were no records kept there of the hunting and fishing laws of individual states. This is one field in which states' rights remain almost unimpaired. The only information available was that under a Federal aid program based on the excise tax on sporting arms, sporting ammunition, and fishing tackle, ten states had reported the sale of a total of 5860 alien fishing licenses during the year ended June 30, 1953. California topped the list with 2730.

New York came next with 1483, and this prompted some correspondence with that state's Conservation Department, as a result of which I learned that foreigners can buy both fishing and hunting licenses if they use a special form provided for their benefit. To secure the hunting license, they must obtain a statement certifying that "the applicant is a person of good moral character, and may safely be licensed to hunt, fish, or trap,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which must be signed by a county judge, a sheriff, or the county clerk.

Anxious to find out for sure just how far the rot had spread, I next conducted a private poll of the forty-eight states, sending a letter to the fish and game departments of all except Maine, which definitely encourages holiday-makers and maintains an information bureau in New York for their benefit. In my letter I enclosed a stamped addressed postcard which on being completed was to show whether the state allowed overseas visitors to fish or to hunt, or both. The response was remarkably good, and after jogging a few nonstarters with a follow-up note, I completed my review of the Union.

The score showed that six states will not let foreign visitors fish, and thirteen will not let them hunt.

The nonfishing states are Delaware, Kansas, Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. In Pennsylvania, however, Canadians are regarded as native Americans; and, in addition, the Game Commission is empowered to issue licenses to "distinguished" foreigners.

The nonhunting states are Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Kansas, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Utah, and Virginia.

There are local variations which sometimes soften the effect of the outright veto, such as the Massachusetts proviso that legal residence of one year or more qualifies the applicant, or a report I received from one source in Ohio that in this state it may be possible for citizens of countries which allow Americans to fish and hunt to obtain licenses, although the Ohio Division of Wildlife replied with an unqualified "No" to both questions on my poll card.

In some states, including New Jersey and Connecticut, ownership of real estate saves the day for the foreign resident (value $2000 in New Jersey), and in Virginia he may fish or hunt without a license on land he owns; but these loopholes do not help the ordinary visitor, or even the ordinary citizen of a foreign country who is living in the United States. One legal expert said that being on the staff of the United Nations would not confer any sort of diplomatic immunity in this connection, but I did not pursue the point. A fair amount of research did disclose, however, that the fishing and hunting privileges of

Still A Best Seller!

"OUR POPULARITY NEVER WANES, WHITEY!"

"THAT'S BECAUSE THE QUALITY AND CHARACTER OF BLACK & WHITE NEVER CHANGE, BLACKIE. IT'S FIRST WITH MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER SCOTCH WHISKY!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British subjects are not protected by any treaty of friendship and commerce between the British and American governments. If they were, state

governments would of course have to bow to the force of any treaty ratified by the United States Senate.

It may be that outside the iron curtain there are foreign countries so benighted that they impose similar restrictions on Americans; and if there are, it would be interesting to hear about them.

The origin of the American regulations is puzzling, and so far I have not discovered a satisfactory explanation.

It cannot be said that foreigners are prohibited from fishing in some areas because they do not pay their footing, because in all cases where it is allowed, they have to buy nonresident licenses, which cost much more than the resident licenses issued to people living in the state (a distinction which also applies to American citizens from other states). It may be, but it would be indelicate for me to make such a suggestion, that the angling prowess of foreigners is felt to be so great that it is feared they would clean out the local waters if they were allowed to get at them.

Hunting, some might maintain, is not in the same harmless category as fishing. It involves guns, and the ban on it might be regarded as a wise precaution against the dangers of a Soviet fifth column. I was told that the custom originated in the anxiety of some states in colonial days to keep "armed hostiles" north of the Canadian border, and a correspondent in New Mexico reported that it was a felony for any foreigner to have a firearm in that state "on account of our proximity to Mexico and the wetbacks." But there are plenty of wetbacks in such neighboring states as California, where foreigners can hunt freely.

It is apparent that there is no agreement among the various states on this question. Colorado permits hunting, but is said to feel that it should be stopped. "Due to an inadvertent omission in a License Act, passed by the State Legislature in 1947, the Supreme Court has ruled that there is nothing in Colorado law prohibiting an alien from hunting in Colorado," I was informed. "There is a possibility that this omission may be corrected at the next session of the legislature."

Nebraska, on the other hand, is apparently thinking of changing its law prohibiting aliens from possessing firearms. In Illinois I was told that the state legislature might be asked at its next session to expunge the ban on alien hunting, and the hope was expressed that "the Statutes may be modernized to fit this modern age of travel when many foreign guests find it convenient to come to America for business purposes and at the same time wish to enjoy some hunting and fishing in our great outdoors." It was added that the legislation was apparently passed "many years ago because of some incident in the Chicago area that may have caused some difficulty with reference to taking outdoor life" — a fascinating echo of Middle Western history, about which one would like to know more. And Mr. Lester Bagley, Game and Fish Commissioner of Wyoming, wrote: "Aliens are encouraged to come to Wyoming to hunt and fish. A special statute passed by our legislature many years ago grants aliens the right to bear arms for hunting purposes."

Oklahoma, it seems, is willing, but has few takers. "Our law," I was told there, "provides a $25 fee for an alien hunting license. Have never sold an alien hunting license. Many are probably hunting and fishing here on regular resident licenses." In Utah any alien who is eligible to become an American citizen may purchase a hunting license after being domiciled in the state for fifteen years.

Dread of foreigners going around armed to the teeth is evidently not the sole cause of the reluctance of some states to let them hunt. In New Jersey and Connecticut foreign visitors must even refrain from pursuing game with bows and arrows. The whole thing remains, as the hero of *The King and I* put it, a puzzlement. Will no modern Teddy Roosevelt arise to appeal to the sporting instincts of the states?

THE HABITS OF CENTAURS

by JOHN V. KELLEHER

FEW sounds are sacred. Their fathers fired, "bang, bang,"
But these "ksee-ow, ksee-ow" with a spitty tongue,
Denoting at once the shot and ricochet.

Men shot fall dead as when Tom Mix was young.
On the back with heels in the air, if under five;
If more than five, the legs give way with a twist,
Head sags and arms are loose. Done fast this means:
You see me dodge that shot? Boy, how he missed!

Men still cry, "gutcha!" The frontier models cough.
He sobs, five clustered slugs in his heart,
"They got me, pard!" and writhes for twenty seconds.
Stiffens. The glazed eyes roll . . . up, With a start!
Right from the hip! Ksee-ow!
Death's always short
Where everyone dies — ksee-ow! — every other minute.
No pardner can stop to watch a pal peg out.
No one applauds the act but the actor in it.

Steeds are proud as ever; thundering hooves
Trail billows of yellow dust; the stallion's mind
Is one with his master's. Women only see
Small boys gallop, each slapping his own behind.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOCTOR IS IN SURGERY

by DOROTHY BAKER

DOROTHY BAKER, *after an arduous career as novelist and faculty wife, now lives in comparative calm on a ranch in California with her husband and their two daughters.*

I HAVE a healthy respect for the medical profession in general — and when the chips are down, even in particular. For example, I never fail to seek the advice of a reputable physician, one Farnham K. Philbrick, M.D., whenever, as the French say, I have something. Like the pain in my elbow that I had for so long. This pain — I'd always notice it just before I went to sleep at night; and when I'd wake up in the morning it would be gone. I didn't want to mention it to my family because they go to pieces when anything's wrong with me, and yet I felt I shouldn't let it just go on and on unnoticed by anyone but me. So I went to Dr. Philbrick finally, and he finally got on to what it was, or I assume he did, because it went away.

It may have been out of gratitude to him that I got the notion of reforming his receptionist for him. She was a pleasant girl, soft-spoken though redheaded, and she had come within a few courses of being a registered nurse, only something went wrong and she ended up as receptionist for Dr. Philbrick. She wore a nurse's outfit, nevertheless, with a good deal of authority, and she was all right except for one noticeable linguistic gaucherie. It came to my attention the first time I telephoned to make an appointment about my elbow. She answered the telephone properly enough: "Dr. Philbrick's office"; but when I told her who I was and what I wanted to make an immediate appointment for, she said, "I'm sorry, but Doctor is in surgery this morning." That was the first time, and I let it pass, though it wasn't easy, and made an appointment for the afternoon as if I had noticed nothing.

Then it happened again, the afternoon of the appointment; but this was my first time there, and since I was really more concerned about my condition than I was about hers, I let it pass again. I let it pass twice, as a matter of fact, once on the way in, and once on the way out.

And then the day came when I first tried to help her. I was sitting in the waiting room, not even aware of her, just sitting quietly in a chromium chair and idly — that is to say, more or less idly — thumbing through a superbly illustrated article on the pathology of the three principal types (nodular, smooth, and mixed) of leprosy, in the Journal of the American Medical Association, when I heard her call my name. My thoughts were far away, indeed they were in India, but I recognized the name, raised my head, looked across at her, and heard her tell me that Doctor would see me now. "Doctor will see you now" was precisely what she said, and it was at that moment that the reforming spirit took hold of me. I put away the Journal of the American Medical Association, turned around, and from where I stood, I said right back to her, "Doctor *Who?*"

It did not have the effect I expected. I thought she'd be covered with confusion, possibly blush, and correct herself right there in front of all those people — and later, her lesson learned, maybe even call me up and thank me. But she didn't seem to catch on. All my broad hint accomplished was to give her the idea that I didn't even know whose office I was in. I could see it on her face and hear it in the kindly tone of her voice when she repeated that I could go right in because Doctor was ready for me. No doubt whatever: she hadn't got it, broad as it was. And I couldn't bring myself to say "Doctor *Who?*" again, because there was more involved now than a single receptionist and a single reformer. There were people all over the office — patients — and as I looked around I got a strong sense that there was not one among them who wouldn't go along with the receptionist in thinking I didn't know the name of my own doctor. So, since there was nothing else to do, right then at least, I lifted my chin and walked across the room, slowly, *ma non troppo*, and with considerable dignity entered the inner office.

I didn't say anything about it to Dr. Philbrick when I got inside, either, because right away we got onto the subject of my elbow, and he started massaging it, pulling it, pushing it, putting it under a strong light and looking at it. And making conjectures about it.

In fact, I forgot all about the receptionist's problem in the heat of the consultation, but as I was passing her desk, she herself brought it out into the open again by asking me when I would like to see Doctor the next time. And once more I did the courageous thing, but in slightly different terms, rather more jauntily and less challengingly. Airily, in fact. "Oh, Dr. Philbrick, you mean?" I said, and then rushed right on, not to appear to be making anything of it, and said, "How would Friday morning be?"

She gave me a look then, a look just wary enough to make me think I'd driven it home, or at least shaken her faith. "Friday morning?" she said. "Let's see." She looked at her book, studied it, and then said, "Hmm, I'm afraid that won't do. Doctor has a Caesarean scheduled for Friday morning." She said it all unshaken, full of confidence, and then looked up at me with no malice, so that I couldn't do anything but tell her I'd come Friday afternoon, and leave.

I brooded over this matter a lot, though, through the rest of the day, thinking up examples to show her and all confident receptionists the error of their phrase. Here's the situation, I could hear myself tell-

ing her. It's an army camp and a telephone is ringing. General Barber is wanted by the White House, and his aide-de-camp, who has answered the telephone, says, "Sorry,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sir, but General is in the field, doing battle." And then the secretary on the other end of the line says, "To hell with that. President wants to talk to him, so get him." As an example, I liked it. It seemed negatively conclusive enough to unconvince anybody. Moreover, there were enough examples to work, negatively, for practically all professional walks of life. For another instance, you call on the Reverend Mr. Murdock and his maid doesn't tell you that Reverend will be right down. Nor does Judge Gormley's wife tell you that Judge is pretty worried about something legal. So what about Doctor?

I never contrived to confront her with any of the examples, though; there were always too many people in the waiting room, or not enough time, or the time wasn't right, or I simply lost my nerve. One time I did get so far as to say to her, "Now here's the situation," but when she looked up at me in that patient way she'd come to have with me, I choked up and that was the end of it for me.

It was not, however, the end of anything for her. Doctor was either out or in, or with a patient. Many, many times was Doctor in surgery. Every time I talk to her she still works it in somehow.

•

PENCHANT NATUREL

by FREDERIC LAROS

A NATIVE of Malaga
given to memorabilia
carried to Australia
one potted prickly pear —
literal souvenir
against nostalgia.

Beauty born of such endeavor
spreads; it is a pest forever.

In St. John's River
(instance 2) the water-hyacinths
have been a gaudy nuisance since
a sentimental lady cast her cache
of bulbs into the water.

Still to clear the artery they hack
through rafts of tubers there,
as on the nether continent they check
only by vigilance the pear.

Rampant is the spawn of old caprices
abandoned to their natural devices.

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

LITERATURE ON LPs

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY *is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now on the staff of* High Fidelity Magazine. *"They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the* Atlantic.

THE first phonographic playback in all history took place in 1877. A foil-covered cylinder rotated grudgingly; a metal stylus traced a delicate, erratic groove. Forth came the voice of the inventor, Thomas A. Edison, introducing to the world its latest wonder, in these words: —

Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow. . . .

Despite Edison's loyalty to it, the cylindrical record was to prove unviable. The phonographic future was to belong to the disk, brought into being eleven years later, in Washington, D.C., by Emile Berliner. Mr. Berliner, who had a massive Teutonic accent, acquainted the public with his invention through a disk of his own voice, bearing this epochal message: —

Tvinkle, tvinkle, liddle shtar,
How I vonder vot you are. . . .

As can readily be seen, great inventive minds sometimes run in the same channels. Anyone who craves further details about the genesis of the phonograph is advised to wait until early next year, when Lippincott will publish a definitive history of the instrument by Roland Gelatt. The point to be made here is simply that the phonograph, though now thought of usually as a musical instrument, began as a talking machine.

To a degree, of course, it remained so, particularly during its early, lowest-fidelity years. In the decades around the turn of the century, hardly anyone who *was* anyone escaped the opportunity to shout a few well (or ill) chosen words down the acoustical horn. Many such brief waxed remarks survive, but most now have only curio value. To convey any real aesthetic content was beyond the tinny powers of the early phonograph.

In time, the phonograph improved, but music became its main aesthetic staple. The human speaking voice was largely relegated to recording such fare as comic monologues and children's stories. No doubt there are many reasons why the Spoken Word competed so feebly with the Sounded Note, but one should suffice. It is a rarely trained mind and inner ear that can derive a thrill from scanning the score of the Brahms Third Symphony. The music must be heard. This does not apply, however, to the sonnets of Shakespeare or the sermons of John Donne. If the spoken version of a piece of literature, recorded on costly disks, is to sell at all, it must overcome at once an almost unfairly competitive item — itself, in print, on paper, at a much lower price. To make matters worse, the printed version has as allies the jealous inner ear and interpretive imagination of the prospective buyer, who often bristles at the idea that he needs to be read to or recited at.

Despite these odds, literature on records now is being produced, and is selling, too. "Dylan Thomas?" exclaimed a clerk in one of New York's largest record stores. "We can't get enough of him. Why, he moves damn near as fast as Toscanini."

Credit for the sales success of the much-mourned young Welsh poet, and of other writers and readers of recorded literature, belongs mainly to two record companies, one huge and one tiny. A third record company has rendered a valiant assist; so have two illustrious libraries.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To reveal identities in reverse order, the libraries are the Widener Library of Harvard University and the Library of Congress of the United States. The third record company is Decca.

The first two record companies are Columbia and Caedmon, a grotesquely disparate pair. Columbia is the world's second-largest disk-producer. Caedmon might well qualify as the world's second-smallest, since it consists of two 23-year-old girls. However, in the field of spoken word recordings, the two organizations are peers, and not unevenly matched competitors. In common they have evolved a concept which should make spoken literature a success on records if anything can.

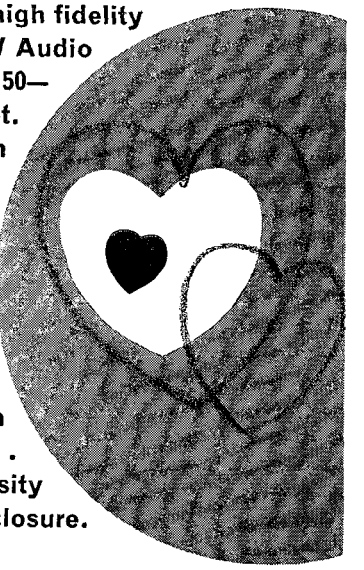
The Columbia-Caedmon concept is simple. A spoken record must be able to hold its own in beauty, charm, depth, and lasting-power against the competition of music. It cannot rely on curiosity appeal — related either to fictional plot or to historical fame — as its main attraction. Curiosity isn't durable, and people rarely will spend $6 on a record they will enjoy only once. Beyond this, the spoken literary record must offer something that its printed counterpart cannot, yet that is authentically a part of the literary content. To this last, puzzling requirement, one simple solution has served both Caedmon and Columbia admirably as a starting point: to have an author read his own work.

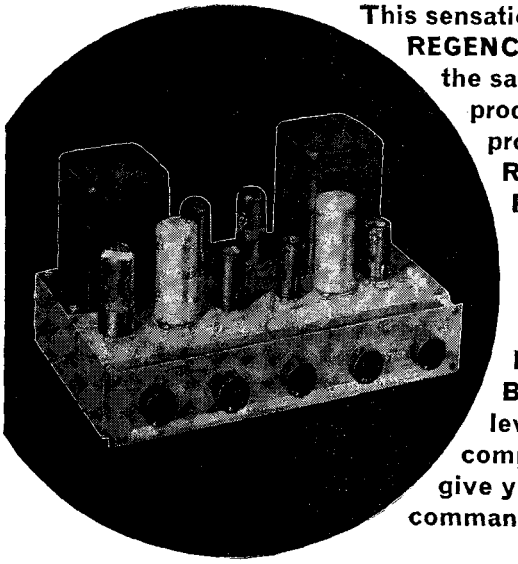
This technique cannot, of course, be applied to Shakespeare or Donne, but there are plenty of very interesting writers around, still alive, to whom it can be applied, and it has been. Even the most arrogant sales-prospect can hardly contend that his inner ear is a more authoritative interpreter of Dr. Edith Sitwell's poems, for instance, than Dr. Edith is. And, presumably, after Dr. Edith has conditioned him to listening instead of reading, it becomes easier to persuade him that sermons were made to be declaimed, not perused, and that thus John Donne. . . .

Within the common concept, Columbia and Caedmon have found separate paths and sound precedents. Caedmon's girls have reached back to the day of the bards, when the saga and the romaunt were recited, not read; hence they rely heavily on poetry. Columbia, which means the company's multi-faceted executive vice president, Goddard Lieberson, has drawn on a day less remote, when reading aloud was a well-loved and

Burton browne advertising

For the heart of your high fidelity system . . . REGENCY'S NEW Audio Amplifier . . . Model HF-150— $99.50 Audiophile Net. This outstanding combination 12-Watt pre-power amplifier, embodying the latest developments in the audio engineering field provides the audiophile with an ideal "package" for custom installation. However, it's gold-anodized aluminum finish lends beauty in itself . . . eliminating the necessity of an enclosure.





This sensationally priced genuine REGENCY amplifier is designed by the same laboratory and produced by the same men who produced the famous $1000 REGENCY Model HF-1000 High Fidelity Ensemble and incorporates many of the innovations in design and features of performance developed for the $1000 High Fidelity Ensemble. Bass, treble, loudness, level control and record compensation and input selector give you truly flexible command of your reproduction.

Regency

HF-150

$99.50 AUDIOPHILE NET

I.D.E.A., INC., REGENCY DIVISION
7900 PENDLETON PIKE, INDIANAPOLIS 26, INDIANA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDWARD UECKE DEPENDS ON ALTEC LANSING

Edward Uecke, Chief Engineer, Recording, of Capitol Records, has made outstanding contributions to the high quality of today's commercial recordings and to the reproduction of recorded music. Mr. Uecke played a major part in the production of Capitol's famous Full Dimensional Sound recording, "A Study in High Fidelity."

Edward Uecke works daily with Altec Lansing sound equipment. And like so many other experts in sound throughout the country, Mr. Uecke uses Altec Lansing equipment in his own home to deliver flawless performance in the reproduction of recorded music.

Plan now to install an Altec Lansing Home Music System in your home. Visit your Altec dealer soon, or send for free, illustrated brochure. Compare Altec Lansing with any other equipment and convince yourself that for the best reproduction of recorded music you, too, can depend on Altec Lansing. Altec Fidelity is the highest fidelity without compromise.

A SOUND REPUTATION SECOND TO NONE

ALTEC® LANSING CORPORATION

9356 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, California
161 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, N. Y.

almost universal art in literate families. Lieberson leans to the short story, the reminiscent essay, the reflective comment on the times. Either kind of repertoire, given exactly the right writer-reader, can be almost uncomfortably gripping. Doubters of this statement are invited to listen to either Dylan Thomas reading "If I Were Tickled by the Rub of Love" (Caedmon) or Truman Capote reading his strange short story, "Children on Their Birthdays" (Columbia). There is an electrifying intimacy here, much aided by modern, high-fidelity recording. Lieberson conceived the Columbia literary record project before the Caedmon girls planned theirs, though they hit their pace first. Neither originated the idea, but putting it into action makes its story theirs. Plays had come out on records earlier, and both Harvard and the Congressional library had begun systematically to record readings by major living writers.

In fact, Columbia's first poetry record initiated in the Library of Congress, where anthologist Lloyd Frankenberg had been doing research for a book. He found that the Library was willing to license commercial repressings of its writer-readings, and he approached Lieberson in 1949 with the proposal that they compile an LP.

Lieberson, an elegant, deceptively languid man with an extraordinary business head and an artist's heart (a combination that sometimes causes him spiritual anguish), agreed to do so. The LP, called "Pleasure Dome" and subtitled "an audible anthology of modern poetry," contained works of T. S. Eliot, Marianne Moore, e e cummings, W. H. Auden, Dylan Thomas, and others, read by the authors and reproduced in varying fidelity. It did not sell like the conventional hot cake, but this didn't bother Lieberson, who thought he knew why it didn't and what could — and when.

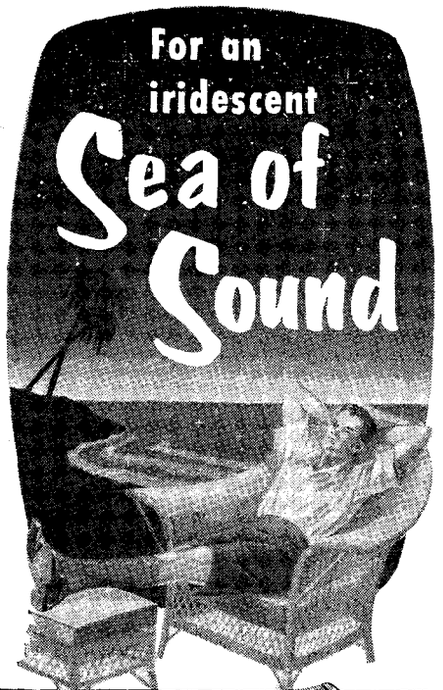
Forthwith he began the four-year job of preparing what has come forth recently as the Columbia Literary Series (Set I), a 12-LP collection of sure-fire modern prose writers (and one poet: Edith Sitwell) reading their own writings. The writers are Somerset Maugham, Aldous Huxley, John Collier, John Steinbeck, the three Sitwells — Dr. Edith, Sir Osbert, and Sacheverell — Katherine Anne Porter, Christopher Isherwood, Truman Capote, Edna Ferber, and William Saroyan.

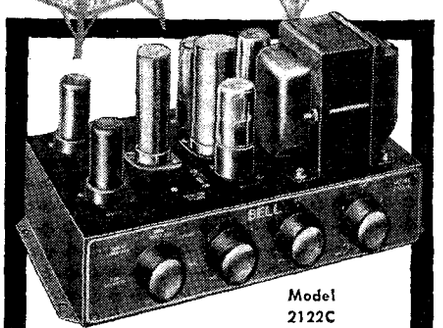
As can be seen, this aggregation has a something-for-everyone flavor, not at all by accident. It took time, for writers are captious people — especially successful writers — to woo them, bring them one by one to New York, and record them. But Lieberson saw a trend developing, and time was on his side. New York playgoers, whose tastes are prophetic, had begun to crowd plays which were essentially nothing but high-grade talk — the subtler and more involved, the better: Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, Shaw's *St. Joan*, Fry's *The Lady's Not for Burning*.

To be sure, Decca recorded *The Cocktail Party* and *The Lady's Not for Burning*, as well as the grimmer *Death of a Salesman*, and didn't make a fortune. But plays on records sell slowly, since they are expensive items which cannot be played frequently — and, anyway, the time wasn't quite ripe. When the Broadway trend reached its logical climax, with the First Drama Quartette (Agnes Moorehead, Charles Boyer, Charles Laughton, Sir Cedric Hardwicke) simply reading, not acting, Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell*, Lieberson promptly bought the recording rights. He did the same for its successor production, Charles Laughton's adaptation of Benét's *John Brown's Body*, read by Judith Anderson, Tyrone Power, and Raymond Massey. Apparently the time now *was* ripe, for the two recordings outsold all other Columbia two- and three-disk albums in successive years.

The Literary Series, when it appeared last winter, was quite a production itself. The first thousand sets, 12 records each, were packed and sold in shiny square black-leather attaché cases, complete with a tastefully bound introductory booklet by Lieberson and Irwin Edman. The price was $100. This meant that any buyer would be paying $28 for the carrying case — hardly a bargain. But it also meant that there would be a lot of talk and curiosity, which was the real object. About 700 of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Model
2122C

Bell *High Fidelity*
AMPLIFIERS

All the glories and beauties of true high fidelity sound—a rushing torrent like a gale-driven sea . . . or quiet, restless eddies—are yours with the Bell 2122C.

Check these features: 10-watt (15 peak) output at 2%, 20 to 20,000 cps flat response, four inputs, four controls including five-position equalization selector for radio, tape, and various types of records, bass and treble controls and overall volume control.

When building your home hi-fi system, select the 2122C, for no system is better than its amplifier. You'll be amazed that such a truly fine instrument can be had for such a low figure. Write today for Catalog 542.

Bell *Sound Systems, Inc.*
A subsidiary of Thompson Products, Inc.
558 Marion Rd., Columbus 7, Ohio
Export Office: 401 Broadway, N. Y. 13

the sets had been sold by mid-March.

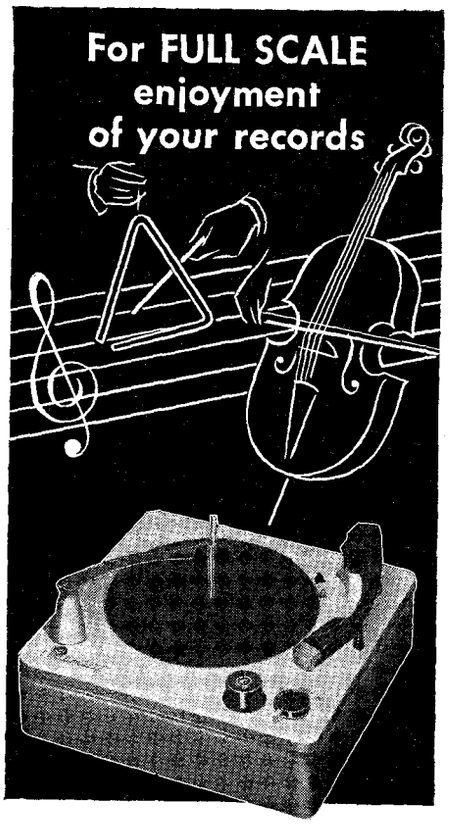
Any such collection, of course, has handicaps. Not everyone who wants to hear Sir Osbert Sitwell's drily humorous account of his family's sitting, children and all, for a portrait by John Singer Sargent will equally crave Edna Ferber's lusty reading of "The Gay Old Dog." Time will solve this problem. Not too long hence — perhaps by the time this is published — the Literary Series records will certainly begin to come on sale singly.

No doubt they will sell, too — in part because of the impact of the $100 black-leather promotion-package, but in part, also, because of something that happened in 1952 to render much of Lieberson's elaborate four-year planning needless. In that year, two 21-year-old girl graduates of Hunter College rented an office on Fourth Avenue, in New York City, and hired a man to letter the door with the legend "Caedmon Publishers." At once thereafter, the two girls began to introduce the public to the Spoken Word on records, with extraordinary ingenuity and vigor, and by a shoestring technique quite impossible to the world's second-largest record company.

Caedmon, incidentally, lived in the seventh century and was the first post-Roman English poet to achieve a durable by-line. He is hardly well-known, and mere familiarity with his name, let alone his works, might seem to categorize Barbara Cohen and Marianne Roney as young lady eggheads of a most dreadful sort. Consequently, people are always somewhat surprised to find them very lively, attractive, and impressively shrewd businesswomen.

The two girls could easily have become lady professors, but fortunately they were frightened off by the too prevalent academic view of literature as something dead and ready to be dissected. ("There seemed to be," says Marianne, with a slight shiver, "more interest in my footnotes than in my ideas.") At any rate, after a year apart at various ill-paid editorial jobs, they rejoined forces, borrowed money to buy a Magnecorder tape machine and a microphone, rented an office, and laid siege to Dylan Thomas, who was currently treating breathless Eastern cities to readings of his own poems.

They found Thomas oddly inert, for a writer of such kinetic verse as his, but he consented to record, and



Model 936HF $69.95*
Model 935HF (without base pan) $59.95*

V-M *tri-o-matic*®

936HF HIGH FIDELITY RECORD CHANGER ATTACHMENT

Every note on your finest records makes its contribution to your pleasure . . . when fully and faithfully reproduced by the unmatched V-M 936HF high fidelity record changer attachment. Here, for your enjoyment, is the first automatic, 3-speed changer specifically designed, feature by exclusive feature, to satisfy the rigid standards of high fidelity enthusiasts. The beautiful gold and burgundy 936HF plugs into the amplifying system as easily as plugging in a lamp, needs only a horizontal surface on which to rest.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORD CHANGERS EXCLUSIVELY

V-M Portable HIGH FIDELITY P-A System. Includes V-M tri-o-matic 960 changer, V-M 160 8 Watt amplifier and 10" Jensen speaker, in two matched cases.

**Slightly higher in the west.*

the Voice of Music

PLEASE MAIL COUPON

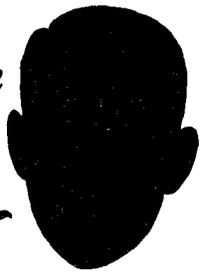
V-M Corporation, Benton Harbor 3, Michigan
Please send illustrated folder,
"Bring Concert Halls Within Your Walls."

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Critics Agree

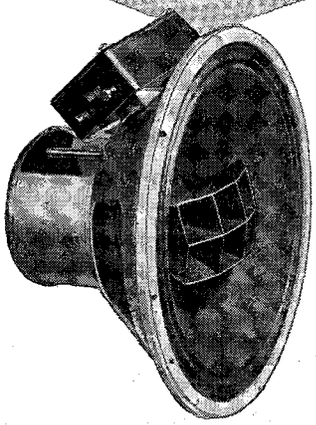
your ear decides your listening pleasure



★ *hear*

STEPHENS

TRU-SONIC



True Fidelity SPEAKERS

Famous for their flawless clarity and full, rich mellow tones, Tru-Sonic Speakers will bring you thrilling new sound sensations full of emotional contentment.

Instruments of engineering genius, Tru-Sonic Speakers are a creation of the Nation's first *High Fidelity* pioneer.

Try the listening test . you'll choose STEPHENS Tru-Sonic Speakers for *your* listening pleasure. *The International Standard Write for descriptive literature and specifications.*

- ★ 7½ lbs. Alnico Magnet
- ★ Heavy Die-Cast Aluminum Frame
- ★ Low Frequency Cone Resonance—35 c.p.s.
- ★ Frequency Response 30 to 18,000 c.p.s.

206AX 16 ohm Price $166.00 List — 206AX 500 ohm Price $179.00 List

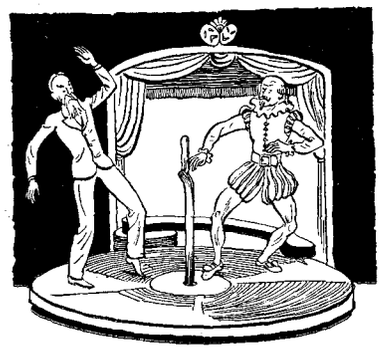
STEPHENS

TRU-SONIC

STEPHENS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
8538 Warner Drive • Culver City, Calif., Dept. 12

his somber indifference vanished before the microphone, as the bardic impulse asserted itself. He left Barbara and Marianne with the unmistakable makings of a successful record — the tingling nostalgia of "Fern Hill," the irresistible fond humor of "A Child's Christmas in Wales," set forth in belling eloquence of a kind almost forgotten by today's abusers of the king's tired English. Later, just before his untimely death, he was to make for them a second record, now perhaps the most wept-over disk of any since Caruso died. Indeed, Thomas already is being called the Caruso of the spoken word, probably with justification.

With Thomas on tape, the two girls were in business. Next they made an eerie, pre-dawn trip to the New England farm of Archibald MacLeish, poet and former Librarian of Congress, who charmed them with his warm consideration and enriched them with a fine recording of his allegory of modern civilization in crisis, *Actfive*. Unabashed thereafter, they recorded in quick succession readings by Tennessee Williams, Thomas Mann (*auf Deutsch*), Katherine Anne Porter, Eudora Welty, e e cummings, Ogden Nash, W. H. Auden, Sean O'Casey, and Sir Osbert Sitwell. Their most ambitious ventures were the issuance of Mrs. Porter's two-disk short novel, *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*, and the publication of Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Wrack at Tidesend* in both book (complete) and disk (selections) form. Nearly all their records have paid their way, and some have done far better. By the time this is printed, the two Dylan Thomas records will have grossed over $60,000.



Of great help to Caedmon's progress was the girls' acquaintance with a gifted young man named Peter Bartók, the son of the late Bela Bartók and one of the best recording engineers in business anywhere. He has supervised much of their recording. His aesthetic sensibilities are as highly developed as theirs, his feeling for atmosphere as keen. It shows up in the records, sometimes strikingly. It was Bartók who insisted on taping Sean O'Casey by his own fireside in Devon. The popping of the fire can be heard, as well as the lonely wail of a distant rural railroad train. It adds something.

Having conditioned the public through the author-reading-his-own-works formula, Caedmon's girls have begun to break away from it. They have done so cautiously, though. One of their newest offerings is a pair of disks titled *Hearing Poetry* (Chaucer to Milton; Dryden to Browning). The poems are read by actors: Hurd Hatfield, Jo Van Fleet, Frank Silvera. But the annotator-commentator is Mark Van Doren (poet) and the whole production was directed by Howard O. Sackler (poet), who conducted the speakers almost as if he were an orchestra leader. (A revelation in the recording, incidentally, even to seasoned readers, is the impact of William Blake when read aloud.) Now they are venturing a little further afield, with readings from the *Rubáiyát* by, of all people, the musical comedy actor Alfred Drake, currently starring in *Kismet*. The girl entrepreneurs also have in mind a production of Milton's *Comus*, accompanied by the music originally written for it. To help defray the cost, they think they might put the performing group on the road, to give "live" performances. And they are compiling an antiquarian author-reader record, containing rare recordings by Oscar Wilde, Walt Whitman, Edward Lear, William Cullen Bryant, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and other greats of the last century.

Obviously, Marianne Roney and Barbara Cohen of Caedmon think the dike is breached for good, so far as concerns public acceptance of spoken words on disks, and others in the field bear out their faith. At Decca, two 10-inch disks of Carl Sandburg reading Carl Sandburg are reported selling steadily, without any special promotion. Decca's editor, the poetry anthologist Louis Untermeyer, is grooming a very promising young reader-actor named Alexander Scourby for future poetry disks. (Decca also has produced an extensive children's literature series, featuring noted actors, in conjunction with the American Book Company, a school text publisher.)

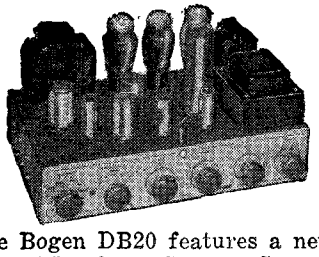
Plays, too, are picking up momentum. Decca's *The Lady's Not for*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIVE LA DIFFERENCE!

Did you realize that you change the relationship between your amplifier and yourself every time you play a different make of record? Or a record in different condition? Or especially when you change the volume? (The Fletcher-Munsen curves show that, as you turn the volume down, your ear tends to lose the highs and lows more quickly than the middle registers.)

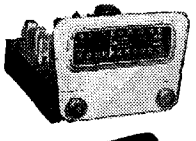
This is why critical listeners begin to think in terms of an amplifier offering extreme flexibility of control, such as the Bogen DB20.



The Bogen DB20 features a new type of Loudness Contour Control (developed by our own engineering dept., incidentally) which permits you to select the properly-compensated frequency response for each volume level. It also has a 7-position record compensator (for LP, AES, NAB, AM 78, EU78, FFRR and Popular Records). Of course, it also offers extremely wide-range treble and bass controls.

Performance is brilliant: *20 watts with a distortion of only 0.3%; and a frequency response of 20 to 20,000 cps ± 0.7 db.*

When you discover that the price of the DB20 is only $99, you will readily understand why it is a best seller in its class.



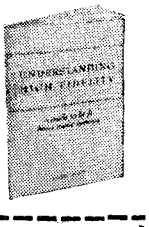
The Bogen R604 FM-AM Tuner at $97.35 is an ideal companion to the DB20.

Bogen

for 25 years, manufacturers of fine electronic equipment

send for this new book

Explains how to select your custom components, how to plan your installation, etc. 48 pages. For your copy of "Understanding High Fidelity", mail this coupon and 25¢. We will also send our latest catalog of Bogen high-fidelity equipment.



David Bogen Co., Inc. Dept. FE
29 Ninth Ave., New York 14, N.Y.

Send "Understanding High Fidelity" (for which I enclose 25¢), and free catalog.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **Zone**____ **State**____

☐ *Send free catalog only.*

Burning and *The Cocktail Party* sell better now than when they were new. Columbia has reprinted under its low-price label, Entré, its early recording of the Orson Welles-Mercury Theater version of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, an astonishing bargain at $6! Angel Records' two-disk recording of Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, with Robert Donat as Thomas à Becket, supported by an Old Vic cast, sold 3000 copies in its first two months out. The same company's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, with Sir John Gielgud and Pamela Brown reading the wonderful Wilde lines, has done almost as well.

Living writers, of course, continue to be sought and signed up, though some have proved to be impossible as record-readers. There is one whose caveman physique and equally deep-chested writing are at weird variance with his thin, high, precise voice. Others are opposed to being recorded. Some simply are unruly. William Saroyan gleefully refused to make a trip to New York to record for Columbia. Finally Goddard Lieberson assented to his doing his own recording, at his cottage at Malibu Beach. The resulting tape was a document for the ages, but not possibly for the public. Apart from strange breaks and the author's unrestrained amusement at his own long-unread writings (some of which is retained in the edited record), the original contained aural evidence of what seemed to be a horrible local epidemic of bronchial disorders, telephone bells, surf-thunder, and a heated, very irrelevant argument between a couple of unwary visitors. Happily, these could be edited out.

There are people who claim that spoken literature is a fad, unnecessary and even unwelcome to anyone truly literate. Mark Van Doren, midway in the preparation of his script for Caedmon's *Hearing Poetry*, was suddenly afflicted with doubts

in this direction. The eye and the brain's inner ear, he protested, ought to be adequate interpretive instruments for anyone.

"How do *you* enjoy," Marianne Roney asked him, "*reading* Mozart?" He withdrew his argument and went on with the script.

CAEDMON Recorded Readings

Recordings by authors of representative selections from their own works.

DYLAN THOMAS
W. H. AUDEN
EDITH SITWELL
OSBERT SITWELL
E. E. CUMMINGS
ARCHIBALD MACLEISH
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
EUDORA WELTY
SEAN O'CASEY
COLETTE (IN FRENCH)
OGDEN NASH
AND OTHERS

$5.95 per 12″ long-playing record at record and book stores

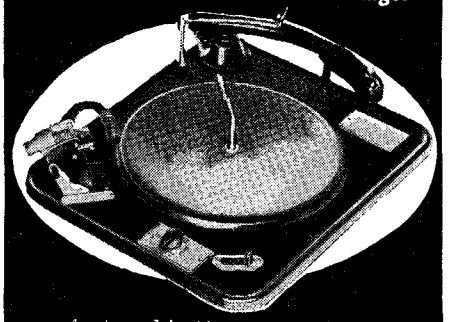
For complete catalogue, address

CAEDMON PUBLISHERS
468 Fourth Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

...this is the

GARRARD

The World's Finest Record Changer



...featured in these outstanding high-fidelity systems

CROSLEY • HALLICRAFTERS • PILOT
RCA • STROMBERG-CARLSON

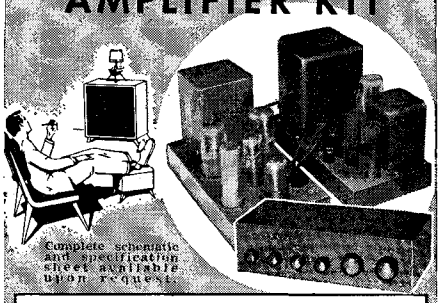
...and sold as a component by leading sound departments throughout the country.

Garrard Sales Corp. Dept. A-5
164 Duane St., N. Y. 13, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Please send a complimentary copy of your booklet "Sound Craftsmanship," to:
Name.....
Street.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

GARRARD SALES CORP. 164 Duane St. N.Y.13, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW HEATHKIT WILLIAMSON TYPE HIGH FIDELITY
AMPLIFIER KIT



Complete schematic and specification sheet available upon request.

Here is the famous kit form Williamson type high fidelity amplifier that has deservedly earned highest praise from every strata of Hi-fi music lovers. Virtually distortionless, clean musical reproduction, full range frequency response and more than adequate power reserve.

Three fine output transformers available for your individual selection. Peerless, Acrosound and the new Chicago "super range" transformer. Available in combinations as listed below.

The exciting new WA-P2 preamplifier provides full control through its five individually controlled input circuits — 4 position turnover and roll-off switches — separate bass and treble tone controls. Attractively styled, beautiful appearance, baked gold enamel finish, functional in design.

Combined with brilliant performance of these units is the amazingly modest investment required and the fun of building it yourself. Detailed step-by-step construction manual complete with illustrations and pictorials insures success for even the most non-technical enthusiast.

AVAILABLE ONLY IN THESE KIT COMBINATIONS

W-2 with Peerless transformer or W-3 with Acrosound transformer (be sure to specify) includes Williamson type amplifier, separate power supply and WA-P2 preamplifier kit. Shipping weight 39 pounds. Shipped express only $69.50

W-2M with Peerless transformer or W-3M with Acrosound transformer (be sure to specify) includes Williamson type amplifier and separate power supply. Shipping weight 29 pounds. Express only. $49.75

W-4 with Chicago "super range" transformer includes single chassis, main amplifier and power supply with WA-P2 preamplifier kit. Shipping weight 39 pounds. Express only. $59.50

W-4M with Chicago "super range" transformer. Single chassis, main amplifier and power supply. Shipping weight 29 pounds. Express only. $39.75

WA-P2 preamplifier kit only. Shipping weight 8 pounds. Express or parcel post. $19.75

HEATH COMPANY BENTON HARBOR 6, MICHIGAN

DOCTORS, PEOPLE AND GOVERNMENT
by
James Howard Means, M.D.

"A former president of the American College of Physicians, Dr. Means has been for twenty-eight years Chief of the Medical Services of Massachusetts General Hospital and Professor of Clinical Medicine at Harvard. In this hard-hitting and fair-minded book he analyzes our crucial national medical-care problem . . . A realistic explanation of how things are and how, in the author's opinion, they ought to be." MARTIN GUMPERT, *New York Times Book Review*

$3.50 *at all bookstores*

AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY · BOSTON

Record Reviews

Beethoven: *Missa Solemnis* (Arturo Toscanini conducting Lois Marshall, Nan Merriman, Eugene Conley, Jerome Hines, Robert Shaw Chorale, NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor: two 12″ LPs in album). For a year, while RCA tape editors perspired, Toscanini withheld approval of this. As issued, it still has imperfections: often the soloists are lost; occasionally an orchestral instrument breaks into strange prominence. None of this matters against the force and clarity of a performance that brings into white-hot focus Beethoven's last, mighty words on the endless drama of God and man, life and death, peace and destruction. The sound is brilliant.

Beethoven: Quintet in E Flat, Op. 16 with Mozart: Quintet in E Flat, K. 452 (Rudolf Serkin, piano; members of the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet; Columbia: 12″ LP). Pure beauty need not be pretentious, nor does it need much sales talk. The two lovely quintets merit the fondness lavished here in faultless performances. Listen to Mason Jones's incredible soaring horn in the *andante cantabile* of the Beethoven. Recording this must have been a happy chore.

Bellini: *I Puritani* (Maria Callas, Giuseppe di Stefano, Rossi-Lemeni, other soloists; Tullio Serafin conducting chorus and orchestra of Teatro alla Scala; Angel: three 12″ LPs in album with text or in thrift pack). Bellini's back in business these days simply because Callas is available to sing his almost impossible arias. Here, in this improbable Cavalier-Roundhead thriller, she has a mad scene to play, with all the implied vocal acrobatics. She really is wonderful. So is the recording.

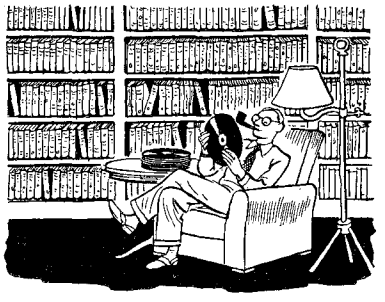
Britten: Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra; Four Sea Scenes and Passacaglia from *Peter Grimes* (Eduard van Beinum conducting Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra; London: 12″ LP). Even without the entertaining narrative verses, which would have made it definitive, the *Guide* is a delightful study in hi-fi orchestra sound. The *Grimes* bits are impressive, too.

Mozart: Piano Concertos No. 9 and No. 20 (Guiomar Novaes, piano; Hans Swarowsky conducting Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna; Vox: 12″ LP). Apart from audible pedal noise, not necessarily objectionable, this is faultlessly recorded, and the performers show high taste and insight.

Mozart: Symphonies No. 35, "Haffner," and 41, "Jupiter" (William Steinberg conducting Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; Capitol: 12″ LP). Something indefinable keeps these performances from sounding inspired, though they are very, very good, and so is their engineering.

Schubert: Quartets No. 13, Op. 29; No. 14, Op. Posth., "Death and the Maiden"; No. 15, Op. 161 (Budapest String Quartet; Columbia: three 12″ LPs in album). The Schubertian's choice must lie between these and the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet's Westminster versions. The latter have more lyricism, the Budapests a leaner style and a sound more quartetlike, less orchestral. One vote for Budapest.

Spirituals (Inez Matthews, mezzo-



soprano; Jonathan Brice, piano; Period: 12″ LP). Some familiar and some less well known spirituals, sung with extraordinary dramatic conviction in a strangely sweet voice, recorded to perfection.

Tchaikovsky: *The Swan Lake* (Robert Irving conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; RCA Victor "Bluebird": 12″ LP). A tremendous bargain. Irving, though not a "big" name on records, is one of the world's top-notch ballet conductors. *And* the suite here is really complete. *And* the recording is the best *Swan Lake* of any.

Vanguard Jazz Showcase (Vic Dickenson Septet; Mel Powell Septet; Sir Charles Thompson Sextet; Vanguard: four 10″ LPs, sold separately). These are the product of a joint crusade by jazz-enthusiast John Hammond and Nat Hentoff, associate editor of *Down Beat*. The music was performed simply for records, with emphasis on high fidelity, and the players joined completely in the spirit. It's chamber jazz, so to speak, full of inventiveness and virtuosity, in conservative bop idiom. The sound is marvelous.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALWAYS THE SAME

...today, tomorrow

and tomorrow

Stable as the alphabet! Go out today and buy any product of any good manufacturer's brand... ask for the same thing tomorrow, or weeks from now . . . match 'em up, and they're uniformly good, or *better*.

This uniformity is no accident. Every manufacturer works hard at it because he knows that only *unfailing goodness* will keep you buying his product. So he's mighty sure never to let quality slip. If he changes his product at all, you can bet it's a change for the better.

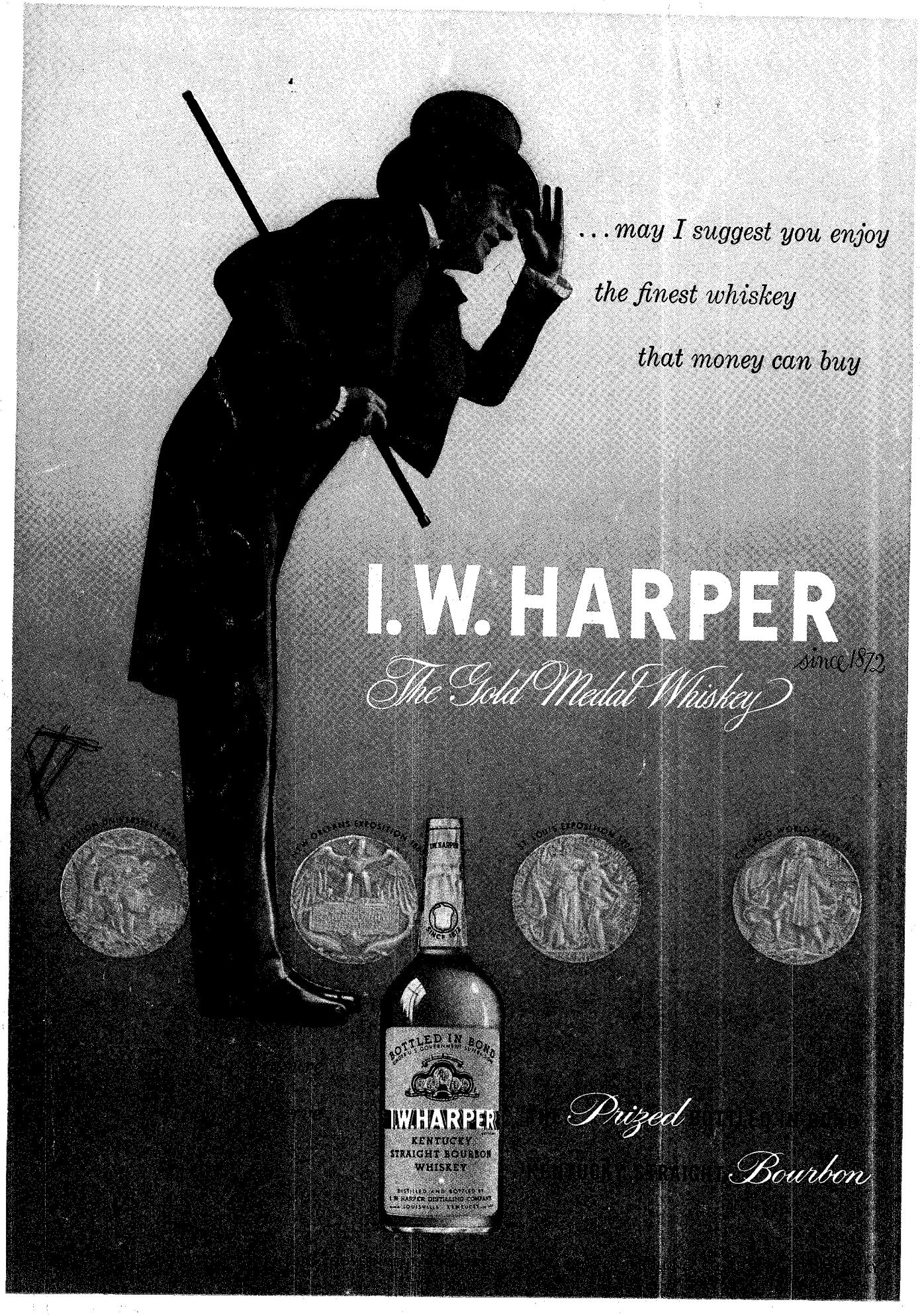
This goes for everything from a bobby pin to an automobile — just another reason for staying with your favorite brands for years and years.

For news of the goods that are always good, read the ads in this magazine.

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION
INCORPORATED
A NON-PROFIT EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION
37 WEST 57 STREET, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

WANT UNIFORMITY? PATRONIZE THE DEALER WHO PROVIDES YOUR FAVORITE BRANDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED